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DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART V.

XI.

IDYL OF AN ITALIAN HILL-SIDE.

NEARLY a month had now glided pleasantly away. The copy by Alice of the head of the hale and florid warrior at the Museo was approaching completion. Her father — greatly aided in his labors by the kind assistance of the elder Castelbarco — was bringing his researches into the methods and economies of the silk manufacture to a close. Nothing remained to require the longer stay of the party at Verona. They purposed to pass a few days at Venice, and then turn back to Switzerland.

The Castelbarcos fixed an evening, shortly in advance of the time selected for the departure of their friends, to hold an assembly in their honor. It was also a day or two before the three young men were to make their visit to the farm on the canal of Este, in response to the invitation of Signor Niccolo. The original appointment had been somewhat extended on account of an illness of the good old gentleman, who was now recovering.

Besides the movements hitherto noted, the party at the Torre d'Oro had made most of the short excursions that the

neighborhood afforded, and also some others to a distance. They had been to Padua, where the Castelbarcos had a younger son at the university, had embarked at Peschiera and sailed up the lake to its terminus at Riva, and had spent a day in a trip to the bathing beach of the Lido at Venice. There remained only an expedition, which had been for some time planned, to gratify a desire of the young ladies to see something of the silk culture at close quarters.

They set forth one bright morning, when the heat was tempered by a light breeze, northwest to Torri, near the shore of the lake. A Veronese gentleman whom Mr. Starfield had met had an estate there, which he assured them his agent would be delighted to place at their disposal. Detmold was of the party, by invitation of Mr. Starfield, to replace his wife, who preferred to remain at home. The party consisted, then, of Alice and Miss Lonsdale, Mr. Starfield and Detmold. Two stout horses and a swarthy, ill-shaven driver, of much volubility when his ingratiatory comments were encouraged, conducted their carriage.

The road mounts and descends by turns through a country wild and pict-

uresque and an expanse of highly cultivated gardens. They passed through Bardolino and Garda, each with its artificial port for the protection of its small craft from the blue and poetic lake, which rages not rarely with the traditional fury of a woman scorned.

Our friends, having no exacting plan, pursued such a desultory course as pleased them. They paused to gather flowers, to drink from a clear, running spring, to inspect the interior of some vine-shaded habitation, or to exchange greetings with some pretty peasant spinning with a distaff as she walked. They noted at one time the tall figure of a woman, with a blue robe and corn-colored hair, waving them a salutation with a handkerchief, from a balcony. She remained so long immovable, with the white handkerchief drooping without a flutter, that they were astonished. It was only upon a nearer approach that they discovered that damsel, balcony, and all were but an exaggerated trick of external frescoing.

The villas by the way were embowered in plantations of aloe, acacia, and lemon, the fragrance of which filled the air. Back in the hills are pastures where herdsmen as brown as the savages of America keep their flocks; and higher still, forests and precipices, and gorges where mountain streams tear under wild bridges, on their way down to keep the blue lake always at the level of its golden brim. There are lonesome Scaligerian castles with forked battlements, and remnants of ancient walls climbing vine-terraced slopes to their bases. In this district the mulberry flourishes luxuriantly, and the silk-worm spins with its greatest delicacy.

The voluble driver pointed out here and there on the way the scene of a crime, a skirmish, or some romantic tale of love; or told them stories of the brigands of former times. He knew the brigand signals, — the turn of the eyes to the left, the hand extended with the palm up or down, and the peculiar call-note by whistling between the thumb and forefinger. Alice insisted upon learning them, — including the whistle,

of which she made only a limited success, — and numbered them henceforth among her accomplishments.

The agent of the Veronese gentleman was an agile little man of excessive politeness, which, under the stimulus of the bright eyes of Alice, he exerted to the utmost. The visitors found the silk-worms spread out upon wicker frames, champing vigorously at their succulent food. To see that they come to no harm, to regulate the sun and air and the fineness and quantity of their food, and to renew their beds of leaves so that there may be nothing deleterious to their best activity is an occupation of the greatest necessity, yet combining many of the elements of that *dolce far niente* in which the brown peasants traditionally delight.

"The silk, signoras and gentlemen," said the agent, "is the most rapid of crops, and, if it were not for the occasional epidemics that prevail, one of the most profitable. A pound of *bacchi*, which cost but two and a half francs, and are distributed at first, in appearance like black grains of sand, in a space of nine square feet, cover at maturity two hundred and sixty square feet, and produce sometimes one hundred and fifty pounds of cocoons, at a franc and a half the pound. As to the mulberry-tree, on the leaves of which they feed, it costs less than a franc. It bears leaves fit for stripping in the fifth year, and continues till the twentieth."

The people engaged in this culture were found in large, well-ventilated habitations. It is a sanitary condition demanded by the delicate creatures who spin the thread of the locality's destiny. They can endure no conditions unworthy of the charming fabric they produce.

The travelers declined the further hospitality of the agent, and drove, by a grassy road, to a situation near a partly ruined farm-house in a remote quarter of the estate, to take their lunch in the open air. It was upon the slope of a long hill that rises to the Monte Baldo and commands a wide prospect. The house had once been of some impor-

tance. There were traces of a polished stucco on the walls, and the remains of a sculptured fire-place. There were holes for musketry in the upper story, pierced by troops who had used it as an outpost in recent wars. Milk, cheese of the *stracchino* variety, and fragrant wine and honey were obtained here, which, with the comfortable hamper brought from Verona, were borne to the shade of a square vine-trellis, in which there was a weather-beaten table.

The repast went on happily, but sedately. There was no one like Hyson to convulse the company with uncontrollable merriment. Mr. Starfield indulged in short disquisitions from the stores of his ripe experience, or rallied the young ladies with quiet humor. In this he called upon Detmold to help him. As the custom is in this kind of railery, those who loved each other dearly feigned hostility, and pretended to believe derogatory things of each other. In return for some playful thrust, Alice held up her hand and made to Miss Lonsdale the brigand signal which indicated that both of the gentlemen were to be dispatched instantly.

The red wine glittered in its polished bottle; the sun threw down the patterns of the vine leaves upon the white tablecloth. Their driver had eaten the portion allotted to him, at a distance, and stretched himself out to sleep.

In Italy all is openness and sunshine, adverse to mystery. Even its superstitions have been in keeping with its climate. It has nourished fair traditions of fauns and dryads and mountain nymphs; the gloomy hobgoblins, werewolves, and dark huntsmen of the North have found little countenance. Under this potent influence, upon the friendly Italian hill-side, the old secret of Detmold was no more than a remote, well-nigh vanished figment. Contentment seemed hatching out as if from a genial incubation of nature.

Mr. Starfield went away to hold some conversation with the peasant farmer. Miss Lonsdale dozed over a copy of Corinne, to the hum of bees in a neighboring thicket. Alice and Detmold moved

to a clump of walnut-trees, and rested at ease in their shade. Upon the face of a gray rock, scintillating with bits of mica, quaint lizards of dusty green darted up and down. Narcissus and euphorbia bloomed near by, and the azure myosotis in the hollows. The pensive figure of a shepherd with his staff, on the edge of the hill-side, at a distance, was projected against the sky.

The influence of the scene, the languor of the atmosphere, the sentiment of isolation in this far-away country, the consciousness of mutual regard,—and, on one side, of admiring devotion,—combined to draw the couple nearer together than ever before. The topics upon which they discoursed were not greatly different from usual, but more than ever did a subtle tenderness pervade the accents and give the words a truer meaning. At times they paused and rested, with half shut eyes gazing off in sympathetic silence upon the prospect. Below lay the expanse of the azure lake; on the other side, the mountains. Out of the void of the serene sky beyond all twinkled at times, as if a signal from some moving speculum, a flash from some unseen ice peak of the Alps. Detmold's straw hat, pushed carelessly upon the back of his head, encircled his face like an honest aureola. Flecks of light spattered through the overhanging foliage upon the muslin dress of Alice. The sprays of her floating hair took in its shining the aspect of a luminous mist.

Estates here are greatly subdivided, and the whole covered with the landmarks of more than two thousand years. There were owners down in the district below having each but a few square yards of lemon plantations, from which they drew a moderate livelihood.

"Do you like this swarm of landmarks," asked Detmold, "this endless succession of proprietorships, these incessant evidences of the occupation of the land from time immemorial?"

"Oh, yes," said Alice; "it gives everything such a human interest. So much of our own country seems soulless on account of having no such associations. Our cultivated land has been re-

deemed from untrodden wildness so lately that it is almost as if it were only just created."

"We have as lovely scenery," said Detmold, "but it is not yet furnished. These real antiquities cannot be put in at all, but probably in a hundred years, or less, our beautiful lakes will be as abundantly provided with villas and terraces, Cornice roads and lateen-sailed boats as this. Take Lake George, now; it is capable of almost anything."

"I like very much," said Alice, "the keeping account of one's ancestry, which is so easy here. The humblest person can trace his a long way back. I wish I could mine, even if there were nothing remarkable in any part of it. I do not mean in order to set up a coat-of-arms, and think one's self better than others, but merely as a satisfaction. We only know that papa's great-great-grandfather came from England and settled in Connecticut. There is no clue to anything back of that. He might as well have waded ashore out of the sea."

"Do you think very much more of one for an imposing descent, Miss Alice?"

Lying at her feet, free from scrutiny, he dared to essay so much of a test. Had her gaze been fixed upon him, he could not have propounded the inquiry.

"I am afraid I used to much more than I do now," she replied. "I have been disappointed in the physical results of the system, as exhibited in its best examples, since coming abroad. Have you not also? And it does not appear that the results mentally are any better. There are dukes and duchesses, and counts and marquises, as homely as they can be, and anything but stylish. I supposed that there was an *air* about them, — an exclusive elegance entirely out of the question for people in general. There are really plenty of just as distinguished-looking persons on the street at Lakeport every day. Still," she continued, "I would like to have a tall family tree to climb up. What is a great-great-grandfather? Mine was something in the Revolution; the next was college president, the next was a

merchant, and then my father, who is a merchant too. That is all there is of us. It is very provoking."

"But consider all the people who have not even a grandfather, Miss Alice," said Detmold, "and how well they get along. The self-made man is our cornerstone. We like him so well that we do not care very much who his father was."

"Of course not," assented Alice. "I am sure I never think of it — very much."

"Still, even you may perhaps look at him a little differently from what men do. Women, if you will allow me to say so, perpetuate most of the snobbishness in the world. They do not mix enough with all sorts of people to find out what fine character often lies hidden under appearances that society could not think of tolerating. And they are not, like us, — as I am happy to say, — engaged in a general scramble for money, skill in the attainment of which entitles its possessor to respect, no matter who he is."

"There is only one circumstance in the way of ancestry which I am disposed to make an obstacle of," said Alice, "and the feeling is more involuntary than intentional, — and that is crime. It runs in the blood; you can never tell when it will crop out again."

A momentary vertigo seized upon Detmold; the brightness of the landscape was covered as if by smoke; his heart struck heavily against his ribs.

"It is not that I think crime should continue to be punished in the innocent," proceeded Alice. "I feel sorry for such persons, but I cannot help being afraid of them. They have everything against them, and often turn out badly in spite of their own best exertions as well as those of others. You see it over and over again in children of bad parents, brought up with every redeeming influence."

"Have you known many instances?" asked Detmold.

"Not in my own experience, but I have heard of a good many, and read of some. There is a county on the Hudson where of the descendants directly traced to a woman who was hanged for

murder seventy years ago, two hundred have been actual criminals before the courts, and a large number of others idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, or paupers."

There was a considerable pause. If this involuntary tendency to crime of which she spoke were true, was it not in his blood also? He resolved rather to be cut in pieces by inches, to die a thousand deaths, than ever to yield to it an instant. Yet at this very moment the guilt of his concealment, now that this judgment of the fatal character of the secret it covered was recorded, seemed a sensible lapsing into the gulf. But oh, could there not be this one exception? Detmold had determined to be happy. He wrestled strongly with himself and adhered doggedly to his purpose. By degrees the pall passed back from the landscape. Were they not in a far foreign country? At least she knew nothing of his secret yet; nor was there any conceivable source from which she could learn it. The crickets chirped merrily about them. A small kid came and disported near them with a lovable awkwardness. He was followed and captured by a woman from the house, who called him opprobrious epithets, laughing good-humoredly the while and displaying excellent white teeth.

"I like to think," began Detmold, speaking again, "that there is upon the whole a general average in this matter of lineage. Ancestry does not stop, you know, at Plymouth Rock, or the Norman Conquest. We have an intimate flesh-and-blood connection with history that we are apt to forget. Some ancestor of yours and mine may have fought against the Danish invaders with King Alfred, or been one of the piratical Danes himself. The ancestor of this one may have come to Britain with the Romans or with Phœnician traders. He may have been a Druid, and offered human sacrifices."

"Yours may, but I shall never admit that mine did," said the young lady, with a positive air.

"I withdraw the preposterous supposition," said Detmold. "We will say mine, only; and then," he continued,

"his forefathers in the Orient probably bowed down 'to Nebo, Bel, and all the powers divine.' Further back yet, there was one a fire-worshiper. And so you get back to Gog and Magog, into the chaos of history. It is singular to remember that all the time there was a man taking part who was the father of your father's father's father's and - so - forth father in a direct line of descent. And then at last you emerge out of chaos into the pure freshness of the primeval Paradise."

"It makes one feel quite cosmopolitan," remarked Alice. "Which side do you suppose your ancestor was on in the siege of Troy or the battle of Salamis?"

"I wish we knew. But now as to the average I spoke of," he continued: "does it not seem fair to suppose that in these long lines of descent there has been an average that puts us all substantially upon the same footing? There has probably been about the same number of masters and slaves, mistresses and maids, patricians and plebeians, — high and low alternations of fortune, — among the ancestors of each of us. If for one series of generations they followed the plow, scrubbed the pot, and dressed in homespun, most likely for as many more, at some other time, they wore silk and velvet, followed the chase, abused the plow-boy, boxed the maid, and talked of Shakespeare and the musical glasses."

"I like your theory," said Alice, "especially the fire-worshiper. Perhaps there is just a spark of his reverential communion with the sun in our enjoyment of its delightful brightness this very moment."

"I think it applies just as reasonably in the particular of crimes. As every line of descent has its aristocrats and democrats, its wealth and poverty, it doubtless has its saints and sinners, to make a series of offsets and strike an even balance. There is no way of proving my theory, but I do not take the less comfort in it on that account. In this way, too, the wheel of fortune, of which we were speaking the other day, may make a complete round. No one indi-

vidual can experience all phases of life and circumstances, but his line of descent must come pretty near it."

"It is a very good theory," said Alice, when he had finished speaking. "I think I shall adopt it."

"It is a fancy, a speculation, — not a theory," said Detmold.

"We are better friends than we used to be, Miss Alice; do you not think so?" he said, hesitatingly, after a pause.

"Why? because I accept your theory, or speculation, or whatever you call it? No, I think we quarrel a great deal."

"I am sure I can think of nothing we have quarreled about for a long time, — nothing since the Romeo and Juliet matter, and in that you" —

"No, I think it was you," said she.

"You were excessively harsh in your judgment of the sentiment of the piece. After what had passed so — so lately, I could not help thinking that it was meant" —

While he hesitated, she went on as though he had finished: "I only meant to be severe upon such absurd sentiment as theirs was, which sprang up in a minute, without any basis. I do not understand it."

"Then you would have had more consideration if it had been represented as the growth of years, — based upon coincidence of tastes, and admiration for character and soul as well as personal beauty?"

"I should have said that that was quite a different matter."

They talked on, coming ever nearer to the subject which was calling in the heart of Detmold for utterance. Still, the memory of his former experience and the dread that her amiability might after all be only a manifestation of implicit trust, which it would be cruel to shock, kept it timorously back. Some other time, some other place, would present itself; he would have fuller indications. But he knew that she was going away from Verona in a few brief days, and none could say when or under what circumstances they should meet again. What time, what place, so favorable as this!

This glowing afternoon upon the hill-side, by the gray rock, in sight of the lake and the herdsman with his goats, was as perfect as an idyl of Theocritus. Why could it not always have lasted! How without a sigh Detmold would have abandoned forever that remote, uneasy world behind him, to pasture here his flocks and tenant the broken farm-house with a shepherdess sweeter than the honey of Bormio!

The conversation was soft and poetic; it would have taken little to versify it. Like Daphnis and Chloe they took up in turn the strains of beauty, love, and life's aspirations, and all seemed about to mingle at the close in an exquisite harmony. Alice, who had something of a Thackerayan repugnance to the demonstrative expression of feeling, however genuine, did not entirely relinquish her tone of banter. She said flippant and mocking things, but they were cynical only in form. Some unfettered emanation from a true and generous heart belied them, even as they were spoken.

One hand was thrown carelessly beside her, and lay like a lily upon the grass. Detmold had engraved an imaginary monogram with a pencil upon the stone of a turquoise ring she wore, without occasioning her to withdraw it. Then he took the tip of one of the small fingers and drew the palm into his. Still she did not oppose; she was looking off at the landscape, as if in a sweet reverie, with her head averted. He raised the hand to his lips. How different this from the despairing touch of their last parting, which had appeared to seal the decree of an eternal separation! He saw a brighter color steal into her cheek. It was not a flush of resentment, but rather of yielding and tenderness. His long pent-up emotion was upon the point of utterance; words of passionate affection already trembled upon his lips.

But it was fated that no word should then be spoken. Miss Lonsdale, tired of her arbor, where she had indeed taken a broken nap, with her head pillowed upon the table, came towards them at this moment, holding Corinne open in her hand. She read to them some pas-

sages upon which she had reflections to offer. A little discussion of the work was entered upon. Miss Lonsdale liked it for its elevation of sentiment and unexceptionable tone concerning religion; Detmold for its descriptions of nature and art. Alice admitted that by reason of having had it as a text-book in her younger days she had conceived a prejudice against it which she could not overcome; Lord Nelvil with his endless moping seemed very stupid, and Corinne much too gifted in *bizarre* accomplishments.

Mr. Starfield came to notify them that if it was intended to have another lunch from what remained in the hamper it was time to prepare it, as the horses must soon be put to.

To include as much variety as possible they were to return by another route. The heat outside of the protecting shade was still considerable, and it was late before they left the agreeable spot. The long shadows of poplar, elm, and myrtle stretched across the greensward. A wreath of smoke curled from the farmhouse chimney. Slight purple mists began to fill the hollows of the rounded masses of foliage on the slope below. The flocks came tinkling down the mountain road.

XII.

THE FÊTE.

Detmold sought an opportunity to renew the interrupted conversation on the hill-side at Torri. He could not allow Alice to go away without finally learning his fate. Who knew when they should meet again, or what changes might be effected by absence? The fête at the Grazzini palace was at hand, and he hoped much from the possibilities it offered. Could he now reasonably doubt what the result was going to be? She had been so yielding and gracious on that memorable afternoon. When the thought of his deception intruded upon his uneasy conscience he tried to dismiss it with a reprimand. Was he not him-

self innocent? he had not merited disgrace. If he wronged this dear girl by his concealment, he would atone for it by the achievements of a limitless affection and a tireless ambition.

Ardent as he was, he did not escape some moments of misgiving of a different kind, natural to the time. Was he ready, after all, to put the entrancing dream in which he was immersed to the test of reality? Might there not come a period even with Alice when, having lived too long the same life and thought the same thoughts, all piquancy of association would be lost and a tame commonplaceness be arrived at? His untrammelled freedom, even with its moodiness, was dear to him; the idea of conventional family routine, regular hours, slippers, an equable temperature, was slightly suffocating.

Castelbarco also was looking forward to the fête, as an occasion both to afford him the opportunity he had been so anxiously seeking, and to impress Alice with an extraordinary idea of the dignity of his house.

The affections of the two young men were similar, yet unlike. It could hardly be said that one was more genuine and all-pervading than the other. With Detmold it had been the steady growth of years; into the more fusible nature of Castelbarco, seemingly long prepared by the circumstances of his condition, it had flashed with sudden intensity; but it possessed both equally. There was this difference, that Detmold looked up to Alice with reverence, as a superior being, — in social station as in all other respects; while Castelbarco, who in contracting such a marriage would have gone counter to the wishes of his ambitious mother, and stepped a little down from his fancied gentility, felt in his purpose a trace of condescension. Yet how worthy was not the beautiful American of even a thousand-fold greater sacrifices! His pride in her companionship would have been scarcely less than Detmold's.

There was a corresponding difference in the states of mind with which the two looked forward to the coming in-

interview. Detmold, with all the sweet omens he possessed, did not cherish absolute certainty; Castelbarco, with little in his favor but his own consciousness of merit, was serenely confident. As between the two, Detmold, who knew so well the pain of hopeless love, had for Castelbarco nothing but sympathy; while the latter entertained towards his old school-mate, as he now did towards every one much favored with the society of Alice, an uneasy feeling of jealousy, which would quickly have become hatred had he suspected the truth as it really was.

The Grazzini palace, during the declining fortunes of the family, had undergone many changes and abasements. The present occupant, though perhaps able to do so, had not yet repaired them. Two of the wings were sequestered to common uses. The grand staircase was closed up, and the space utilized in some other way. The stair-case by which one mounted at present was of flag-stones four feet in width, and provided with an iron hand-rail. On the evening of the fête a rich carpet was thrown down upon it, to shield from its harshness the rich material of sweeping robes and rosetted boots of satin and kid.

The principal saloon was a noble apartment, lighted by tapers in a chandelier of crystal. The floor, of polished parquetry bordered with a mosaic of tiles, gave back reflections. The walls were hung with faded yellow satin. The paneled ceiling, of dark wood and gilded moldings, contained frescoes of angels and prophets around a main composition showing a sea-fight of one of the old Grazzinis with the Turks. There were frequent portraits and other paintings along the walls, and, disposed between them, oval mirrors with candles in sconces, carved chairs, and cabinets holding china and bronzes. At the upper end, let into the wall and surrounded by an ancient frame of beaten copper, was a pier-glass of peculiar elegance. Its depths were filled with the rich, dark tones of the apartment, across which now glided, with increasing fre-

quency, the sheen of silken costumes, merging into a soft jumble of moving color. The centre of the room was occupied by two circular divans. Along the sides were dispersed chairs and *fau-teuils* of modern fashion, with coverings of blue and white chintz. At one side a row of windows opened upon balconies. The air at intervals lifted the curtains of silk, which swelled and rustled together as though engaged in some mysterious converse of their own.

The society encountered by our friends at the Grazzini palace was not far from the best the city afforded. There were titles of nobility: a marchesa and a baroness, and a Spanish count and countess who had been in Mexico with Maximilian. The musical termination of the names announced by the tall footmen was in itself a pleasure, — Bianchi, Carpasso, Cavalcanti, Ruzzanti. The assembly differed less from American social gatherings they knew than might have been the case in some localities of a less pronounced commercial character. Neither in Lombardy nor elsewhere does a nobility which has never looked upon the bearing of arms as the only worthy occupation so exclusively as some others abstain entirely from relations to manufactures and trade. An heiress of New York has even married a prince who kept the books of a bank.

There were handsome, athletic officers of the garrison, and two or three courtly ecclesiastics. The young society men, with opera hats under their arms, bent over the ladies on the divans, and addressed to them conventional drawing-room talk not differing greatly from that of London or New York.

Married ladies, in low dresses, were most numerous. They talked with vivacity, involving many small frowns, poutings, and elevations of very flexible brows. Their walk was the perfection of grace. Hyson found them very attractive, and gave himself up to them with characteristic unreserve.

The young Italian gentlemen, particularly the proverbially susceptible soldiers, were equally impressed with Alice. When presented they bowed with ex-

treme elegance, but then, owing to linguistic deficiencies on both sides, the acquaintance could progress little farther and was largely confined to somewhat inane smiling. With the Signora Grazzini and her father at her side, she held a kind of small court, and laughed at and with her admirers. Their helplessness made her look upon them — gigantic as they were — as well-meaning, harmless creatures, whom it was safe to patronize and almost to caress a little.

The elder Castelbarco passed hither and thither, inciting merriment. Detmold stood somewhat aloof, taking in the feast of color and motion, watching the gayety of Alice with anxious twinges, and waiting for the moment that should enable him to separate her from the throng. He listened to the collision of the busy voices, and found in it something like the babbling of water, the stir of a corn-field or of forest leaves, — as though even multitudes of conventional sounds, when combining, must run into the one great voice of nature.

There are moments in such an assembly when, even to the cynic, all is exquisite. The body, wrapped only in the most delicate fabrics, — tissues of silk, linen, and gold, — seems as free from grossness as themselves. Young girls, in toilettes of gauze that envelop them dreamily, throw themselves into fauteuils with abandon. The air is heavy with odor of sandal-wood; the music plays with cloying sweetness. At times all seems to move in a rhythmical procession, the faces pensive, the silken garments flowing or wound about the limbs in long folds. Again, it is sinuous and irregular, with eddies; and again, the music crashes high, and it is a tossing chaos crested with a pinkish foam of lace and jewels. There are only smiles, slight pressures, flying contours, perfumes; it might be a revel of immortals in the asphodel meads.

Hyson joined him.

"Fancy," said he, "our taking part in a ball in a palace at Verona. There is no end to this theatrical business. I feel as if we ought to be in dominos, like Romeo and his friend at the masque of

the Capulets. Old Castelbarco, there, makes a very tolerable Capulet. See him stir things up. 'What, ho! more lights! bid the musicians play! How long is 't now, good cousin Capulet, since you and I were in a mask?'"

But at this moment the hospitable entertainer came towards them, and led him away, to give him the advantage of the acquaintance of a colonel of engineers of large experience on the royal works of irrigation. Then he returned to present Detmold to the Signora Spinello and her daughter, an heiress lately come back from a convent at Paris.

The Signorina Spinello was a perfect blonde, with eyes as blue as corn-flowers. Eyebrows of a dark shade and a slight habit of wrinkling the forehead petulantly gave piquancy to a face that would otherwise have been too placid. She walked with Detmold, and they paused a moment to comment on the curious tall pier-glass.

"It mirrors a fine couple," said the host pleasantly, passing behind them.

"Doubtless," said Detmold; "but our attention was just now given to the mirror itself; it is very handsome."

"It is old, and there are traditions connected with it. My wife could tell you what they are, if you cared to know; as for me, I make no account of such things. The breaking of it would be a very bad sign for our house, I believe, as she interprets it."

"Or for any other, I should think," said Detmold; "it would cost a mint of money to replace it, if indeed it could be replaced at all."

His eyes wandered involuntarily at every moment after Alice, and he would have been glad to be released. All at once he saw her upon the arm of Castelbarco, his rival, whose purpose to-night might very well be similar to his own. They turned once or twice, and were lost to sight. They had passed out upon the balcony of a window opening by the pier-glass, and near the door that led into a smaller room, where there were cards for those who did not care to dance.

In a robe of silk of a pale golden tint,

with lace upon her shoulders, her hair bound in a classic knot, there was no figure so princess-like as that of Alice. A gold ornament at the neck fastened a ruff of lace into which her round chin went in and out sweetly with the movements of her head.

Castelbarco would have brought her a chair to the balcony, but she declined, saying that it would be less refreshing to sit than to stand, as the air would be cut off by the balustrade. She had not been able to offer an excuse — as she would have been glad to do — that would not have offended him, when he proposed to her to seek a moment's respite from the heat of the rooms. Although she had no suspicion of what was to take place, she was uneasy, and had formed the intention to remain the briefest possible moment.

The young man leaned against the window architrave. Alice, with one hand drooping over the stone railing, looked down into the well-like street.

"Miss Starfield has enjoyed her stay in Verona, I hope?" he began.

"Oh, very much."

"Will she ever come to Verona again?"

"I fear there is little hope of it. We sail for home in the autumn, and intend to spend most of the summer in Switzerland. I do not suppose papa could be induced to cross the ocean again, or to allow us to come without him, now that he knows what it is."

"Then I shall never see you again?"

All this was with a decided appearance of being preliminary to something.

"You can come to America again, at some time, can you not? But it is chilly; had we not better go in?"

"I can go to America, yes," said he, disregarding her suggestion, in his pre-occupation; "but — it is long and far. Who knows what may happen? There is another way. I have long sought an occasion to beg you, to implore you, as I do now, to remain here — with me. I love you, Miss Alice, and I have done so since a child. It is not a little while I know you; it is half a life-time. Even in my school-days was I charmed; you

alone made them endurable. I planned then for the future, and you were always the centre of my plans, though you did not know it. When you came here so happily to our Verona, my passion was renewed, — with all the strength, now, of manhood, and all the earnestness of our race. I could throw myself at your feet, to adore you. I cannot bear to have you ever go away. I have fortune, I have ancestry. You shall be so happy here that you will not miss America. Besides, do I not know the ways of your country? I will bend myself to them. You shall have here, if it please you, another America."

He stood facing her, with his hands clasped together. His manner was vehement and supplicatory, yet gallant and respectfully confident. As Alice did not reply for a moment, and still looked down into the street, he endeavored to steal his arm gently about her waist, and to take in his the hand extended upon the balustrade. She avoided the caress by a slow, easy drawing back.

When this supreme instant arrives to those who have known and understood each other, the momentous question seems to have been asked and answered long before. There is no crisis; there is only the fusing together of two natures yielding to attractions that accomplish their appointed end. But when a woman is addressed by one with whom she is little familiar, and upon whom her thoughts have never fondly rested, an element of gratuitous offense enters into his proposal. Unconscious, from any responsive feeling, of the depth of passionate sentiment she may have aroused in him, she finds it unnecessary and uncalled for. The lover appears as a strange, alarming person. His ardor has a ferocious aspect. He is well enough as a part of the furniture of society, but why should he wish to touch her, to lavish expressions of endearment upon her, when she takes not the slightest interest in him?

"It is very painful to me to hear this," said Alice, "because I can say nothing favorable in reply. You do me a great

honor, but I — am sure our acquaintance does not warrant this. I could not think of it. I — hardly know you. I hope you will not pursue the subject. It would be useless. We may be friends, but nothing more."

She listened with considerable calmness to some further arguments, and her tone continued to be kindly but decided. She was much more careful of him than of Detmold at Paris, — perhaps because of valuable self-possession acquired in that very interview; perhaps because it is not uncommon to do worst when we would appear at the best advantage, and best when the approbation to be gained is entirely immaterial; and because this was something so wholly out of the question that no trace of doubt embarrassed her decision.

"Do not be so cruel, Miss Alice!" he still appealed.

"I am not cruel. It is you who are cruel. You are making me very uncomfortable. I must go and rejoin my father. It is cold here;" and she made a movement to go in.

"There is some other," said Castelbarco, behind her.

She did not reply, but her eye kindled a little, as if at a piece of impertinence.

"Oh, yes, there is some other," he repeated. "Have I not eyes? have I not seen? The Signor Detmold is agreeable to the Signorina Starfield; from him she could easily have listened to such talk."

In a little outburst of temper, somewhat below her usual plane of dignity, Alice turned half about, and said, "If there is another, as you say, and you know it, why do you pursue me? You have forgotten your good breeding, sir."

Smarting with this deserved reproach, and with jealousy and disappointment, he cried, in uncontrollable rage, "Then I say you shall not be his, either, — this moping half-artist, this — yes, I say it — this jail-bird! Do you hear? His father was a convicted felon, and he himself was born in prison. Now, marry him, if you will, instead of an honorable Italian gentleman!"

"Honorable? O Heaven! And you pretended to be Detmold's friend. It is a base calumny."

"But if it were true?"

"If it were true I might never marry — I might — it is immaterial — but I should not the less regard you with utter contempt."

She stepped into the saloon, and Castelbarco followed her. The rich mirror showed his face working with passion, and hers pale and scornful. But sadder than either it showed also that of Detmold, who leaned against the edge of the window from which they had just emerged, — passing him unnoted, — with a countenance of extreme and pitiable despair. Searching for Alice he had come from the card-room, and stood by the entrance to the balcony at the moment that Castelbarco, in a distinctly audible hiss, had made the fatal announcement.

Out of this bright scene of rejoicing, in the far country where all seemed impregnable security, upon the very verge of the consummation of his hopes, the dark shadow of his early life swept down and destroyed him. It was as if its vague, almost dissipated filaments had been forged into a weapon of steel, with which he had been stricken in the midst of the festival. The dear light that promised to radiate enduring happiness into his life was forever blotted out.

At sight of Detmold, Castelbarco was recalled as from a trance of madness. He had not deliberately planned this revelation; he had hardly, even in the heat of his passion, intended it. He had only, at some former time, dallied with it, as a speculative possibility; as something — not of course for a moment to be thought of — which might be used if any one had a motive for doing so, to Detmold's serious injury. He had heard the story at school as a piece of idle gossip. For his own part, he cared nothing about it: the circumstances were vague, possibly untrue; even if true, it was all thousands of miles remote, and could in no way affect him; and Detmold was a very good fellow, whom he respected, and who had been his friend in those

very school-days. But the evil he had allowed himself to contemplate had executed itself in his rage, almost in spite of him. The view of Detmold's distress moved him deeply.

"My God!" said he, "what have I done! Miss Alice—Detmold—I deny everything. I know nothing of it. It is not true."

Detmold turned feebly to depart.

"Do not go away, Mr. Detmold," said Alice, with mingled sympathy and indignation; "I do not believe a word of it."

"I must go," said Detmold. "*It is true!*"

The glance of Alice lingered painfully upon his face for an instant. Then her features contracted coldly.

At this moment an extraordinary thing happened. The great Venetian glass, in the depths of which the joyless trio saw their pain reflected, lapsed from its frame in fragments of a crystalline structure. It fell about them as if in a shower of glittering tears. The guests shrank back in alarm, and the revelry ceased.

There are said to be voices so radically jarring when directed by malignity, or it may be so intensely vibratory in supreme emotion of any kind, as to destroy the natural cohesion of particles and cause them to fall asunder. If sensibility to such a force could be supposed to inhere in this mirror of Venice, perhaps it was an extension of the quality which it was able to give to certain of its drinking-glasses to make them shatter at the contact of poison.

It is not to be believed that either the malicious rage of Castelbarco or the anguish of Detmold reached to this fabulous point. It is more likely that the mirror was broken by some slow settling of the walls in which it was fixed, causing unequal strains and pressures, accelerated by the unusual weight of the merry-making company.

At the bottom of the space left vacant by its fall was a small inscription, which, dimly remembered, doubtless furnished the basis to the tradition mentioned by

the senior Castelbarco. Upon being deciphered it read:—

"When the Venice glass is broken,
To this house is evil spoken."

The guests drew a cordon about the scene of the catastrophe. The superstition of the ill fortune of a circumstance of this kind is generally prevalent, and the matter was taken gravely. The countenances of the household were deeply troubled. The host caused a piece of tapestry to be hung over the blank wall, and devoted himself ruefully to restoring the suspended festivities. Hyson picked up some of the fragments, and eyed them curiously, and then the inscription.

"A fine murdering old ancestor, truly," said he, turning to Alice, who now leaned upon her father's arm, "to leave such a sword of Damocles hanging,—such a dynamite machine stowed away in the wall to blow up the peace of mind of his descendants. What an old cut-throat he must have been!"

"It is no laughing matter," said the young officer in blue and silver whom he had met at the Café Dante with Antonio on the evening of his arrival. "Just now I would rather be a Benotti as I am than a Castelbarco or a Grazzini, although they could buy us all up, and are an older family by a couple of centuries. I have seen too much of these omens,—we Italians are especially favored. They almost always turn out badly. If this accident has no further ill effects, it will at least depress our friend Antonio nobody knows how long. He is too impressionable. I am sorry for the poor boy."

The music began again to play enchanting waltzes; the gayety recommenced. But it was at best only a faint reflection of its former self; the accident continued to be the principal topic of conversation. "It is only to the mother's side, the Grazzini," said some, "that the omen can apply; probably it will come to nothing." But when they departed, it was evident that it had made upon all no ordinary impression.

W. H. Bishop.

PIGEONS.

PINK-FOOTED, sleekly white, or delicate fawn,
 Or darklier-plumed, with glossy throat where clings
 One soft perpetual ripple of rainbow rings,
 How often to your beauty our sight is drawn
 When back from roamings wide you suddenly dawn,
 A lovely turbulence of quick-fluttered wings,
 Alighting on some brown slanted roof like spring's
 Pale showers of blossoms on an orchard lawn!

Our common barn-yard life, plain, stolid, rude,
 You haunt with tender purity sweet to note;
 And gladden its dullness with your buoyant throng,
 In many a smooth and mellow interlude
 Through homelier sound serenely letting float
 Your strange luxurious monotonies of song!

Edgar Fawcett.

A PERSIAN POET.

I.

A TASTE for Oriental poetry — or such quality of it as drips through the sieve of English translation — is, I fancy, an acquired taste. Those who have made a close study of Eastern literature in this sort naturally discover flavors in it which escape the ordinary reader, who very soon comes to find the rose nauseating and the bulbul indigestible. "Most poetical translations," says Mr. James Freeman Clarke in the preface to his admirable little herbarium of *Exotics*, "resemble the reverse side of Gobelin tapestry. The figures and colors are there, but the charm is wanting." In many cases it would seem as if the pleasure in a translation stopped short with the translator. It is not here a question of such matters as Goethe's *West-Ostliche Divan*, or Victor Hugo's *Les Orientales*, or the lyrics of Mirtsa Schaffÿ, whom, by the way, Mr. Alger

in his *Poetry of the East* mistakes for a veritable Persian author, speaking of him as "a living poet, under whose instruction the translator studied Persian literature at Tiflis." Mirtsa Schaffÿ — an elder brother of Hans Breitmann — is the happy invention of the German Bodenstein, who weaves a very neat fiction about him and another professor named Mirtsa Jussûf. Jussûf and Schaffÿ are pictured as rival teachers of Persian at Tiflis, both of whom endeavor to secure the young Western barbarian as pupil. When I say that Eastern poetry is not generally pleasing to the Occidental taste, I refer to the genuine article as we get it in literal translations, and not to those imitations of imitations which are often not without a charm of their own.

"Some are pretty enough,
 And some are poor indeed."

The reader who cannot wade through an English version of the *Mahabbârata*

—if such an awful thing as a complete English version exists, for the original contains two hundred thousand verses and fills four gigantic quartos — encounters no difficulty in liking *The Sick King in Bokhara* of Matthew Arnold. I do not know of anything more likely to be dreary reading than “a novel from the Chinese,” unless it is one of those interminable epics which possess so deep a fascination for Oriental scholars. One needs to be an Oriental scholar to take delight in them; but one need be nothing more than an unaffected and simple lover of poetry to relish the exquisite quatrains of Omar Khayyám, whose *Rubáiyát* has just come to us from the press of Osgood.¹ The volume will be a revelation to the majority of its possessors, for, though the poems of Omar Khayyám have long been familiar to students of Persian literature, they were comparatively unknown to the English reader until ten or twelve years ago, when Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, of London, translated and published a selection from the *Rubáiyát*, a few copies of which found their way to this country. The book seems to have had but a limited circulation abroad, for it has only now reached a third edition. It is from this that the American reprint is made.

Of the life of Omar Khayyám, the few facts that have been preserved are set forth in Mr. Fitzgerald's interesting introduction to the poems. From this we learn that the poet was born about the middle of the eleventh century, at Naishápúr, in the province of Khorassan; that in early life he was a tent-maker by trade; that through the influence of one of his boyhood's friends, Nizám-ul-Mulk, vizier to Alp Arslám, the sultan granted Omar a yearly pension; that, safe from the care which loves to feed on impecunious literary flesh, he lived at ease in Naishápúr, acquired great learning, became a famous astronomer, hated the Sûfis,² wrote sev-

eral hundred faultless quatrains, which likely enough nobody at that time would read; and that there he died, in the year 1123, lamented by the sultan, regarded by the world as a lamp of science, and probably beloved by every one who did n't write quatrains himself. Always excepting the Sûfis. That is all. If Khayyám had been a Shakespeare he could not have had a more meagre biography. To learn anything further of Omar one must go to his quatrains; there are glimpses to be had there of the inner man. But first, a couple of anecdotes, with a tolerable air of authenticity to them, considering their age, for they are at least seven hundred years old. I confess, however, that the story of Omar's pension is quite charming enough to be pure fiction. It is thus quoted by Mr. Fitzgerald from an ancient number of the *Calcutta Review*. I should state that the story is told by the Vizier Nizám-ul-Mulk, in his *Wasiyat* or Testament, which he wrote and left as a memorial for future statesmen:—

“One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassan was the Imám Mowaffak of Naishápúr, a man highly honored and revered, — may God rejoice his soul; his illustrious years exceeded eighty-five, and it was the universal belief that every boy who read the Koran or studied the traditions in his presence would assuredly attain to honor and happiness. For this cause did my father send me from Tús to Naishápúr with Abd-us-samad, the doctor of law, that I might employ myself in study and learning under the guidance of that illustrious teacher. . . . When I first came there, I found two other pupils of mine own age newly arrived, Hakim Omar Khayyám and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. Both were endowed with sharpness of wit and the highest natural powers; and we three formed a close friendship together. When the Imám rose from his lectures, they used to join me, and we repeated

and whose faith amounts to little more than his own when stripped of the mysticism and formal recognition of Islamism, under which Omar would not hide.” — E. F.

¹ *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia*. Rendered into English verse. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

² “He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Sûfis, whose practice he ridiculed,

to each other the lessons we had heard. Now Omar was a native of Naishápúr, while Hasan Ben Sabbáh's father was one Ali, a man of austere life and practice, but heretical in his creed and doctrine. One day Hasan said to me and to Khayyám, 'It is a universal belief that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain to fortune. Now, even if we all do not attain thereto, without doubt one of us will; what then shall be our mutual pledge and bond?' We answered, 'Be it what you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest and reserve no prééminence for himself.' 'Be it so,' we both replied, and on those terms we mutually pledged our words. Years rolled on, and I went from Khorassan to Transoxiana, and wandered to Ghazni and Cabul; and when I returned, I was invested with office, and rose to be administrator of affairs during the sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán."

The two old school-mates would not have been human beings if they had not turned up just at this period and claimed a share in the vizier's good fortune. There was nothing surprising in that; the surprising part is—the vizier remembered his vow. Hasan got a place under the government, just as if he had been a relation of the royal family, fell into bad ways, as relations to royal families sometimes do, tried to supplant his benefactor, and, not succeeding in that, succeeded in assassinating him.

Omar also had a claim to make; but he wanted neither title nor office. "The greatest boon you can confer on me," he said, "is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of science and pray for your long life and prosperity." The vizier was so unused to such modest demands that he at first took all this as a pleasantry; but finding Omar sincere in his refusal of office, Nizám-ul-Mulk urged him no further, but got him a pension of twelve hundred *mihkals* of gold from the treasury of Naishápúr. Thus at Naishápúr lived and died Omar Khayyám, as in a fairy-book, "busied,"

adds the vizier, "in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in astronomy, wherein he attained to a very high prééminence. Under the sultanate of Malik Shah he came to Merv, and obtained great praise for his proficiency in science, and the sultan showered favors upon him." Omar was one of the eight learned men selected by Malik Shah to reform the calendar; the result of the labor was "a computation of time which," according to Gibbon, "surpasses the Julian and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." Our poet was also the author of some astronomical tables and an Arabic treatise on algebra; the latter work has recently been translated and published in Paris.

The second anecdote I mentioned is related by Khwájah Nizámi of Samarcand, one of Omar's pupils. This is also from the Calcutta Review. "I often used to hold conversations with my teacher, Omar Khayyám, in a garden; and one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I wondered at the words he spake, but I knew that his were no idle words. Years after, when I chanced to revisit Naishápúr, I went to his final resting-place, and lo! it was just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so as the stone was hidden under them."

II.

The poems of Omar Khayyám were never popular among his own countrymen, and his MSS. are so rare now, thinned by mutilation and the accidents of transcription, that few of them are to be found anywhere, especially in Western collections. "There is no copy at the India House," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "none at the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris. We know but of one in England: No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz, A. D. 1460. This contains but 158 Rubáiyát. One in the Asiatic Society's Library at Cal-

cutta (of which we have a copy) contains (and yet incomplete) 516, though swelled to that by all kinds of repetition and corruption. So Von Hammer speaks of his copy as containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that number." Out of the four or five hundred quatrains left by the poet, the present translator gives us a hundred and one.

Each of these quatrains is complete in itself, except here and there, as in the dialogue between the potter's pipkins, where the fancy overflows awhile from stanza to stanza. These, properly speaking, are not quatrains. In general terms, any stanza of four verses is a quatrain. Mr. Emerson sometimes goes so far as to call a couplet a quatrain. (See *May Day and Other Poems*, page 182.) Dryden defines it as "a stanza of four lines rhyming alternately." The style of poem to which the name has come to be applied is something more than that. The quatrain, as exemplified by the masters of it, occupies a field of its own, like the sonnet; and though not fettered by so involved laws as the latter, it has laws which are not to be broken with impunity. It is a surprisingly difficult species of composition. The quatrain is an instrument on which one may strike the lightest or the deepest note, but it must be a full note. It is imperative that the single thought, fancy, or mood with which it deals should find complete expression. If your statement exceeds the austere limit of four verses and requires one or more additional stanzas to complete itself, you have written a poem of eight, twelve, or fourteen verses, as the case may be, but not a quatrain. Then, again, a trifle too much point or snap turns your poem into an epigram. A perfect quatrain is almost as rare as a perfect sonnet.

Of the kind of verse which Omar Khayyám chose for his work the reader will discover very many unique specimens in the *Rubáiyát*. There is nothing of "sustained effort" here: the poems are not of long breath; they are not to be measured with a yard-stick; but so exquisite is their workmanship, so firmly

and cleanly are they cut, that they are a part of the world's precious things, retaining their freshness and their subtilty through corroding centuries, like those intaglios turned up from time to time in Roman earth. Omar Khayyám has shown us once more that a little thing may be perfect, and that perfection is not a little thing. But are these poems in any sense little things? Here and there the poignant thought in them cuts very deep. It is like a crevasse in an Alpine glacier, only a finger's breadth at the edge, but reaching down to unfathomable depths. The mysteries of life and death and the problem of future existence occupied the good Omar Khayyám very much in his soft nest at Naishápúr. In vain broodings over these matters his supply of Moslem faith gave out; he became a skeptic, a Pantheist; destiny took the place of providence. To him the world became merely an inn, where it was best to eat, drink, and be merry. The landlord was Death; he was inexorable in his demands; he would be paid in any case; so it was wise to have good cheer for a few days before one started forth — into the unknown.

"Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way."

Khayyám's philosophy ran into a very shallow, epicurean channel at last. He says, —

"You know, my friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse."

Many of his verses are in praise of the wine-cup; but I suspect that he praised more wine than he drank, and that the epigram which English Herrick wrote upon himself would be an excellent fit for the Persian's tombstone: —

"Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste."

M. Nicolas, who has somewhat recently published an edition of the original text, accompanied by a French translation, does not hold Mr. Fitzgerald's views in respect to the poet's materialistic philosophy. M. Nicolas is

pleased to regard him as a mystic, "shadowing the Deity under the figure of Wine, Wine-Bearer, etc., as Hafiz is supposed to do; in short, a Sûfi poet." Mr. Fitzgerald shows conclusively that this theory is not tenable. While some of the Rubâiyât are obscure and susceptible of mystical interpretation, it is impossible, without a sacrifice of common sense, to accept others as allegories. They must be taken literally. For example:—

"Ah, with the grape my fading life provide,
And wash the body whence the life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living leaf,
By some not unfrequented garden-side."

"Were the Wine spiritual," remarks Mr. Fitzgerald, "how wash the body with it when dead? Why make cups of the dead clay to be filled with 'la Divinité'?"

Whether or not Omar Khayyâm put his bacchanalian theories into practice, it is evident that his faith in things unseen was of the slightest.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about : but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went."

"O threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain, — *This Life flies;*
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies."

"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd, 'I Myself am Heav'n and Hell.'"

The poet's moods are many, and there is no monotony in the quatrains. Now and then he gives us a purely picturesque touch, as in these two instances:—

"Wake! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n and strikes
The Sultân's Turret with a Shaft of Light."

"Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,¹
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one
knows;
But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows."

That many a garden in bloom by the water is a picture which needs no additional detail.

¹ "Iram, planted by King Shaddâd, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshyd's Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7

The world is very old to Omar, and sentient with the dust of dead generations:—

"For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its *all-obliterated Tongue*
It *murmur'd*, 'Gently, Brother, gently, pray!'"

This grotesque conceit is frequently to be met with in Oriental poetry; but it is seldom so delicately embodied. One of our own poets has tried his hand at it:

"In the market-place one day
I saw a potter stamping clay;
And the clay beneath his tread
Lifted up its voice, and said,
Potter, gentle be with me,
I was once a man like thee."

The silent, inevitable flight of the hours was never noted with more sadness than by Khayyâm:—

"Whether at Naishápûr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one."

And elsewhere:—

"Each Morn a thousand roses brings, you say:
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?"

In the same plaintive minor key, three centuries later, sings François Villon:—

"Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?"

All things pass away, moans Khayyâm, who has not wholly passed away himself, since his voice is still good in this Year of Grace, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Eight:—

"They say the lion and the lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrâm, that great hunter — the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep."

Though the poet sings of roses and wine and friendship, he has little to say of love, unlike Hafiz, Firdousi, and the rest. In one place Khayyâm apostrophizes a "beloved," but whether it is friend or mistress we are left in the dark. Here, however, seems to be a very plain case:—

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

In this quatrain occurs the only forced rhyme I have discovered in the series.

Planets, 7 Seas, etc., and was a *Divining Cup*." — E. F.

Aside from the admirable technique of the quatrains, the most striking feature is their intensely modern spirit. Some of them so deal with the questions which assail and defeat us to-day that it would be easy to imagine them the work of a poet of the period, if any poet of the period could have written them. There is a Singer sleeping in the English Burying-Ground at Florence who might have written certain of them. It is to praise both poets to say their quatrains are alike in grace, repose, and consummate finish. For instance:—

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head."

Landon might have written this.

The compact, flexible stanza in which Mr. Fitzgerald has reset the Persian's jewels is a model for young poets of the "howling dervish" school. Whether or not the translator is always faithful to the method and matter of the original text, the astronomer poet may thank his stars, in that other world, that his work fell into the hands of so accomplished a master of verse in this.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

XII.

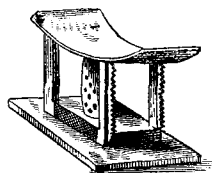
FURNITURE, SHOES, TOILETTE.

It would be hardly fair to say that elaborateness and variety of furniture are the measure of civilization, for there are highly civilized communities with simple tastes, and there is barbaric splendor with but little culture. Nevertheless, polish and elegance shown in weapons, utensils, and furniture indicate the dawn of taste, and are the result of leisure.

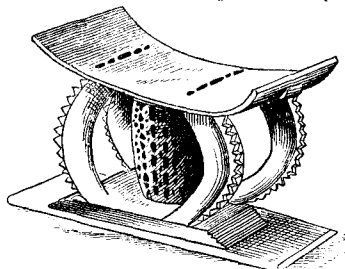
The most leisurely being in the world is perhaps to be found in Africa, but his wants are simple, his tastes undeveloped, and his constructive ability fearfully small. His chairs for important occasions are fashioned from a solid block of wood by laborious and patient carving. He is not troubled with the need of tables or bedsteads. Of his bowls and spoons we have already spoken. Figure 325a is a native Fantee stool made from a solid block of white wood. Figure 326 is an African chief's stool from the Gold Coast of Africa; it

also is made out of the solid wood, and has curved legs and a perforated central pillar. It is thirteen inches in height, and the seat is twenty-two by eleven inches. The ornamentation is laborious without being ingenious or graceful.

The Bongos of the Upper Nile make a stool for women out of *goll*-tree (*Pro-*



(Fig. 325a.) Fantee Stool. Gold Coast Exhibit.

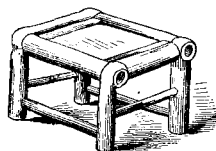


(Fig. 326.) African Chief's Stool. Gold Coast Exhibit.

sopsis lanceolata). It is of a chestnut-brown color, and takes a good polish.

The Uaupés of Brazil also make their stools out of a solid block of wood neatly painted and varnished.

The chair of the Monbuttoos is a bundle of leaf stalks of the *raphia* palm, sewed together with fine split reeds, and supported by four small carved legs. It is peculiar in having a back, which, however, is not a part of the stool, but a separate erection at the rear. The more ordinary form of Central African stool is of wicker or coiled straw rope, or carved from a block of wood. The Monbuttoos, men and women, sit upon stools; those of the women have but one leg. The Makalolo of the Zambesi have stools with elaborately carved legs. The Bari man always carries his stool with him, slinging it behind him by means of a belt. Although the bamboo is so common in Africa, Madagascar, Australia, Polynesia and elsewhere, and is used for very many purposes in building and for



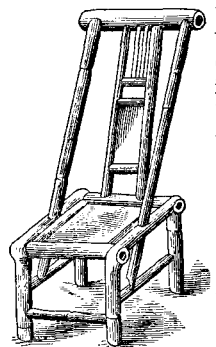
(Fig. 327.) Bamboo Foot-Stool. Chinese Exhibit.

utensils, it is the Chinese notably

who make it into furniture. Figure 327 is a Chinese foot-stool of bamboo, and shows

clearly the mode of using the material for straight and for bent work.

The Chinese chair (Figure 328) is a rather small pattern, as the height of

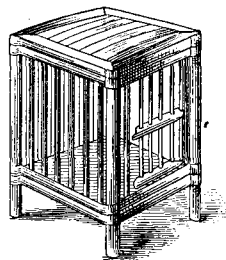


(Fig. 328.) Bamboo Chair. Chinese Exhibit.

The seat itself is made by flattening a section of bamboo by numerous slittings from end to end.

Figure 329 is a Chinese cat-cage shown in the Mineral Annex to the Main Building. The

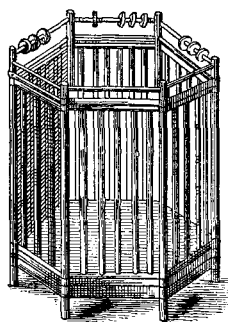
main portion is of whole bamboo of different sizes; the top is of bamboo splits and the parts are fastened together by pegs of bamboo. The cage is twelve by twelve inches and twenty-one



(Fig. 329.) Bamboo Cat-Cage. Chinese Exhibit.

inches in height. The baby-cage (Figure 330) would be an acquisition in this

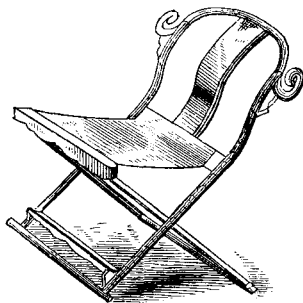
country. It is made wholly of bamboo which is smooth and round, and not too solid when it is made up. A child could hardly be better off except in its mother's lap or on the grass. The floor is of plank. The upper rounds have



(Fig. 330.) Baby-Cage. Chinese Exhibit.

loose rings of a larger bamboo, to amuse the child. The cage is two feet high.

Figure 331 is a veritable camp-chair, for it is stated in the Japanese cata-

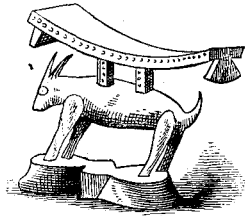


(Fig. 331.) Camp-Chair. Japanese Exhibit.

logue as especially designed to be used by the commander-in-chief in battle. The wooden part is profusely ornamented, and the seat is of leather.

Contrary to the usual habits of Euro-

peans, the natives of Africa, in ancient and recent times, have preferred a head-rest of wood to a pillow of feathers. Figure 332 shows a head-rest six inches



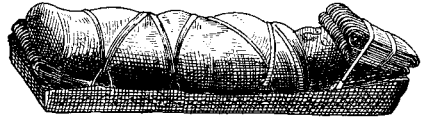
(Fig. 332.) Head-Stool of Mozambique. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

high, carved by a native of Mozambique. The same collection had several similar specimens from Angola, on the other side of Africa. Paintings on the Egyptian

monuments show like contrivances, and some of stone and wood are found in the museums of Cairo, and of Europe and America. The Abyssinians use a head-stool to preserve the arrangement of their carefully plaited hair. A cylindrical bar of wood supported on legs is the pillow of the Fijians, Tongans, and Samoans. The carved wooden pillow (*mosamela*) is carried suspended from the neck by the people of Zibah on the Zambesi. The Kafir pillow is a head-stool cut from a block of the acacia. It is fifteen inches long and six high. It is usually carved with several legs. The Malays use head-stools of split bamboos. The Chinese have a variety: head-stools, elastic pillows of bamboo covered with leather, pillows of rattan, blocks with elastic bamboo slats on top, embossed pig-skin cushions stuffed, resembling the Roman *puleina* probably. The Siamese are profuse in pillows: not content with using them for the head, they have them for arms, legs, knees, and feet.

The baby savage is swathed and carried, or is hung up or laid away out of the reach of prowling animals or insects, until he is able to crawl. The rude cradles of the Exhibition were those of the North American Indians. A number of these were shown, principally intended for slinging the infant at the back; but the most peculiar was the cradle of the Chinook or Makah Indians. This is made of cedar bark, the compress and head-rest pads being of the same. The com-

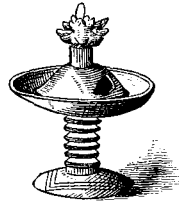
press is to produce the unnaturally retreating forehead so much admired among the flat-heads. Another form of the cradle has a head-board fastened to



(Fig. 333.) Makah Cradle. National Museum Exhibit.

the upper end of the cradle-board, and two strings which pass around the latter to fasten the head-board at the desired angle. The pressure is increased daily until a graceful (?) slant is obtained from the nose to the crown.

The artificial light of Africa and the tropics generally is a torch; the Burmans use petroleum. They have but little use for anything beside the bonfire to illuminate their night concerts. Was-san on the Gold Coast, however, showed a small black earthenware lamp, rather

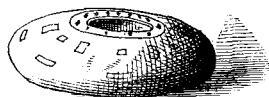


(Fig. 334.) African Palm Oil Lamp. Gold Coast Exhibit.

superior in its shape to most of its surroundings. It is six inches in height, and has a dome-shaped chamber and dish. The former has a hole for the palm oil and a smaller one for the wick. The clay is heavy and micaceous.

Greek and Etruscan domestic and votive lamps, of what may be somewhat disrespectfully called the butter-boat pattern, were among the few archaic remains exhibited. The classic form seems to have been wide-spread, in ancient Egypt, Etruria, and Rome. Dr. Schliemann found the same in the excavations of Hissarlik. An ancient Egyptian wick-cutter is in the British Museum. The rudest lamp, too crude to be worth presenting, probably, may be found in a pan or calabash of oil or grease, with a wick over the side or supported by a piece or two of stone to prevent burning the dish, if it be of wood. Such were common in Western cabins within the memory of some of the present generation.

A spittoon was exhibited from Hawaii. It is a carefully turned oblate



(Fig. 335.) Spittoon from Hawaii. Sandwich Islands Exhibit.

vessel of wood, inlaid with pieces of human bone.

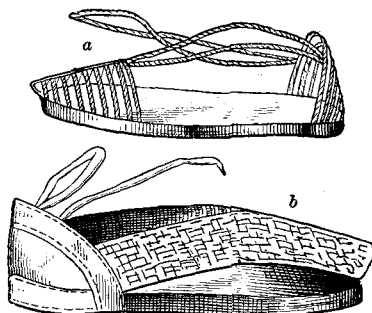
Sandals and Shoes. Our scheme is not intended to include costume, but there is one subject, that of foot-gear, which may profitably occupy a page or two. Africa, which has furnished so much in every other department of our subject, fails us here: Africa, speaking generally, goes barefoot.

The crudest forms of foot-gear at the Centennial Exhibition were the sandals



(Fig. 336.) Chinese Sandal.

of the Spanish peasants. These carry us back at one leap to the times when Pliny wrote and described the customs and products of the Peninsula. Figures 336 and 337 show three specimens from the Spanish exhibit in the Main Building. Figure 336 is a sandal with plaited grass



(Fig. 337.) Peasant's Sandals. Spanish Exhibit.

sole and linen counter and toe. The loops for the instep band are on the counter, but the strap was not in place, and we do not make additions. Figure 337: *a* has counter, toe, and tie of plaited grass, cords and sole of the same

material; *b*, plaited grass soles, a counter of plaited grass with leather straps, and sides of plaited strips of black cloth.

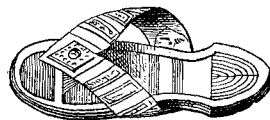
The Roman peasants had sandals (*baza*) of plaited willows or rushes; in fact, the common sandals or slippers of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean were of rushes, grass, spartium, or papyrus, according to the prevalence of the different vegetable products. The plaited birch-bark slippers of the Rus-



(Fig. 338.) Birch Bark Slippers. Russian Exhibit.

sian peasants were shown in the Agricultural Building.

Passing from articles of grass or bark to those of wood and leather, we find the old Roman sandal of the commonest kind (*solea*), a simple sole of wood with an instep strap, and the *sculponea*, or sole and thongs of the Roman serf; one form of *colturnus* had a sole several inches thick, and was worn by tragic actors to increase their stature. The *fulmenta* was a three-



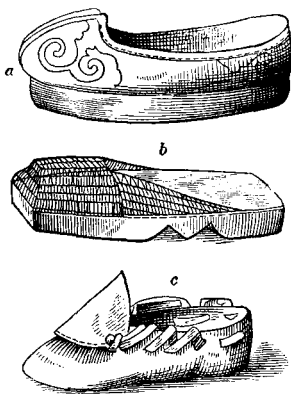
(Fig. 339.) African Sandal. Gold Coast Exhibit.

fold sole of cork. In so simple a matter it is not surprising to find the old forms still existing in rude communities. Figure 339 is a sandal of the Gold Coast of Africa, intended for a person of consequence. It has six thicknesses of hide for the sole, sewed through and through with leathern strips. It has an instep strap showily ornamented with metal and beads, and held down in front by a thong which passes between the big toe and the next one.

The Hottentot wears a sandal consisting of a sole of leather larger than the foot and fastened on with thongs which pass around the instep and over and forward between the toes. The sandal of the Malagasy is of raw ox-hide with the hair on. The natives did not understand tanning until it was taught them by the English.

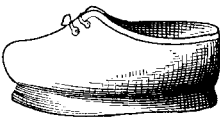
The Apache Indians wear long boots of deer-skin, with stout soles turned up at the toes, the upper ends of the boots being fastened by straps from the loins or turned over the knee; good in a cactus country.

The Chinese have the merit of introducing a new material, — paper. Their shoes have thick paper soles, and are comfortable, though a graceful gait seems to be impossible with such an unbending pad on one's feet. Figure 340 shows



(Fig. 340.) Chinese Shoes.

three kinds of shoes exhibited in the Mineral Annex to the Main Building: *a* is of sheep-skin lined with felt, and with an outer ornamentation of green morocco; the principal thickness of the sole is of layers of paper, with a leathern bottom; *b* has a thick wooden sole and a pocket for the foot made of twine of co-coa-nut husk (coir); *c* is a raw-hide moccasin without a sole. In front, the leather is gathered as in the American moccasin. The hide is of the natural color. Figure 341 is a shoe of a very thick gray felt, with soles of twelve thick-



(Fig. 341.) Chinese Felt Shoe.

nesses of the same. The Chinese exhibit showed also high boots of various kinds, materials, and patterns; some with high iron studs on the soles.

French *sabots* were not noticed, although for some purposes they are so popular and well fitted; it is a mistake

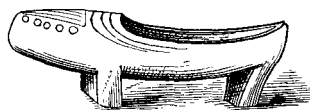
to suppose that they are only common and coarse foot-gear for the peasantry. Spain showed *sabots* from the Peninsula, and also from her colonies in the



(Fig. 342.) Spanish Sabot.

Philippine Islands. Figure 342 is a sabot of white wood, probably willow or poplar. The sabot of the Philippines is made of wood, but not from the lack of materials for the usual substitutes in a warm country. The sabot is neatly made, pointed at the toe, and ornamented with carved stripes gayly painted. The wood resembles beech, a very common wood in France, the home of the sabot; it is, however, but a resemblance. The sabot has two supports beneath, like the clogs of Turkey which the ladies use in sauntering around the wet floors of their luxurious baths. The clog and patten with wooden soles are found here and there in Europe and Asia; the patten of the Muscat women has no thong, but is held to the foot by a small peg which stands between the great toe and the next.

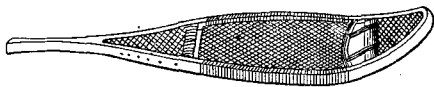
Passing from the tropics to the subarctics, from the Philippines to Canada, we find the snow-shoe, — a marvel of



(Fig. 343.) Sabot of Philippines. Spanish Colonies Exhibit.

lightness and strength. Snow-shoes are not made upon an unvarying plan, but a typical one in the Canadian exhibit is shown in Figure 344. This is three and a half feet long and one foot wide. The frame is of black ash, and the netting is of twisted deer-sinews laid in three directions, so as to make a hexagonal mesh of great neatness. The frame has two cross-bars, beneath the forward one of which the toe of the boot is inserted; a buck-skin strap goes over the instep. In walking, the shoe is not raised altogether, but the front end being lifted a little

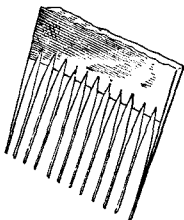
the shoe is dragged over the surface of the snow. Another form has two points and a square opening, which is edged by



(Fig. 344.) Chippeway Snow Shoe. Canadian Exhibit.

heavy thongs. The toe of the boot is placed through this, the heel resting on the parallel thongs just behind it, the hollow of the foot resting on the edge thong (*binnikibison*), on which the foot rocks freely. A strap over the instep serves to pull the shoe along, while a strap behind it prevents the foot pulling out backward.

Toilette. We are fortunate in being able to show some combs and a brush of the rudest description. We may begin with Africa, although, indeed, the African specimen is the best of the lot. Figure 345 is a comb of the Gold Coast made of a heavy brown wood, probably rose-wood. The length is five inches. Egyptian combs of the olden time are to be seen in the museums, the toilette being very carefully performed by that cleanly people; they were accustomed also



(Fig. 345.) African Comb. Gold Coast Exhibit.

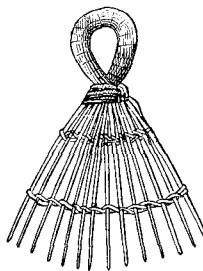
to wear wigs elaborately plaited and adorned, and even false beards were not unknown. The Persians, too, at a later period, adopted this artificial coiffure. The ringleted heads of hair and beards of the Assyrians suggest the same. As tyages, according to Xenophon (*Cyrop. i. 3*), had his eyes and face painted, and wore false hair. The Romans had their combs of box-wood, fine-toothed (*denso dente*) and large-toothed (*rarus pecten*). Wigs are yet known in Africa. Sandia, a chief of the Zambesi, wears a wig made of *ife* fibre (*sansevieria*) dyed black and of a fine, glossy appearance. The plant *ife* is allied to the aloe.

The New Zealand exhibit showed two Maori combs. Figure 346 is called a

Karan, and has a single row of teeth. The comb Figure 347 is made of wooden splints with slats lashed across them at mid-length.

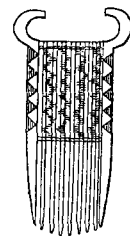
The Fijians make combs somewhat like Figure 346. The official insignia of their priests is an oval frontlet of scarlet feathers, and a long-toothed comb made of a number of strips fastened together. These islanders practice most elaborate head-dressing, securing the coiffure with tortoise-shell pins eighteen inches long. They also make immense wigs; red and white being the favorite colors. Some wigs have whiskers and mustache attached. The Samoans let their hair grow to large dimensions, and then remove it to make wigs, which are stained red and frizzed to an enormous size, and crowned with feathers.

Coming to America we find a comb made of bent maple-wood sticks (Figure 348) bound together at the handle with dressed skin, spread out fan-like, and wattled. Figure 349 is a dolphin's-jaw comb of the Makah Indians of the Northwest coast. The poor Fuegian of the extreme south uses the same kind of a comb, but not to any great extent.

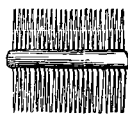


(Fig. 348.) Indian Comb. National Museum Exhibit.

He has more use for head scratchers (Figures 351, 352). At a point say about midway between the Makahs and the Fuegians are found the Uaupés of the Amazon. The Uaupé comb is made of palm-wood, and ornamented with feathers. The women, of the tribe go entirely naked, and wear few ornaments. The men part the hair carefully, comb it to each side, tie it in



(Fig. 346.) Maori Comb. New Zealand Exhibit.



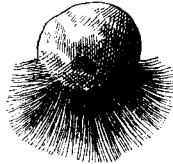
(Fig. 347.) Maori Comb. New Zealand Exhibit.

a queue behind, and stick the comb on top of the head. They also wear necklaces, and extirpate the beard.



(Fig. 349.) Dolphin's-Jaw Comb. National Museum Exhibit.

The Exhibition showed a multitude of brushes, good and indifferent, but with one exception of the ordinary type. The exception was one from Arizona, made by the Indians of the spinous fruit of a species of cactus, a portion of the spines being removed to permit handling. After this, a chestnut bur.



(Fig. 350.) Cactus Brush. National Museum Exhibit.

The native brushes of Mexico and New Mexico are bunches of agave fibre or wire-grass. The Roman brushes — not for toilette, however — were bunches of twigs (*scopæ*) like the European birch broom; a smaller one for the hand (*scopula*) was of fine twigs or myrtle, a whisk, in fact. Schliemann found a brush-handle thirty-two feet below the surface, in the excavations of Hissarlik; so the brush made with tufts set in a handle is not a thing of yesterday.

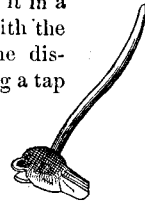
Elaborate or even merely large heads of hair, when the habits are none of the most tidy, involve consequences with which such crude combs and brushes are incompetent to deal. So ingenuity has been displayed in making head scratchers, capable of penetrating to the seat of disturbance without materially disarranging the head-gear. Figure 351 shows



(Fig. 351.) Indian Head Scratchers. National Museum Exhibit.

two head scratchers of walrus ivory obtained from Indians of the Northwest coast. They are provided with eyes for suspending, and might have been taken for needles. Figure 352 is an iron head scratcher from the Northwest coast. It is made from a bolt, probably picked up on the shore, and carefully shaped

into the semblance of a wolf's head by means of stone implements; a work requiring considerable patience. The legend that comes with this instrument is that the proprietor used it in a double way: searching with the point for the seat of the disturbance and, then giving a tap with the wolf's nose to execute or disperse the rioters.



Of the razors of the uncivilized world the Exhibition showed us little: tweezers for extirpating, pumice-stone for removing; sharp stones or pieces of metal, the latter being a razor proper, however crudely made. The Andamaner uses a piece of the white man's glass when he can pick it up, the island being now a convict station; in default of that he uses a sharpened shell.

The mirror of the Fijian dandy is a hole chopped in the upper side of a slanting tree, the leaves so arranged that the water drips into it and keeps it full.

The *strigil*, so commonly used by the Greek athlete and in the Roman baths, is in use among the Kafirs, who are, both male and female, most sedulous in greasing their persons and careful in regard to the shine and suppleness of their skins. Their strigils (*lebeko*) are of bone, wood, ivory, or metal, with a curved edge like a narrow spoon.

The Japanese toilette appliances include tweezers, brushes, combs, hair-net, cosmetic brushes, hair-pins, etc. The hair-net of the Australian native is of tendons from the tail of the kangaroo.

The Antis of the Bolivian Alps have a wonderful toilette case: a bag, slung on the shoulder, containing a comb made of the thorns of the *Chonta* palm; a paint (*rocon*) for his cheeks; a *gemma* apple to color his limbs; a ball of thread; a bit of wax; two muscle shells to form tweezers for eradicating face hairs; a snail shell doing duty as a snuff-box; a bent-tube snuff-taker; and any small trifle he may pick up.

We dare not trust ourselves upon the voluminous subject of savage ornament, but may give a few specimens from countries which have already contributed to our collection. Figure 353 is a Hawaiian necklace (*Niho palaoa*), consisting of a bunch of human-hair braid, with an ivory, hook-shaped, pendent ornament.

(Fig. 353.) Hair Neck-lace. Hawaiian Exhibit.

Figure 354 is an ear pendant made of a shark's tooth and held to possess great virtue in New Zealand.

Figure 355 shows the divining bones of a Kafir witch-doctor, Umlambo, who had great influence with his tribe. The pieces of the necklace are the carpal bones of baboons. Among the Zulu Kafirs a necklace of human finger bones has been noticed.

As washing is less important than ornament among savages, we have safely deferred till now a few illustrations, furnished in the Japanese Exhibit, of modes of washing common in the East Indies and Southern Asia generally. The description of



(Fig. 354.) Maori Ear Pendant. New Zealand Exhibit.



(Fig. 355.) Witch Doctor's Divining Bones. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

the Singhalese by a prisoner in Ceylon, two centuries since, is that "they use



(Fig. 356.) Mallet and Block Washing. Japanese Exhibit.

Lye in their washing, setting a Pot over the Fire holding seven or eight Gallons

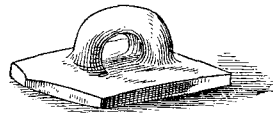
of Water, and lay the foul Cloths on the top; and the steam of the water goes into the Cloths and scalds them. Then they take them and carry them to a



(Fig. 357.) Pestle and Mortar Washing. Japanese Exhibit.

River side, and, instead of rubbing them with their hands, slap them against the Rock, and then they become very clean; nor doth this tear the cloths at all as they order it." The Japanese showed two methods: by mallet and block, and by pestle and mortar. Figures 356 and 357 will be readily understood without a long description. They may also have the Indian Dhobee plan of slapping them on a stone whose flat top is just beneath the surface of the water. The Malagasy method is the same as Figure 356.

After washing comes *ironing*, which is done with stone in Peru, with copper in China, and with wood in Japan. Figure 358 is a small smoothing stone



(Fig. 358.) Smoothing Stone. Peruvian Exhibit.

from Peru; it is five inches long. The Chinese use a smoothing tool of copper, made hollow and filled with hot embers. The Japanese method is more like mangleing or calendering. The fabric is run over a roller and beaten with a mallet. A similar method is adopted in China.

The umbrella, so recent in Europe, is old in Asia especially; in Africa its place was taken in early Egyptian times by a

sort of feather brush, which may have operated as a sun-shade, fan, and fly-brush. The suggestion of an umbrella is natural enough, the umbrageous leaves of the tropics furnishing them ready to hand. There are also examples which might provoke imitation, the umbrella bird of Brazil, and the *nshiego mbouvé*, an ape of the Gaboon River, in Africa: the former has a dome-shaped crest of



(Fig. 359.) Calendering Roller. Japanese Exhibit.

feathers, and the latter constructs a roof of leaves over his seat in the tree where he roosts at night.

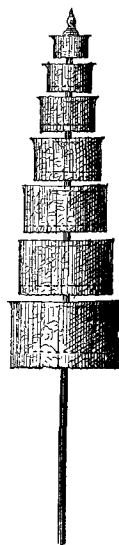
A captured sailor who lived nearly twenty years in Ceylon two centuries since writes of the natural umbrella in that isle on which the winds are said to "blow soft:" "The Talepol leaves are of great use and benefit to this people, one single Leaf being so broad and large that it will cover some fifteen or twenty men and keep them dry when it rains. The leaf being dried is very strong, and limber and most wonderfully made for men's Convenience to carry along with them; for tho this leaf be thus broad when it is open, yet it will close like a *Ladies Fan*, and then it is no bigger than a man's arm. It is wonderfully light; they cut them into pieces and carry them in their hands. The whole leaf spread is round almost like a Circle, but being cut into pieces for use are near like unto a *Triangle*: they lay them upon their heads as they travel, with the peaked end foremost, which is convenient to make their way through the Boughs and Thickets. When the Sun is vehement hot they use them to shade themselves from the heat. Souldiers all

carry them; for beside the benefit of keeping them dry in case it rain upon the march, these leaves make their Tents to ly under in the Night. A Marvelous Mercy which Almighty God hath bestowed upon this poor and naked People in this Rainy Country."

The umbrella of Timor is an entire fan-shaped palm leaf, stitched at the fold of each leaflet to prevent splitting. This is opened out and held sloping over the head, inclining backward in a shower. Many of such objects from Java, the Philip-pines, Trinidad, and other tropical countries were laid on or under benches or against the walls, and were passed unsuspected by casual visitors. In very few cases were attendants ready or able to explain what they had in charge, but the facility for handling was unexpectedly great, and it is a wonder that no more damage was done.

The antiquity of the umbrella in India and elsewhere, and also its regal character, may be gathered from the facts that Vishnu in his fifth incarnation is fabled to have descended *ad infernos* with an umbrella in his hand, and that the *basso-relievos* represent Dionysius (Bacchus) bearing an umbrella when he descends into Hades. The term *satrap* is said to be derived from *Ch'hatra-pait* (lord of the umbrella), a title of the Mahratta princes of Poonah. A mushroom-shaped umbrella (*chatta*) is shown on the Buddhist tope Sachi, at Bhilsa in Central India. It is not necessary to insist upon the statement in the Singhalese book *Jana-charita*, written in Pali, that the umbrella held by Sahampati over Bôdisatwayo was forty miles broad.

Edward H. Knight.



(Fig. 360.) Siamese Royal Umbrella. (Folded.) Siamese Exhibit.

THE ROSE AND THE JASMINE.

MOONLIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

Now dies the rippling murmur of the strings
That followed long, half-striving to retake,
The burden of the minstrel's ended song.
Silence! but we who listened linger yet,
Two of the soul's near portals still unclosed, —
Sight and the sense of odor. At our feet,
Beneath the open jalousies, is spread
A copse of leaf and bloom, a tangled wild
Of foliage and purple-flowering vines,
With here a dagger-plant to pierce them through,
And there a lone papaya lifting high
Its golden-gourded cresset. Night's high noon
Is luminous; that rich, unrivaled hour
When the concentrate spirit of the South
Grows visible, — so rare, and yet so filled
With tremulous pulsation that it seems
To fold us in its effluence, compact
Of light and fragrance and ethereal dew.

Two vases — carved from some dark, precious wood,
The red-grained heart of olden trees that cling
To yonder mountain — in the moonlight cast
Their scrolls' deep shadows on the glassy floor.
A proud exotic Rose, brought from the North,
Is set within the one; the other bears
A double Jasmine for its counter-charm, —
Than which the frangipani's stellar spray,
Night-blooming cercus, or orange flower,
Yields less of ecstasy and strange perfume.
Here on their thrones, in equal high estate,
The rivals bloom; and both have drunk the dew,
Tending their beauty in the tropic night,
Until their sovereign odors meet and blend
As voices blend that whisper melody,
Now each distinct, now mingled both in one:

JASMINE.

I, like a star, against the woven gloom
Of tresses on Dolores' brow shall rest.

ROSE.

And I one happy, happy night shall bloom
Twined in the border of her silken vest.

JASMINE.

Throughout our isle the guardian winds deprive
Of all their sweets a hundred common flowers,

To feed my heart with fragrance! Lone they live,
And drop their petals far from trellised bowers.

ROSE.

Within the garden-plot whence I was borne
No rifted sisterhood became less fine;
My wealth made not the violet forlorn,
And near me climbed the fearless eglantine.

JASMINE.

Who feels my breath recalls the orange court,
The terraced walks that jut upon the sea,
The water in the moonlit bay amorn,
The midnight given to longing and to me.

ROSE.

Who scents my blossoms dreams of bordered meads
Deep down the hollow of some vale far north,
Where Cuthbert with the fair-haired Hilda pleads,
And overhead the stars of June come forth.

JASMINE.

Me with full hands enamored Manuel
Gathers for dark-browed Ñez at his side,
And both to love are quickened by my spell,
And chide the day that doth their joys divide.

ROSE.

Nay, but all climes, all tender sunlit lands
From whose high places spring the palm or pine,
Desire my gifts to grace the wedded bands,
And every home for me has placed a shrine.

JASMINE.

Fold up thy heart, proud virgin, ay, and blush
With all the crimson tremors thou canst vaunt!
My yearning waves of passion onward rush,
And long the lover's wistful memory haunt.

ROSE.

Pale temptress, the night's revel be thine own,
Till love shall pall and rapture have its fill!
The morn's fresh light still finds me on a throne
Where care is not, nor blissful pains that kill.

JASMINE.

Sweet, sweet my breath, oh sweet beyond compare!

ROSE.

Rare, rare the splendors of my regal crown!

BOTH.

Choose which thou wilt, bold lover, yet beware
Lest to a luckless choice thou bendest down!

Edmund C. Stedman.

ITALY REVISITED.

I WAITED in Paris until after the elections for the new Chamber (they took place on the 14th of October); for only after one had learned that the odious attempt of Marshal MacMahon and his ministers to drive the French nation to the polls like a flock of huddling sheep, each with the white ticket of an official candidate round his neck, had not achieved the success which the unscrupulous violence of the process might have indicated, — only then was it possible to draw a long breath and deprive the republican party of such support as might be derived from one's sympathetic presence. Seriously speaking, too, the weather had been enchanting, and there were Italian sensations to be encountered without leaving the banks of the Seine. Day after day the air was filled with golden light, and even those chalk-toned vistas of the Parisian *beaux quartiers* assumed the most tenderly iridescent and autumnal tints. Autumn weather in Europe is often such a very sorry affair that a fair-minded American will have it on his conscience to call attention to a rainless and radiant October.

The echoes of the electoral strife kept me company for a while after starting upon that abbreviated journey to Turin, which, as you leave Paris at night, in a train unprovided with encouragements to slumber, is a singular mixture of the odious and the charming. The charming, however, I think, prevails; for the dark half of the journey is, in fact, the least interesting. The morning light ushers you into the romantic gorges of the Jura, and after a big bowl of *café au lait* at Culoz you may compose yourself comfortably for the climax of your spectacle. The day before leaving Paris I met a friend who had just returned from a visit to a Tuscan country-seat, where he had been watching the vintage. "Italy," he said, "is more lovely than words can tell, and France, steeped

in this electoral turmoil, seems no better than a bear-garden." That part of the bear-garden through which you travel as you approach the Mont Cenis seemed to me that day very beautiful. The autumn coloring, thanks to the absence of rain, had been vivid and crisp, and the vines that swung their low garlands between the mulberries, in the neighborhood of Chambéry, looked like long festoons of coral and amber. The frontier station of Modane, on the further side of the Mont Cenis tunnel, is a very ill-regulated place; but even the most irritable of tourists, meeting it on his way southward, will be disposed to consider it good-naturedly. There is far too much bustling and scrambling, and the facilities afforded you for the obligatory process of ripping open your luggage before the officers of the Italian custom-house are much scantier than should be; but, for myself, there is something that depreciates irritation in the shabby green and gray uniforms of all the Italian officials who stand loafing about and watching the northern invaders scramble back into marching order. Wearing an administration uniform does not necessarily spoil a man's temper, as in France one is sometimes led to believe; for these excellent, underpaid Italians carry theirs as lightly as possible, and their answers to your inquiries do not in the least bristle with rapiers, buttons, and cockades. After leaving Modane you slide straight downhill into the Italy of your desire; and there is something very picturesque in the way the road edges along those great precipices which stand shoulder to shoulder, in a long perpendicular file, until they finally admit you to a distant glimpse of the ancient capital of Piedmont.

Turin is not a city to make, in vulgar parlance, a fuss about, and I pay an extravagant tribute to subjective emotion in speaking of it as ancient. But if the place is not as Italian as Florence and

Rome, at least it is more Italian than New York and Paris; and while the traveler walks about the great arcades and looks at the fourth-rate shop windows, he does not scruple to cultivate a shameless optimism. Relatively speaking, Turin is picturesque; but there is, after all, no reason in a large collection of shabbily-stuccoed houses, disposed in a rigidly rectangular manner, for passing a day of deep, still gayety. The only reason, I am afraid, is the old superstition of Italy,—that property in the very look of the written word, the evocation of a myriad suggestions, that makes any lover of the arts take Italian satisfaction upon easier terms than any other. Italy is an idea to conjure with, and we play tricks upon our credulity even with such inferior apparatus as is offered to our hand at Turin. I walked about all the morning under the immense arcades, thinking it sufficient entertainment to take note of the soft, warm air, of that coloring of things in Italy that is at once broken and harmonious, and of the comings and goings, the physiognomy and manners, of the excellent Turinese. I had opened the old book again; the old charm was in the style; I was in a more charming world. I saw nothing surpassingly beautiful or curious; but the appreciative traveler finds a vividness in nameless details. And I must add that on the threshold of Italy he tastes of one solid and perfectly definable pleasure in finding himself among the traditions of the grand style in architecture. It must be said that we have still to come to Italy to see great houses. (I am speaking more particularly of town architecture.) In northern cities there are beautiful houses, picturesque and curious houses; sculptured gables which hang over the street, charming bow-windows, hooded door-ways, elegant proportions, and a profusion of delicate ornament; but a good specimen of an old Italian *palazzo* has a nobleness that is all its own. We laugh at Italian “palaces,” at their peeling stucco, their nudity, their shabbiness and duskiness; but they have the great palatial quality,—elevation and

extent. They make smaller houses seem beggarly; they round their great arches and interspace their huge windows with thorough aristocratic indifference to the master-builder’s little account. These grand proportions—the colossal basements, the door-ways that seem meant for cathedrals, the far-away cornices—impart by contrast an humble and *bourgeois* expression to those less exalted dwellings in which the air of grandeur depends largely upon the help of the upholsterer. At Turin my first feeling was really one of shame for the architectural manners of our northern lands. I have heard people who know the Italians well say that at bottom they despise all the rest of mankind and regard them as barbarians. I strongly doubt it, for the Italians strike me as having less national vanity than any other people in Europe; but if the charge had its truth there would be some ground for the feeling in the fact of their living in such big houses. The most direct, sensible, and—superficially considered—reasonable measure of one’s greatness is the size of one’s house; and, judged by this standard, Turinese and Genoese, Florentines and Romans leave us all very far behind.

An impression which, on coming back to Italy, I find even stronger than when it was first received is that of the contrast between the fecundity of the great artistic period and the vulgarity of the Italian genius of to-day. The first few hours spent on Italian soil are sufficient to renew it, and the phenomenon that I allude to is surely one of the most singular in human history. That the people who but three hundred years ago had the best taste in the world should now have the worst; that having produced the noblest, loveliest, and costliest works they should now be given up to the manufacture of objects at once ugly and flimsy; that the race of which Michael Angelo and Raphaël, Leonardo and Titian were characteristic exemplars should have no other title to distinction than third-rate *genre* pictures and catchpeny statues,—all this is a frequent perplexity to the observer of actual Ital-

ian life. The flower of art in these latter years has ceased to bloom very powerfully anywhere; but nowhere does it seem so drooping and withered as in the shadow of the still solid monuments of the old Italian genius. You go to a church or a gallery and feast your fancy upon a splendid picture or an exquisite piece of sculpture, and on issuing from the door that has admitted you to the beautiful past you are confronted with something that has all the effect of a mockery or a defiance of it. The aspect of your lodging (the carpets, the curtains, the upholstery in general, with their crude and violent coloring and their vulgar material), the third-rate look of the shops as you pass them, the extreme bad taste of the dress of the women, the cheapness and baseness of every attempt at decoration in the cafés and railway stations, the hopeless fickleness of everything that pretends to be a work of art, — all this modern infelicity runs riot over the relics of the great period.

We can do a thing for the first time but once; it is but once for all that we can have a pleasure in its freshness. This is a law which is not on the whole, I think, to be regretted, for we sometimes learn to know things better by not enjoying them too much. It is certain, however, at the same time, that a traveler who has merely worked off the primal fermentation of his relish for this inexhaustibly interesting country has by no means entirely drained the cup. After thinking of Italy as simply picturesque, it will do him no great harm to think of her, for a while, as modern, — an idea supposed (as a general thing correctly) to be fatally at variance with the Byronic, the Ruskinian, the artistic, poetic, æsthetic manner of looking at this godsend to literature and art. He may grant — I don't say it is absolutely necessary — that modern Italy is ugly, prosaic, provokingly indisposed to inspire one to water-color sketching or a superior style of album dissertation; it is nevertheless true that at the pass things have come to, modern Italy in a manner imposes herself. I had not been many hours in the country before I became

conscious of this circumstance; and I may add that, the first irritation past, I found myself disposed to take it easily. And if we think of it, nothing is more easy to understand than a certain displeasure on the part of the young Italy of to-day at being looked at by all the world as a kind of soluble pigment. Young Italy, preoccupied with its economical and political future, must be heartily tired of being accounted picturesque. In one of Thackeray's novels there is mention of a young artist who sent to the Royal Academy a picture representing "A Contadino dancing with a Trasteverina at the door of a Locanda, to the music of a Pifferaro." It is in this attitude and with these conventional accessories that the world has hitherto seen fit to represent young Italy, and I do not wonder that, if the youth has any spirit, he should at last begin to resent our insufferable æsthetic patronage. He has established a line of horse-cars in Rome, from the Porta del Popolo to the Ponte Molle, and it is on one of these democratic vehicles that I seem to see him taking his triumphant course down the vista of the future. I will not pretend to rejoice with him any more than I really do; I will not pretend, as the sentimental tourists say about it all, as if it were the setting of an intaglio or the border of a Roman scarf, to "like" it. Like it or not, as we may, it is evidently destined to be; I see a new Italy in the future which in many important respects will equal, if not surpass, the most enterprising sections of our native land. Perhaps by that time Chicago and San Francisco will have become picturesque, and their sons and daughters will dance at the doors of *locandas*. However this may be, a vivid impression of an accomplished schism between the old Italy and the new is, as the French say, *le plus clair* of a new visit to this ever-suggestive part of the world. The old Italy has become more and more of a simple museum, preserved and perpetuated in the midst of the new, but without any further relation to it — it must be admitted, indeed, that such a relation is considerable — than that of the stock

on his shelves to the shop-keeper, or of the Siren of the South to the showman who stands before his booth. More than once, as we move about, nowadays, in the Italian cities, there seems to pass before our eyes a vision of the coming years. It represents to our satisfaction an Italy united and prosperous, but altogether commercial. The Italy, indeed, that we sentimentalize and romance about was an ardently mercantile country; though I suppose it loved not its ledgers less, but its frescoes and altarpieces more. Scattered through this brilliantly economical community — this country of a thousand ports — I see a large number of beautiful buildings, in which an endless series of dusky pictures are darkening, darkening, fading, fading, through the years. At the doors of the beautiful buildings are little turnstiles, at which there sit a great many men in uniform, to whom the visitor pays a ten-penny fee. Inside, in the vaulted and frescoed chambers, the art of Italy lies buried as in a thousand mausoleums. It is well taken care of; it is constantly copied; sometimes it is "restored," — as in the case of that beautiful boy-figure of Andrea del Sarto, at Florence, which may be seen at the gallery of the Uffizi, with its honorable duskiness quite peeled off, and Heaven knows what raw, bleeding cuticle laid bare. One evening lately, in Florence, in the soft twilight, I took a stroll among those encircling hills on which the massive villas are mingled with the vaporous olives. Presently I came, where three roads met, upon a way-side shrine, in which, before some pious daub of an old-time Madonna, a little votive lamp glimmered through the evening air. The hour, the lovely evening, the place, the twinkling taper, the sentiment of the observer, the thought that some one had been rescued here from an assassin, or from some other peril, and had set up a little grateful altar, in consequence, in the yellow-stuccoed wall of a tangled *podere*, — all this led me to approach the shrine with a reverent, an emotional step. I drew near it, but after a few steps I paused. I became conscious of an incongruous

odor; it seemed to me that the evening air was charged with a perfume which, although to a certain extent familiar, had not hitherto associated itself with rustic frescoes and way-side altars. I gently interrogated the atmosphere, and the operation left me no doubts. The odor was that of petroleum; the votive taper was nourished with "ile"! I confess that I burst out laughing, and a picturesque *contadino*, wending his homeward way in the dusk, stared at me as if I were a frolicsome ghost escaped from one of the old villas near by. If he noticed the petroleum, it was only, I imagine, to sniff it gratefully; but to me the thing served as a symbol of the Italy of the future. There is a horse-car from the Porta del Popolo to the Ponte Molle, and the Tuscan shrines are fed with the Pennsylvanian fluid!

If it is very well to come to Turin first; it is still better to go to Genoa afterwards. Genoa is the queerest place in the world, and even a second visit gives little help toward a lucid understanding of it. In the wonderful crooked, twisting, climbing, soaring, burrowing Genoese alleys the traveler is really up to his neck in the old Italian picturesqueness. Genoa is, I believe, a port of great capacity, and the bequest of the late Duke of Galliera, who left four millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and enlarging it, will doubtless do much toward converting it into one of the great commercial stations of Europe. But as, after leaving my hotel, the afternoon I arrived, I wandered for a long time at hazard through the tortuous by-ways of the city I said to myself, not without an accent of private triumph, that here was something it would be as difficult to modernize as it was to cleanse the Augean stables. I had found my hotel, in the first place, extremely entertaining — the Croce di Malta, as it was called, established in a gigantic palace on the edge of the swarming and not over-clean harbor. It was the biggest house I had ever entered, and the simple basement would have contained a dozen American caravansaries. I met an American gentleman in the vestibule who (as he

had indeed a perfect right to be) was annoyed by its troublesome proportions — one was a quarter of an hour ascending out of the basement — and desired to know whether it was a “correct sample” of the Genoese inns. It appeared to be an excellent specimen of Genoese architecture generally; so far as I observed, there were few houses perceptibly smaller than this Titanic tavern. I lunched in a great, dusky ball-room, whose ceiling was vaulted, frescoed, and gilded with the inexpensive skill of a couple of centuries since, and which looked out upon another ancient house-front, equally huge and equally battered, from which it was separated only by a little wedge of dusky space (one of the principal streets, I believe, of Genoa), out of the bottom of which the Genoese populace sent up to the windows — I had to crane out very far to see it — a perpetual clattering, shuffling, chaffering sound. Issuing forth, presently, into this characteristic thoroughfare, I found an abundance of that soft local color, for the love of which one revisits Italy. It offered itself, indeed, in a variety of tints, some of which were not remarkable for their freshness or purity. But their combined effect was highly pictorial, and the picture was a very rich and various representation of southern low life. Genoa is the crookedest and most incoherent of cities; tossed about on the sides and crests of a dozen hills, it is seamed with gullies and ravines that bristle with those innumerable palaces for which we have heard from our earliest years that the place is celebrated. These great edifices, with their mottled and faded complexions, lift their big ornamental cornices to a tremendous height in the air, where, in a certain indescribably forlorn and desolate fashion, overtopping each other, they seem to reflect the twinkle and glitter of the warm Mediterranean. Down about the basements, in the little dim, close alleys, the people are forever moving to and fro, or standing in their cavernous door-ways or in their little dusky, crowded shops, calling, chattering, laughing, scrambling, living their lives in the conversational

Italian fashion. For a long time I had not received such an impression of the possible crowdedness, density, and, as it were, cheapness of human life. I had not for a long time seen people elbowing each other so closely, or swarming so thickly out of immense human hives. A traveler is very often prompted to ask himself whether it has been worth while to leave his home — whatever his home may have been — only to see new forms of human suffering, only to be reminded that toil and privation, hunger and sorrow and sordid effort, are the portion of the great majority of his fellow-men. To travel is, as it were, to go to the play, to attend a spectacle; and there is something heartless in stepping forth into the streets of a foreign town to feast upon novelty when the novelty consists simply of the slightly different costume in which hunger and labor present themselves. These reflections were forced upon me as I strolled about in those crepuscular, queer-smelling alleys of Genoa; but after a time they ceased to bear me company. The reason of this, I think, is because (at least to foreign eyes) the sum of Italian misery is, on the whole, less than the sum of Italian serenity. That people should thank you, with a smile of striking sweetness, for the gift of two-pence is a proof, certainly, of an extreme and constant destitution; but (keeping in mind the sweetness) it is also a proof of an enviable ability not to be depressed by circumstances. I know that this may possibly be great nonsense; that half the time that we are admiring the brightness of the Italian smile the romantic natives may be, in reality, in a sullen frenzy of impatience and pain. Our observation in any foreign land is extremely superficial, and our remarks are happily not addressed to the inhabitants themselves, who, at a hundred points, would certainly exclaim upon the impudence of the fancy-picture. The other day I visited a very picturesque old city upon a mountain top, where, in the course of my wanderings, I arrived at an old disused gate in the ancient town wall. The gate had not been absolutely forfeited; but the recent com-

pletion of a modern road down the mountain led most vehicles away to another egress. The grass-grown pavement, which wound into the plain by a hundred graceful twists and plunges, was now given up to ragged contadini and their donkeys, and to such wayfarers as were not alarmed at the disrepair into which it had fallen. I stood in the shadow of the tall old gate-way, admiring the scene, — looking to right and left at the wonderful walls of the little town, perched on the edge of a shaggy precipice; at the circling mountains over against them; at the road dipping downward among the chestnuts and olives. There was no one within sight but a young man, who was slowly trudging upward, with his coat slung over his shoulder and his hat upon his ear, like a cavalier in an opera. Like an operatic performer, too, he was singing as he came; the spectacle, generally, was operatic, and as his vocal flourishes reached my ear I said to myself that in Italy accident was always picturesque, and that such a figure had been exactly what was wanted to set off the landscape. It suggested a large measure of that serenity for which I just now commended the Italians. I was turning back, under the old gate-way, into the town, when the young man overtook me, and, suspending his song, asked me if I could favor him with a match to light the hoarded remnant of a cigar. This request led, as I walked back to the inn, to my having some conversation with him. He was a native of the old hill-town, and answered freely all my inquiries as to its manners and customs and the state of public opinion there. But the point of my anecdote is that he presently proved to be a brooding young radical and communist, filled with hatred of the present Italian government, raging with discontent and crude political passion, professing a ridiculous hope that Italy would soon have, as France had had, her “’89,” and declaring that he, for his part, would willingly lend a hand to chop off the heads of the king and the royal family. He was an unhappy, underfed, unemployed young man, who took a hard, grim view of everything, and was pict-

uresque only quite in spite of himself. This made it very absurd of me to have looked at him simply as a graceful ornament to the prospect, — a harmonious little figure in the middle distance. “Damn the prospect — damn the middle distance!” would have been all his philosophy. Yet, but for the accident of my having a little talk with him, I should have made him do service, in memory, as an example of sensuous optimism!

I am bound to say, however, that I believe that a great deal of the apparent sensuous optimism that I noticed in the Genoese alleys and beneath the low, crowded arcades along the port was quite substantial. Here every one was magnificently sunburnt, and there were plenty of those queer types — those mahogany-colored, bare-chested mariners, with ear-rings and crimson girdles — that make a southern sea-port entertaining. But it is not fair to speak as if, at Genoa, there were nothing but low life to be seen, for the place is the residence of some of the grandest people in the world. Nor are all the palaces ranged along dusky alleys; the handsomest and most impressive form a splendid series on each side of a couple of very proper streets, in which there is plenty of room for a coach and four to approach the big door-ways. Many of these door-ways are open, revealing great marble staircases, with couchant lions for balustrades, and ceremonious courts surrounded by walls of sun-softened yellow. One of the palaces is colored a goodly red, and contains, in particular, the grand people I just now spoke of. They live in the third story; but here they have suites of wonderful painted and gilded chambers, in which there are many foreshortened frescoes in the vaulted ceilings, and on the walls many of those halting arabesques in which the rococo taste of the last and the preceding century took pleasure. Those great residents I allude to bear the name of Vandyke, though they are members of the noble family of Brignole-Sale, one of whose children (the Duchess of Galliera) has lately given proof of nobleness in presenting the Gal-

lery of the Red Palace, out of hand; to the city of Genoa.

On leaving Genoa I repaired to Spezia, chiefly with a view of accomplishing a sentimental pilgrimage, which I in fact achieved, in the most agreeable conditions. The Gulf of Spezia is now the head-quarters of the Italian fleet, and there were several big iron-plated frigates riding at anchor in front of the town. The streets were filled with lads in blue flannel, who were receiving instruction at a school-ship in the harbor, and in the evening — there was a brilliant moon — the little breakwater which stretched out into the Mediterranean offered a promenade to the naval functionaries. But this fact is, from the picturesque point of view, of little account, for since it has become prosperous Spezia has grown ugly. The place is filled with long, dull stretches of dead wall and great, raw expanses of artificial land. It wears that look of monstrous, of more than Occidental, newness which distinguishes all the creations of the young Italian state. Nor did I find any great compensation in an immense new inn, which has lately been deposited by the edge of the sea, in anticipation of a *passaggiata* which is to come that way some five years hence, the region being in the mean time of the most primitive formation. The inn was filled with grave English people, who looked respectable and bored, and there was of course a Church of England service in the gaudily-frescoed parlor. Neither was it the drive to Porto Venere that chiefly pleased me, — a drive among vines and olives, over the hills and beside the sea, to a queer little crumbling village on a headland, as sweetly desolate and superannuated as the name it bears. There is a ruined church near the village, which occupies the site (according to tradition) of an ancient temple of Venus; and if Venus ever revisits her desecrated shrines she must sometimes pause a moment in that sunny stillness, and listen to the murmur of the tideless sea at the base of the narrow promontory. If Venus sometimes comes there, Apollo surely does as much; for close to the temple

is a gate-way, surmounted by an inscription in Italian and English, which admits you to a curious (and it must be confessed rather cockneyfied) cave among the rocks. It was here, says the inscription, that the great Byron, swimmer and poet, “defied the waves of the Ligurian sea.” The fact is interesting, though not supremely so; for Byron was always defying something, and if a slab had been put up wherever this performance came off, these commemorative tablets would be, in many parts of Europe, as thick as mile-stones. No; the great merit of Spezia, to my eye, is that I engaged a boat there of a lovely October afternoon, and had myself rowed across the gulf — it took about an hour and a half — to the little bay of Lerici, which opens out of it. This bay of Lerici is charming: the bosky gray-green hills close it in, and on either side of the entrance, perched upon a bold headland, a wonderful old crumbling castle keeps ineffectual guard. The place is classic for all English travelers, for in the middle of the curving shore is the now desolate little villa in which Shelley spent the last months of his short life. He was living at Lerici when he started on that short southern cruise from which he never returned. (His body, it will be remembered, was washed ashore near Pisa.) The house he occupied is strangely shabby, and as sad as you may choose to fancy it. It stands directly upon the beach, with scarred and battered walls, and a *loggia* of several arches opening upon a little terrace with a rugged parapet, which, when the wind blows, must be drenched with the salt spray. The place is very lonely, — all overworn with sun and breeze and brine, — very close to nature, as it was Shelley’s passion to be. I can fancy a great lyric poet sitting on the terrace, of a warm evening, far from England, in the early years of the century. Granted wonderful genius, to begin with, he must have heard in the voice of nature a sweetness which only the lyric movement could translate. It is a place where an English-speaking traveler may very honestly be sentimental and feel moved, him-

self, to lyric utterance. But I must content myself with saying in halting prose that I remember few episodes of Italian travel more sympathetic, as they have it here, than that perfect autumn afternoon; the half-hour's station on the little battered terrace of the villa; the climb to the singularly picturesque old

castle that hangs above Lerici; the meditative lounge, in the fading light, upon the vine-decked platform that looked out toward the sunset and the darkening mountains, and, far below, upon the quiet sea, beyond which the pale-faced villa stared up at the brightening moon.

Henry James, Jr.

A DECEMBER NIGHT.

ALL day the sky has been one heavy cloud,
All day the drops have plashed against the panes,
The brimming eaves-spouts gurgled full and loud;
And now the night has come, and still it rains.

The frosts and rifling winds, those treacherous thieves,
Have stripped the shivering branches stark and bare;
Beneath, the walks are thick with trodden leaves,
Which fill with woodsy odors all the air.

Yon street-lamp glows, a disk of luminous fog,
Lighting a little space of mud and rain,
Where hurrying wayfarer or homeless dog
Starts sudden into sight, and fades again.

Its faint gleam struggles with the dark, and shows
A lonesome door-yard, with its leafless vine,
And Monday's luckless washing, — rows on rows
Of dripping garments hanging on the line.

Along the roadside gutters rush the streams
Like turbid rivers in a sudden flood;
And at the crossings drivers urge their teams
To splash the wroth pedestrian with mud.

From far across the harbor, low and faint,
A fog-horn's friendly bellow greets the ear;
Or some slow, cautious steamer's hoarse complaint,
Warning its kindred not to come too near.

Small knots of draggled pilgrims stand and wait
Upon the muddy curb, and peering far
Up street and down, in vain, find fault with fate,
And sharply blame the dilatory car;

Their grouped umbrellas, by the hazy light
 Obscure and dim, show through the vapors dense
 Like clumps of toad-stools, born of rain and night,
 Huddled beside some roadside pasture fence.

One ray redeems the dreariness and blight, —
 The window-light which streams across the square:
 The light of home, — the blessed, saving light
 Which keeps the world from darkness and despair.

Ah, happy they who in its warmth abide!
 Peace sits among them, with her fair wings furled:
 What care they for this wretched world outside, —
 This darksome, dismal, drear December world?

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

APRIL DAYS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU.

APRIL 1, 1841.

ON THE SUN COMING OUT IN THE AFTER-
 NOON.

METHINKS all things have traveled since you
 shined,
 But only Time and clouds, Time's team, have
 moved;
 Again foul weather shall not change my mind,
 But in the shade I will believe what in the sun I
 loved.

April 1, 1852. Walden is all white
 ice, but little melted about the shore.
 The very sight of it when I get so far on
 the causeway, though I hear the spring
 note of the chickadee from over the ice,
 carries my thoughts back at once some
 weeks toward winter, and a chill comes
 over them. . . .

The mountains seen from Bare Hill
 are very fine now in the horizon, so eva-
 nescent, being broadly spotted white
 and blue like the skins of some animals,
 the white predominating. The Peter-
 boro' Hills to the north are almost all
 white. The snow has melted more on
 the more southern mountains. With
 their white mantles, notwithstanding the
 alternating dark patches, they melt into
 the sky. Yet perhaps the white por-

tions may be distinguished by the pecu-
 liar light of the sun shining on them. . . .

I hear a robin singing in the woods
 south of Hosmer's, just before sunset.
 It is a sound associated with New En-
 gland village life. It brings to my
 thoughts summer evenings when the
 children are playing in the yards before
 the doors, and their parents, conversing,
 sit at the open windows. It foretells all
 this now, before those summer hours are
 come.

As I come over the turnpike, the song-
 sparrow's jingle comes up from every
 part of the meadow, as native as the
 tinkling rills or the blossoms of the spi-
 ræa. . . . Its cheep is like the sound of
 opening buds.

April 1, 1853. The rain rests on the
 downy leaves of the young mulleins in
 separate, irregular drops, from the irreg-
 ularity and color looking like ice. The
 drops quite in the cup of the mullein have
 a peculiar translucent silveriness, appar-
 ently because while they are upheld by
 the wool the light is reflected which
 would otherwise be absorbed, as if they
 were cased in light. The fresh mullein

leaves are pushing up amid the brown, unsightly wrecks of last fall, which strew the ground like old clothes. . . . That early willow by Miles's has been injured by the rain. The drops rest on the catkins as on the mullein. Though this began to open only day before yesterday, and was the earliest I could find, already I hear the well-known hum of a honey-bee, and one alights on it (also a fly or two), loads himself, circles round with a loud humming, and is off. Where the first willow catkin opens, there will be found the honey-bee also with it. He found this out as soon as I. The stamens have burst out on the side towards the top, like a sheaf of spears, thrust forth to encounter the sun, — so many spears as the garrison can spare, advanced into the summer. With this flower, so much more flower-like or noticeable than any yet, begins a new era in the flower season.

April 1, 1854. The tree-sparrows, hiemalis, and song-sparrows are particularly lively and musical in the yard this rainy and truly April day. The robin now begins to sing powerfully.

P. M. Up Assabet to Dodge's Brook; thence to Farmer's. April has begun like itself. It is warm and showery, while I sail away with a light southwest wind toward the rock. Sometimes the sun seems just ready to burst out, yet I know it will not. The meadow is becoming bare. It resounds with the *sprayer* notes of blackbirds. The birds sing this warm and showery day after a fortnight's cold (yesterday was wet, too), with a universal burst and flood of melody. Great flocks of hiemalis, etc., pass overhead like schools of fishes in the water, many abreast. The white-maple stamens are beginning to peep out from the wet and weather-beaten buds. The earliest alders are just ready to bloom, to show their yellow on the first decidedly warm and sunny day. The water is smooth at last, and dark. Ice no longer forms on the oars. It is pleasant to paddle under the dripping hemlocks this dark day. They make more of a wilderness impression than pines. . . . The hiemalis is in the largest flocks of any at

this season. Now see them come drifting over a rising ground, just like snow-flakes before a northeast wind!

April 1, 1855. When I look out the window, I see that the grass on the bank on the south side of the house is already much greener than it was yesterday. As it cannot have grown so suddenly, how shall I account for it? I suspect the reason is that the few green blades are not merely washed bright by the rain, but erect themselves to imbibe its influence, and so are more prominent, while the withered blades are beaten down and flattened by it.

April 1, 1858. I saw a squirrel's nest twenty-three or twenty-four feet high in a maple, and climbing to it (for it was so peculiar, having a basket-work of twigs about it, that I did not know but it was a hawk's nest) I found that it was a very perfect (probably) red squirrel's nest, made entirely of the now very dark or blackish-green moss, such as grows on the button-bush and on the swampy ground, — a dense mass of it, about one foot through, wattled together, with an inobvious hole on the east side. A tuft of loose moss blowing up about it seemed to answer for a door or porch-covering. The cavity within was quite small, but very snug and warm, where one or two squirrels might lie warm in the severest storm, the dense moss walls being three inches thick, or more. But what was most peculiar was that the nest, though placed over the centre of the tree, where it divided into four or five branches, was regularly and elaborately hedged about and supported by a basket-work of strong twigs stretched across from bough to bough; which twigs I perceived had been gnawed green from the maple itself, the stub ends remaining visible all around. . . .

April 2, 1852. Six A. M. To the river-side and Merrick's pasture. The sun is up. The water in the meadows is perfectly smooth and placid, reflecting the hills and clouds and trees. The air is full of the notes of birds: song-sparrows, redwings, robins (singing a strain), bluebirds, and I hear also a lark,

as if all the earth had burst forth into song. The influence of this April morning has reached them, for they live out-of-doors all the night, and there is no danger they will oversleep themselves such a morning. A few weeks ago, before the birds had come, there came to my mind in the night the twittering sound of birds in the early dawn of a spring morning, — a semi-prophecy of it, — and last night I attended mentally, as if I heard the spray-like dreaming sound of the midsummer frog, and realized how glorious and full of revelations it was. The clouds are white, watery, not such as we had in the winter. I see in this fresh morning the shells left by the musk-rats along the shore, and their galleries leading into the meadow, and the bright red cranberries washed up along the shore in the old water-mark. Suddenly there is a blur on the placid surface of the waters, a rippling mistiness, produced, as it were, by a slight morning breeze, and I should be sorry to show it to a stranger now. So is it with our minds. . . .

How few valuable observations can we make in youth! What if there were united the susceptibility of youth with the discrimination of age! Once I was part and parcel of nature; now I am observant of her. . . .

It appears to me that to one standing on the heights of philosophy mankind and the works of man will have sunk out of sight altogether; that man is altogether too much insisted on. The poet says the proper study of mankind is man. I say, study to forget all that; take wider views of the universe. That is the egotism of the race. What is this our childish, gossiping, social literature, mainly in the hands of the publishers? Another poet says, "The world is too much with us." He means, of course, that man is too much with us. In the promulgated views of man in institutions, in the common sense, there is narrowness and delusion. It is our weakness that so exaggerates the virtue of philanthropy and charity, and makes it the highest human attribute. The world will sooner or later tire of philantropy,

and all religion based on it mainly. They cannot long sustain my spirit. In order to avoid delusions, I would fain let man go by, and behold a universe in which man is but a grain of sand. I am sure that those of my thoughts which consist or are contemporaneous with social, personal connections, however humane, are not the wisest and widest, most universal. What is the village, city, State, nation, ay, the citizen's world, that they should concern a man so much? The thought of them affects me in my wisest hours as when I pass a woodchuck's hole. It is a comfortable place to nestle in, no doubt, and we have friends — some sympathizing ones, it may be — and a hearth there; but I have only to get up at midnight, ay, to soar or wander a little in my thought by day, to find them all slumbering. Look at our literature; what a poor, puny, social thing, seeking sympathy! The author troubles himself about his readers, would fain have one before he dies. He stands too near his printer; he corrects the proofs. Not satisfied with defiling one another in this world, we would all go to heaven together. To be a good man (that is, a good neighbor in the widest sense) is but little more than to be a good citizen. Mankind is a gigantic institution; it is a community to which most men belong. It is a test I would apply to my companion. Can he forget man? Can he see the world slumbering? I do not value any view of the universe into which man and the institutions of man enter very largely and absorb much attention. Man is but the place where I stand, and the prospect hence is infinite. The universe is not a chamber of mirrors which reflect me when I reflect. I find that there is other than me. Man is a past phenomenon to philosophy; the universe is larger than enough for man's abode. Some rarely go out-doors; most are always at home at night; very few indeed have stayed out all night once in their lives; fewer still have gone behind the world of humanity, seen its institutions like toadstools by the wayside. . . .

April 2, 1853. The tree-sparrows and

a few blue snow-birds in company sing (the former) very sweetly in the garden this morning. I now see a faint spot on the breast. It says something like a "twee, twee, chit chit, chit-chit-chee-var-r." . . .

The farmers are trembling for their poultry nowadays. I heard the screams of hens and a tumult among their mistresses (at Dugan's) calling them and scaring away the hawk yesterday. They say they do not lose by hawks in mid-summer. White quotes Linnæus as saying of hawks, "Paciscuntur inducias cum avibus quamdiu cuculus cucullat," but White doubts it. . . . The song-sparrows, the three-spotted, away by the meadow-sides, are very shy and cunning: instead of flying, will frequently trot along the ground under the bushes, or dodge through a wall like a swallow; and I have observed that they generally bring some object, as a rail or branch, between themselves and the face of the walker, — often with outstretched necks will peep at him for five or ten minutes. . . .

Heard and saw what I call the pine warbler, — "vetter, vetter, vetter, vetter, vet," — the cool woodland sound. The first this year of the higher-colored birds, after the bluebird and the black-bird's wing, is it not? It affects me as something more tender. . . .

We cannot well afford not to see the geese go over a single spring, and so commence our year regularly.

April 2, 1854. P. M. To Conantum *via* Nutmeadow Brook. Saw black ducks in water and on land. Can see their light throats a great way off with my glass. They do not dive, but dip. . . .

The radical leaves of some plants appear to have started, look brighter, — the shepherd spurse and plainly the skunk's cabbage. In the brook there is the least possible springing yet, — a little yellow lily in the ditch, and sweet-flag starting. I was just sitting on the rail over the brook when I heard something which reminded me of the song of the robin in rainy days in past springs. Why is it that not the note itself, but something which reminds me of it, should affect

me most? — the ideal instead of the actual. . . .

The tree-sparrows make the alders, etc., ring. They have a metallic chirp and a short canary-like warble. They keep company with the hiemalis.

April 2, 1855. Green is essentially vivid or the color of life, and it is therefore most brilliant when a plant is moist or most alive. . . . The word, according to Webster, is from the Saxon *grêne*, to grow, and hence is the color of herbage when growing.

April 2, 1856. It is evident that it depends on the character of the season whether this flower or that is the most forward, whether there is more or less snow, or cold, or rain, etc. I am tempted to stretch myself on the bare ground above the Cliff, to feel its warmth on my back and smell the earth and the dry leaves. I see and hear flies and bees about. A large buff-edged butterfly flutters by along the edge of the Cliff, *Vanessa antiopa*. Though so little of the earth is bare, this frail creature has been warmed into life again. Here is the broken shell of one of those large white snails, *Helix albolabris*, on the top of the Cliff. I am rejoiced to find anything so pretty. I cannot but think it nobler, as it is rarer, to appreciate some beauty than to feel much sympathy with misfortune. The powers are kinder to me when they permit me to enjoy this beauty than if they were to express any amount of compassion for me. I could never excuse them that.

April 2, 1858. At the spring on the west side of Fairhaven Hill I startle a striped snake. It is a large one, with a white stripe down the dorsal ridge between two black ones, and on each side the last a buff one, and blotchy brown sides, darker towards the tail. Beneath, greenish-yellow. This snake generally has a pinkish cast. There is another, evidently of the same species, but not half so large, with its neck lying affectionately across the first. When seen by itself you might have thought of a distinct species. The dorsal line on this one is bright yellow, though not so bright as the lateral ones and the yellow about

the head. Also, the black is more glossy, and this snake has no pink cast. No doubt on almost every such warm bank now you will find a snake lying out. . . . They allowed me to lift their heads with a stick four or five inches without stirring, nor did they mind the flies that alighted on them, looking steadily at me without the slightest motion of head, body, or eyes, as if they were of marble; and as you looked back at them, you continually forgot that they were real, and not imaginary.

On the side of Fairhaven Hill I go looking for baywings, turning my glass to each sparrow on a rock or tree. At last I see one which flies up straight from a rock eighty or one hundred feet, and warbles a peculiar, long, and pleasant strain, after the manner of the skylark, methinks; and close by I see another, apparently a baywing (though I do not see the white on its tail), and it utters, while sitting, the same subdued, rather peculiar strain. . . .

It is not important that the poet should say some particular thing, but that he should speak in harmony with nature. The tone and pitch of his voice is the main thing.

It appears to me that the wisest philosophers I know are as foolish as Sancho Panza dreaming of his island. Considering the ends they propose and the obstructions in their path, they are even. One philosopher is feeble enough alone; but observe how each multiplies his difficulties, — by how many unnecessary links he allies himself to the existing state of things. He girds himself for his enterprise with fasting and prayer, and then, instead of pressing forward like a light-armed soldier, with the fewest possible hindrances, he at once hooks on to some immovable institution, and begins to sing and scratch gravel *towards* his objects. Why, it is as much as the strongest man can do decently to bury his friends and relations, without making a new world of it. But if the philosopher is as foolish as Sancho Panza, he is also as wise, and nothing so truly makes a thing so or so as thinking it so.

April 2, 1859. As I go down the street just after sunset, I hear many snipe to-night. At this hour, that is, in the twilight, they make a hovering sound high in the air over the villages, and the inhabitants do not know what to refer it to. It is very easily imitated by a sort of shuddering with the breath. It reminds me of calmer nights. Hardly one in a hundred hears it, and perhaps not nearly so many know what creature makes it. Perhaps no one dreamed of snipe an hour ago, and the air seemed empty of such as they; but as soon as the dusk begins so that a bird's flight is concealed, you hear this peculiar, spirit-suggesting sound, now far, now near, heard through and above the evening din of the village. I did not hear one when I returned up the street half an hour later.

April 3, 1841. Friends will not only live in harmony, but in melody.

April 3, 1842. I can remember when I was more enriched by a few cheap rays of light falling on the pond side than by this broad sunny day. Riches have wings, indeed. The weight of present woe will express the sweetness of past experience. When sorrow comes, how easy it is to remember pleasure! When in winter the bees cannot make new honey, they consume the old.

Experience is in the head and fingers. The heart is inexperienced. . . .

I have just heard the flicker among the oaks on the hill-side ushering in a new dynasty. It is the age and youth of time. Why did nature set this lure for sickly mortals? Eternity could not begin with more security and momentousness than the spring. The summer's eternity is reëstablished by this note. All sights and sounds are seen and heard both in time and eternity; and when the eternity of any sight or sound strikes the eye or ear, they are intoxicated with delight.

Sometimes, as through a dim haze, we see objects in their eternal relations. They stand like Stonehenge and the Pyramids, and we wonder who set them up, and what for.

The destiny of the soul can never be studied by the reason, for the modes of the latter are not ecstatic. In the wisest calculation or demonstration I but play a game with myself. I am not to be taken captive by myself. I cannot convince myself. God must convince. I can calculate a problem in arithmetic, but not any morality. Virtue is incalculable, as it is inestimable. Man's destiny is but virtue or manhood. It is wholly moral, to be learned only by the life of the soul. The reason, before it can be applied to such a subject, will have to fetter and restrict it. How can he, step by step, perform that long journey who has not conceived whither he is bound? How can he expect to perform an arduous journey without interruption who has no passport to the end? On this side of man is the actual, and on the other the ideal. The former is the province of the reason, which is even a divine light when directed upon that, but it cannot reach forward into the ideal without blindness. The moon was made to rule by night, but the sun to rule by day. Reason will be but a pale cloud like the moon when one ray of divine light comes to illumine the soul.

April 3, 1852. They call that northernmost sea, thought to be free from ice, "Polina." The coldest natures, persevere with them, go far enough, are found to have open sea in the highest latitudes.

April 3, 1853. Nothing is more saddening than an ineffectual, proud intercourse with those of whom we expect sympathy and encouragement. I repeatedly find myself drawn toward certain persons but to be disappointed. No concessions which are not radical are the least satisfaction. By myself I can live and thrive, but in the society of incompatible friends I starve. To cultivate their society is to cherish a sore which can only be healed by abandoning them. I cannot trust my neighbor whom I know any more than I can trust the law of gravitation and jump off the Cliffs.

The last two Tribunes I have not looked at. I have no time to read news-

papers. If you chance to live and move and have your being in that thin stratum in which the events which make the news transpire, — thinner than the paper on which it is printed, — then these things will fill the world for you. But if you soar above or dive below that plane, you cannot remember nor be reminded of them.

P. M. To Cliffs. At Hayden's I hear hylas on two keys or notes. Heard one after the other; the sounds might be mistaken for the varied note of one. The little croakers, too, are very lively there. I get close to them, and witness a great commotion, they half-hopping and half-swimming about with their heads out, apparently in pursuit of each other, perhaps thirty or forty within a few square yards, and fifteen or twenty within one yard. There is not only the incessant lively croaking of many together, as usually heard, but a lower, hoarser, squirming kind of croak, perhaps from the other sex. As I approach nearer, they disperse and bury themselves in the grass at the bottom, only one or two remaining outstretched upon the surface; and at another step, these too conceal themselves.

April 3, 1856. P. M. To Hunt's Bridge. It is surprising how the earth on south banks begins to show some greenness in its russet cheeks in this rain and fog, — a precious emerald-green tinge, almost like a green mildew, the growth of the night, a green blush suffusing her cheek, heralded by twittering birds. This sight is no less interesting than the corresponding bloom and ripe blush of the fall. How encouraging to perceive again that faint tinge of green spreading amid the russet on earth's cheeks! I revive with Nature. Her victory is mine. This is my jewelry. . . .

I see small flocks of robins running on the bared portions of the meadow; hear the sprayey tinkle of the song-sparrow along the hedges. Hear also the squeaking notes of an advancing flock of red-wings or grackles (am uncertain which make that sound) somewhere high in the sky. At length detect them high overhead, advancing northeast in loose array,

with broad, extended front, competing with each other, winging their way to some northern meadow which they remember. The note of some is like the squeaking of many signs, while others accompany them with a steady, dry "tchuk-tchuk."

H— is overhauling a vast heap of manure in the rear of his barn, turning the ice within it up to the light. Yet he asks despairingly what life is for, and says he does not expect to stay here long. But I have just come from reading Columella, who describes the same kind of spring look in that, to him, new spring of the world with hope, and I suggest to be brave and hopeful with nature. Human life may be transitory and full of trouble, but the perennial mind whose survey extends from that spring to this, from Columella to H—, is superior to change. I will identify myself with that which did not die with Columella and will not die with H—.

Coming home along the causeway, I hear a robin sing (though faintly) as in May. The road is a path, here and there shoveled through drifts which are considerably higher than a man's head on each side.

April 3, 1858. Going down town this morning, I am surprised by the rich strain of the purple finch from the elms. Three or four have arrived and lodged against the elms of our street, which runs east and west across their course, and they are now mingling their loud, rich strain with that of the tree-sparrows, robins, bluebirds, etc. The hearing of this note implies some improvement in the acoustics of the air. It reminds me of that genial state of the air when the elms are in bloom. They sit still over the street, and make a business of warbling. They advertise one, surely, of some additional warmth and serenity. How their note rings over the roofs of the village! You wonder that even the sleepers are not awakened by it, to inquire who is there. And yet probably not another in all the town observes their coming, and not half a dozen ever distinguish them in their lives. But the very mob of the town know the hard

names of Germanians or Swiss families who once sang here or elsewhere. . . .

When I have been out thus the whole day, and spend the whole afternoon returning, it seems to me pitiful and ineffectual to be out, as usual, only in the afternoon,— as if you had come late to a feast, after your betters had done. The afternoon seems at best a long twilight after the fresh and bright forenoon.

The gregariousness of men is their most contemptible and discouraging aspect. See how they follow each other like sheep, not knowing why! Day and Martin's blacking was preferred by the last generation, and also is by this. They have not so good a reason for preferring this or that religion. Apparently, in ancient times several parties were nearly equally matched. They appointed a committee and made a compromise, agreeing to vote or believe so and so, and they still helplessly abide by that. Men are the inveterate foes of all improvement. Generally speaking, they think more of their hen-houses than of any desirable heaven. If you aspire to anything better than politics, expect no coöperation from men. They will not further anything good. You must prevail of your own force, as a plant springs and grows by its own vitality.

April 3, 1859. The bæomyces is in perfection this rainy day. I have for some weeks been insisting on the beauty and richness of the moist and saturated crust of the earth. It has seemed to me more attractive and living than ever, a very sensitive cuticle, teeming with life, especially in the rainy days. I have looked on it as the skin of a pard. And on a more close examination I am borne out by discovering in this now so bright bæomyces, and in other earthy lichens, and in cladonias, and also in the very pretty red and yellow stemmed mosses, a manifest sympathy with and an expression of the general life of the crust. This early and hardy cryptogamous vegetation is, as it were, a flowering of the crust of the earth. Lichens and these mosses which depend on moisture are now most rampant. If you examine it, this brown earth crust is not

dead. We need a popular name for the bæomyces. C—— suggests "pink mold." Perhaps "pink shot or eggs" would do. . . .

Men's minds run so much on work and money that the mass instantly associate all literary labor with a pecuniary reward. They are mainly curious to know how much money the lecturer or another gets for his work. They think that the naturalist takes so much pains to collect plants or animals because he is paid for it. An Irishman who saw me in the fields making a minute in my note-book took it for granted that I was casting up my wages, and actually inquired what they came to, as if he had never dreamed of any other use for writing. I might have quoted to him that the wages of sin are death, as the most pertinent answer. What do you get for lecturing now? I am occasionally asked. It is the more amusing, since I only lecture about once a year out of my native town, often not at all; so that I might, if my objects were merely pecuniary, give up the business. Once, when I was walking in Staten Island, looking about me, as usual, a man who saw me would not believe me when I told him that I was indeed from New England, but was not looking at that region with a pecuniary view, — a view to speculation; and he offered me a handsome bonus if I would sell his farm for him.

April 4, 1839. The atmosphere of morning gives a healthy hue to our prospects. Disease is a sluggard that overtakes, never encounters us. We have the start each day, and may fairly distance him before the dew is off; but if we recline in the bowers of noon, he will, after all, come up with us. The morning dew breeds no cold. We enjoy a diurnal reprieve in the beginning of each day's creation. In the morning we do not believe in expediency; we will start afresh, and have no patching, no temporary fixtures. In the afternoon man has an interest in the past; his eye is divided, and he sees indifferently well either way.

Drifting in a sultry day on the sluggish waters of the pond, I almost cease

to live, and begin to be. A boatman stretched on the deck of his craft, and dallying with the noon, would be as apt an emblem of eternity for me as the serpent with his tail in his mouth. I am never so prone to lose my identity. I am dissolved in the haze.

April 4, 1841. The rattling of the tea-kettle below stairs reminds me of the cow-bells I used to hear when berrying in the Great Fields many years ago, sounding distant and deep amid the birches. That cheap piece of tinkling brass which the farmer hangs about his cow's neck has been more to me than the tons of metal which are swung in the belfry.

April 4, 1852. It is refreshing to stand on the face of the Cliff and see the water gliding over the surface of the almost perpendicular rock in a broad, thin sheet, pulsing over it. It reflects the sun for half a mile like a patch of snow. As you stand close by, it brings out the colors of the lichens like polishing or varnish. It is admirable regarded as a dripping fountain. You have lichens and moss on the surface, and starting saxifrage, ferns still green, and huckleberry bushes in the crevices. The rocks never appear so diversified and cracked, as if the chemistry of nature were now in full force. Then the drops falling perpendicularly from a projecting rock have a pleasing geometrical effect.

I see the snow lying thick on the south side of the Peterboro' Hills, and, though the ground is bare from the sea-shore to their base, I presume it is covered with snow from their base to the icy sea. I feel the raw air, cooled by the snow, on my cheek. Those hills are probably the dividing line at present between the bare ground and the snow-clad ground stretching three thousand miles to the Saskatchewan and Mackenzie, and the icy sea.

April 4, 1853. P. M. Rain, rain. To Clematis Brook *via* Lee's Bridge. Again I notice that early reddish or purplish grass that lies flat on the pools, like a warm blush suffusing the youthful face of the year. A warm, dripping rain heard on one's umbrella as on a snug roof, and on the leaves without, suggests comfort. We go abroad with a slow

but sure contentment, like turtles under their shells. We never feel so comfortable as when we are abroad in a storm with satisfaction. Our comfort is positive then. We are all compact, and our thoughts collected. We walk under the clouds and mists as under a roof. Now we seem to hear the ground a-soaking up the rain, which does not fall ineffectually, as on a frozen surface. We too are penetrated and revived by it. Robins still sing, and song-sparrows more or less, and blackbirds, and the unfailing jay screams. How the thirsty grass rejoices! It has pushed up visibly since morning, and fields that were completely russet yesterday are already tinged with green. We rejoice with the grass. I hear the hollow sound of drops falling into the water under Hubbard's Bridge, and each one makes a conspicuous bubble which is floated down stream. Instead of ripples, there are a myriad dimples in the stream. The lichens remember the sea to-day; the usually dry cladonias which are so crisp under the feet are full of moist vigor. The rocks speak, and tell the tales inscribed on them. Their inscriptions are brought out. I pause to study their geography. At Conantum-end I saw a red-tailed hawk launch himself away from an oak by the pond at my approach, — a heavy flyer, flapping even like the great bittern at first. Heavy forward. After turning Lee's Cliff, I heard, methought, more birds singing even than in fair weather, — tree-sparrows, whose song has the character of the canary's (*Fringilla hiemalis*) *chill-till*, the sweet strains of the fox-colored sparrow, song-sparrows, a nut-hatch, jays, crows, bluebirds, robins, and a large congregation of blackbirds. They suddenly alight with great din in a stubble field just over the wall, not perceiving me and my umbrella behind the pitch-pines, and there feed silently. Then, getting uneasy or anxious, they fly up on to an apple-tree, where, being reassured, commences a rich but deafening concert, — "o-gurgle-ee-e, o-gurgle-ee-e," — some of the most liquid notes ever heard, as if produced by some of the water of the Pierian spring flowing through a kind

of musical water pipe, and at the same time setting in motion a multitude of fine vibrating metallic springs. Like a shepherd merely meditating most enrapturing glees on such a water pipe. A more liquid bagpipe or clarinet, immersed like bubbles in a thousand sprayey notes, the bubbles half lost in the spray. When I show myself, away they go with a loud, harsh "charr-charr-r." At first I had heard an inundation of blackbirds approaching, some beating time with a loud "chuck-chuck," while the rest played a hurried, gurgling fugue.

A rainy day is to the walker in solitude and retirement like the night. Few travelers are about, and they half-hidden under umbrellas and confined to the highways. The thoughts run in a different channel from usual. It is somewhat like the dark day; it is a light night. How cheerful the roar of a brook swollen by the rain, especially if there is no sound of the mill in it! A woodcock went off from the shore of Clematis or Nightshade pond with a few slight, rapid sounds like a watchman's rattle half-revolved.

April 4, 1855. P. M. To Clematis Brook *via* Lee's. A pleasant day; growing warmer; a slight haze. Now the hedges and apple-trees are alive with fox-colored sparrows all over the town, and their imperfect strains are occasionally heard.

It is a fine air, but more than tempered by the snow in the northwest. All the earth is bright; the very pines glisten, and the water is a bright blue. A gull is circling round Fairhaven Pond, seen white against the woods and hill-sides, looking as if it would dive for a fish every moment, and occasionally resting on the ice. The water above Lee's Bridge is all alive with ducks. There are many flocks of eight or ten together, their black heads and white breasts seen above the water, — more of them than I have seen before this season, — and a gull with its whole body above the water, perhaps standing where it is shallow.

Not only are the evergreens brighter, but the pools, as that upland one behind Lee's, the ice as well as snow about their

edges being completely melted, have a peculiarly warm and bright April look, as if ready to be inhabited by frogs. . . .

Returning from Mt. Misery, the pond and river each presented a fine warm view. The slight haze which, in a warmer day at this season, softens the rough surface which the winter has left, and fills the copses seemingly with life, made the landscape remarkably fair. There is a remarkable variety in the view at present from this summit. The sun feels as warm as in June on my ear.

Half a mile off, in front, is this Elysian water, high over which two wild ducks are winging their rapid flight eastward through the bright air. On each side and beyond, the earth is clad with a warm russet, more pleasing perhaps than green; and far beyond all, in the north-west horizon, my eye rests on a range of snow-covered mountains glistening in the sun.

April 4, 1860. The birds are eager to sing as the flowers to bloom, after raw weather has held them in check.

LINCOLN'S TRIUMPH IN 1864.

IN the summer of 1864 vague and indefinite rumors were circulated that peace was attainable, and actually desired by the rebels, but that the administration would not listen to overtures or receive propositions which might lead to an adjustment. Some leading and over-officious persons interested themselves in these matters, which were merely subsidiary aids to the peace democrats, projected by the rebels to divide the republicans and to promote democratic success in the pending election. For a brief period these rumors undoubtedly made an impression unfavorable and unjust, as regarded the president. Horace Greeley, often credulous and always ready to engage in public employment, was entrapped by the most skillfully contrived of these intrigues. He became the willing agent of certain prominent rebels who resorted to Canada, and from thence persuaded him that they were authorized by the rebel government to negotiate peace, and desired his assistance. They asked for full protection to proceed to Washington to effect that object, and made Greeley the medium to convey to the president their application and purpose.

Greeley, thus applied to, at once entered into the scheme, and forwarded

their application, with his indorsement that while he did "not say a just peace is now attainable, he believed it to be so." The president had no belief in the good faith or sincerity of this proceeding, and little doubted that it was a subtle intrigue; but as it emanated from distinguished rebels, and had the indorsement of one of the most influential editors and politicians of the republican party, he was for a moment embarrassed how to treat it or what course to take. Promptly to reject the application thus made and indorsed would not only subject him to misrepresentation, and bring upon him the assaults of the malevolent, but would lead to a misconception of his own ardent desire for peace by many well-meaning men who, weary of war, earnestly praying that hostilities should cease, wished he might accept this advance and permit such conspicuous rebels as Jacob Thompson, C. C. Clay, and their associates, to visit Washington. The advent of these secession gentlemen would not be private and unheralded, but attended with the pomp and proclaimed character of ambassadors or ministers from the Confederate government, to negotiate peace. Its effect would be and was evidently intended to divert attention from a vigorous prosecution of the war, and

raise hopes through the North which it was the special object of this commission to defeat. Their errand of peace was obviously auxiliary to the peace democrats, and whether accepted or rejected was to be used against the administration in the presidential election. Mortified that so intelligent and eminent a republican as Mr. Greeley should in his officious desire to be useful lend himself to this intrigue of distinguished persons, who presented no credentials, even from the irresponsible rebel organization, the president deputed Greeley himself to proceed to Niagara, communicate with his rebel correspondents, and ascertain their power to act. As an authority to Greeley and an estoppel to future similar intrigues, the president issued the following:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, }
July 18, 1864. }

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the executive government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on other substantial and collateral points; and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

These and other schemes, projected by real and professed republicans as well as by avowed opponents, while annoying and discouraging, were skillfully met, warded off, and disposed of by the president, who never failed to prove himself able to cope with his adversaries and to be equal to any emergency. Greeley was surprised and taken aback on receiving his appointment as a *quasi* minister or agent, with authority to meet the ambassadorial trio whose mission he indorsed, and with the assurance that any proposition which embraced the restoration of peace and the integrity of the Union would be received, and the bearers should have

safe conduct. The rebel representatives and the peace democrats in the North were as much astonished and disappointed with the comprehensive credentials, which extended not only to them and their mission but to any and all others whom it might concern. It virtually muzzled that species of political party electioneering that was intruding itself into the presidential campaign.

The democratic national convention met at Chicago on the 29th of August, to nominate a candidate for president, and to lay down the programme or platform of political principles which the managers professed to believe best for the country, and by which they and their associates were governed. Until within a few days of the meeting of the convention circumstances had favored them. Scarcely a cheering ray had dawned upon the administration after the renomination of Mr. Lincoln until about the time the democratic delegates convened at Chicago. Except the success of the navy in the destruction of the rebel cruiser *Alabama* by the *Kearsarge* in June, and the passage of the forts of Mobile Bay by *Farragut* in August, there had seemed a pall over the Union cause, and all efforts, civil and military, of the administration. Information of the surrender of Fort Morgan was received on the day the democratic convention assembled. That convention pronounced the war a failure. Not only did rambling party declaimers harangue crowds against the despotic and arbitrary measures of the government, which, they said, was alienating the South, but men of eminence, some of whom had enjoyed public confidence and held high official position, participated in the assaults upon the president, who, while thus attacked, was struggling against reverses and armed resistance to the Union.

Added to these attacks of the peace democrats were the denunciations and various intrigues of the radical element in the republican party, which assailed the president personally, and bitterly attacked his conciliatory policy, accusing him of usurpation in his mode and meth-

od of striving for peace, and of inefficiency and neglect in not prosecuting the war with greater severity. The democrats and the radicals did not coalesce, were antagonistic; yet each was hostile to the president and opposed his reelection, but from opposite causes. Among the members of the Chicago convention were such men as James Guthrie, formerly secretary of the treasury, and Charles A. Wickliffe, once postmaster-general, both of Kentucky, Union men at the beginning of the war, uncompromising, however, against the radicals, but now opposed to President Lincoln. They disapproved the policy of the administration, and especially the emancipation of slaves by a military order of the president. Such an act, changing the social and industrial character of nearly one half of the States, was fundamental; one, as they claimed, above and beyond the executive or legislative authority of the federal government; and it could not be legally effected except by the States interested, or possibly by an amendment of the federal constitution. These original Union men were members of the convention at Chicago, and acted in concert with such violent and denunciatory anti-Union men as Vallandigham, as well as with the more plausible and timid but scarcely less mischievous members of the convention who refused to recognize war necessity as a justification for emancipation.

As usual with political conventions or assemblages in periods of high party excitement, the radical and too often the impulsive and inconsiderate extremists, by their vociferous and inflammatory harangues, carried with them a majority of the members, most of whom had in fact been chosen, not for calm and deliberate judgment, but for their party zeal and intolerance.

On this occasion extraordinary efforts had been made to strengthen the weak and timid of the party, to oppose the government, and to fortify the bold and aggressive by a gathering at Chicago of rebel emissaries and reckless and violent factionists outside the convention, known as "copperheads," who were secretly in

sympathy with the secessionists. Rumors that a conflict was inevitable prevailed. It was stated by Colonel Sweet, and subsequently affirmed by Holt, the judge-advocate-general, that there was a plot or conspiracy to improve the opportunity of the meeting of the democratic convention to arouse and inflame the masses and ultimately to free the rebel prisoners, of whom several thousands were confined in Chicago, at Camp Douglas, and also at Indianapolis and other places. Price and his bushwhackers in Missouri were to move in concert with an extensive secret organization that existed throughout the country under various names, but generally recognized as the Sons of Liberty, the Golden Circle, Order of American Knights, etc. These were to inaugurate an uprising which would, in its ramifications in the approaching election, be decisive.

For some time the war department and General Grant — whether wisely or unwisely it is not necessary here to discuss — had set aside and disregarded the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, and retained in confinement the rebels captured by our troops. As a consequence, Union soldiers taken in battle were held in captivity and shut up in Libby, Andersonville, Salisbury, and other prisons, where, half-starved and half-clad, their sufferings were almost incredible.

The democrats at Chicago took advantage of the fact that our soldiers were so confined to denounce the "shameful disregard of the administration to its duty, in respect to our fellow-citizens who are now and long have been prisoners of war, in a suffering condition, as deserving the severest reprobation, on the score alike of public interest and common humanity."

Great suffering was, undoubtedly, experienced by the prisoners on both sides, in consequence of the interruption of the cartel. The president was, technically, as the head of the government, held responsible for the cruel detention and confinement of prisoners, but neither he nor the members of the administration, except the secretary of war and the lieutenant-general, were then

aware that the exchange had, by the authority of these two officials, ceased.

The democratic convention, in its resolutions, arraigned the administration as violently as the radicals through Wade and Winter Davis, for its usurpation and its exercise of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the constitution; also for the subversion of civil by military law in States not in insurrection; for arbitrary military arrests, imprisonment, trial, and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law existed in full force; for the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press; for disregard of State's rights; for the imposition of test oaths, etc., etc.

Although there had been some recent improvement in military operations to lighten the almost insupportable load which had depressed the Union men through the summer, the reverses actually encouraged and animated the democrats while electing their delegates. The convention thus chosen declared that "after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demanded that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities."

Availing themselves of every difficulty that beset the government, — of the financial embarrassment, military stagnation, opposition to the draft and calls for more troops, the radical hostility to the president for what was called usurpation, and the general depression that prevailed and was a growing discouragement after Grant's arrival and non-action near Richmond, — the democrats made the clamor for peace the watch-cry at their party gatherings during the summer. The Chicago resolutions were responsive to and in coöperation with this and with the cunningly devised peace schemes which had captivated Greeley and others who, if not in full harmony with the radicals, had become tired of the war which they themselves had invoked, and, without any definite ideas of their own how to bring it to a close, were dissatisfied with the president and wanted another candidate. In fact, the whole platform of principles, though not

destitute of patriotic professions, was factious, denunciatory of the administration, and unjust to the government involved in war for the national life. But the Chicago proceedings, although sent out with bluster and bravado, fell coldly upon the public ear. They were not what the Union men expected. It was soon evident that the convention had, under the spur and pressure of heated partisanship, committed an error, and that it would have been well to have listened to the wiser and more considerate views of the moderate and conservative members. But the conservatives lacked resolution, — courage to face and resist the violent and reckless, and proclaim and enforce a different and more statesman-like course.

General McClellan, whom the democrats nominated as their candidate for president, had the sagacity to see that the party managers at Chicago had been carried away by the vituperative harangues and inflammatory declamations of superficial and disunion speakers; he nevertheless accepted the nomination. In his letter of acceptance, however, he disavowed and virtually repudiated the platform of the convention, to the great disgust of the peace democrats, who opposed the administration and made it a point to declare "the war a failure," and insisted on the "immediate cessation of hostilities." He said to his friends in this letter: "The Union was originally formed by the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise. To restore and preserve it, the same spirit must prevail in our councils and in the hearts of the people. The re-establishment of the Union in all its integrity is and must continue to be the indispensable condition in any settlement. . . . The Union is the one condition of peace. . . . When any State is willing to return to the Union it should be received at once, with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights. If a frank, earnest, and persistent effort to obtain these objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union; but the Union must

be preserved at all hazards. . . . I would hail with unbounded joy the permanent restoration of peace on the basis of the Union under the constitution without the effusion of another drop of blood; but no peace can be permanent without union."

These views and opinions were so much in accord with those of President Lincoln — it was so manifest that General McClellan, away from Chicago and the factious and party influences there dominant, had arrived at the same conclusion as the president in regard to conciliation and the restoration of the Union — that the extremists of the party were dissatisfied, and some of them were for taking immediate steps for another candidate. Before his letter appeared a perceptible change had taken place in the public mind. The Chicago resolutions had fallen heavy on every man of patriotic sentiments who read them; the democrats, especially those who had opposed secession and were for sustaining the government, could not accept or acquiesce in the peace programme. Regardless of mere party organization, they had, in 1861, rallied to uphold the flag when it was assailed at Sumter, in conformity with their Union principles and from a high sense of duty. The war experience and the condition of affairs in 1864 had led them to anticipate that such a course would be marked out and adopted at Chicago as would enable them to become reconciled with their former democratic associates in reorganizing the party and supporting its candidates, but the resolutions and the doctrines avowed repelled them.

President Lincoln had, with a good deal of hesitation, relieved General McClellan from the command of the army of the Potomac in November, 1862. Although the general had decided opponents in the war department, and there were military officers opposed to him, yet no one was more popular in that army or had more fully the confidence of the soldiers than the general in command. In removing him, which was with reluctance, the president gratified a large portion of the republican citizens; but there

were some who, like the democrats, condemned the removal as a mistake that was almost inexcusable. Not without reason had the general been censured for dilatory movements, but his tardy operations were now contrasted with the immobility of Grant, who, with a much larger force, was wasting the summer of 1864 on the same ground that McClellan had occupied in 1862, without making further advance. Earnest and distinguished democrats, and some republicans in whom he had confidence, now advised and urged upon the president the reinstatement of McClellan. They gave as a reason that he was a man of intelligence and culture superior to Grant's, and that this movement would annihilate the peace party, utterly defeat the democrats, and break down the democratic organization. The president had yielded to Stanton and Halleck in 1862, who pressed the general's displacement while in command of the army of the Potomac before Richmond. Having reinstated him after Pope's defeat, with Halleck's concurrence, the president was slow in listening a second time to the earnest and persistent demand of the war department and head-quarters that he should dismiss McClellan for alleged neglect and remissness following the battle of Antietam. But added to the representations of the war department was the dilatory conduct of the general, whose vacillating and perverse course was such that the president was forced to the conclusion that it was a duty to relieve him. This he finally did, deliberately and on conviction, in 1862. He was not disposed to reverse the act in 1864, and again reinstate that officer, — certainly not on mere party grounds and for merely party purposes. In these conclusions the Union element of the country was clearly with the president. There had been, moreover, a feeling on the part of some that McClellan was not sufficiently earnest in prosecuting the war, and his nomination by the peace democrats for a time intensified that feeling.

With the Chicago clamor for peace came tidings of the triumphant achieve-

ments of Farragut at Mobile, and Sherman at Atlanta. These tidings revived at once, as if by an electric charm, the previously drooping spirits of the people. Those democrats who from the first had opposed secession and supported the war, and the republicans who were untainted with radicalism, had been the strength of the government in the great conflict from 1861, and they were now again consolidated. The radical faction, which had been fierce, insolent, and overbearing in Congress, was found to be weak with the people; and the vituperative assaults upon the president, such as the arrogant and denunciatory protest of Wade and Winter Davis, were almost universally condemned. Even their fellow congressmen who had egged them on fell away as the country was aroused, withheld their names, and shrank from association with those presuming protestants against Lincoln and his policy. Wade's appointments to address the people of Ohio in the political campaign then progressing were canceled by the state committee, and Davis failed to secure even a renomination from the republicans of his own district in Baltimore. The discountenance of these extremists, who, in the plenitude of their party management and power in Washington, had deemed themselves irresistible, and with bold front, had denounced the conciliatory measures of the executive and his policy of reconstruction, instead of injuring President Lincoln actually inspired confidence in his administration, and contributed to bring again almost the whole of the war supporters into cordial unity. It became apparent that Congress, or the radical faction, was not, as it assumed, the embodiment or the correct exponent of the popular sentiment of the country; that though the leaders might, by secret operations and party machinery, so discipline a majority of that body as to procure a legislative sanction of their proscriptive and intolerant views, the hearts and feelings of the nation were not with them in their exclusive schemes, which were really disunion and sectional, but with the president in his endeavors to promote tranquility,

nationality, reconstruction and a restoration of the Union.

Whatever disappointment was experienced in consequence of Grant's inaction before Richmond, it was measurably relieved by the military and naval successes in the Southwest.

On the 29th of August, the day on which the Chicago convention assembled, information was received, through the rebel lines, that Fort Morgan, which guarded the entrance to the bay of Mobile, had surrendered. This intelligence, after a summer of inaction of the great army on the James, was inspiring and invigorating. It cheered the president and the whole administration; the navy department was encouraged to renew efforts, long previously made, to close the port of Wilmington by capturing the forts at the mouth of Cape Fear River. Through this channel, which it was difficult to blockade, the rebels had received their principal supplies; and now that the navy had obtained possession of the forts, and our squadron was in Mobile Bay, Wilmington remained the only important port where blockade running was in the least successful. To close that port, and thus terminate the intercourse of the rebels with the outer world, would be like severing the jugular vein in the human system. Richmond and the whole insurrectionary region, which, even before Grant reached the James, was in an exhausted and suffering condition, could not, if deprived of foreign aid and succor, long hold out against the Union arms. It was in view of these circumstances, and of the almost total immobility of the armies of the Potomac and the James, that in the latter part of the summer, while the military seemed waiting events and the administration and country also were greatly depressed, I proposed that the army should send a force to coöperate with the navy against Forts Fisher and Caswell, at the mouth of Cape Fear River. The secretary of war and General Halleck had on previous occasions seemed indifferent, if not actually opposed, to the movement. But the changed condition of things in

the Gulf and the Southwest, and the fact that the large military force on the James was doing so little, favored the project. The president earnestly sanctioned it, and thought the war department might now come into it, and was himself ready to make the expedition an administration measure. General Grant, he thought, would be disposed to avail himself of the opportunity to employ a portion of his large force in a work that would weaken the enemy and strengthen his own operations against the rebel capital.

The war department, after Grant was made lieutenant-general and had taken command of the armies in the field, seemed willing to devolve upon him the responsibility as well as the honors of the campaign, and in one or two interviews signified a willingness to refer the whole subject, so far as the military were concerned, to that officer, with the single exception, by the secretary of war, that General Q. A. Gillmore should be designated to command the military forces, should the expedition be ordered. To this there was on the part of the president and the navy no objection, and to facilitate the movement the assistant secretary of the navy, Mr. Fox, whose zeal and efforts in the project were earnest and devoted, and General Gillmore, designated by the war department, went to the front on the 31st of August to lay the subject before General Grant and enlist him in its favor. In this they found no difficulty; for, although the general himself had little originality, was barren of resources and by no means fertile in strategy, he possessed, in general, good judgment in passing on the plans of others, was always willing to avail himself of valuable suggestions, and in this instance was ready to adopt the plan and aid in carrying it out. It is singular that the general-in-chief should have lain three months in front of the rebel capital without any attempt or thought of cutting off its only channel of supplies from abroad, but, as already stated, he relied on others to make suggestions. He was prompt to acquiesce in this one, and, as his friend Admiral Porter, who

knew him well, remarks, was willing also to appropriate to himself the credit of the expedition. It was characteristic. It was Admiral Foote who proposed the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, in the winter of 1862; it was Sherman and Porter who projected the many schemes at Vicksburg and vicinity, except the last successful demonstration, which originated with Farragut, who, in 1863, when lying between Grand Gulf and Vicksburg, sent his marine officer, Captain, now Major, John L. Broome, and Paymaster Meredith, of the Hartford, across the peninsula at Vicksburg, and advised that the army should come below and make its advance, instead of wasting its strength and that of the navy above, on the Yazoo; it was the president and the navy department that, in 1864, suggested to him the capture of Cape Fear and the port of Wilmington, as an important point, not only for the blockade, but in the operations against Richmond. It is proper the facts should be stated, for the expedition against Fort Fisher was a subject of consultation at Washington, and had the sanction and approval of the president before it was communicated to or known by General Grant. No credit, however, is given by the histories of the period to the administration or the navy, which projected it and devoted months of incessant labor and a large expenditure to that great object. The honors won were awarded to General Grant, who complacently received them.

Horace Greeley, in his *American Conflict*, a valuable work in many respects, and which he intended should be truthful, but which exhibits at times the party prejudices and personal bias of the author, introduces the subject of the expedition and capture of Fort Fisher as follows: "To close it [the port of Wilmington], therefore, became at length synonymous with barring all direct and nearly all commercial intercourse between the Confederacy and the non-belligerent world. Early in the autumn of 1864, General Grant proposed to General Butler the dispatch of Brigadier-

Generals Weitzel and Graham to reconnoitre Fort Fisher, the main defense of the sea-approaches to Wilmington, to determine its strength, preparatory to a combined attack."

The impression that General Grant planned the expedition to capture Fort Fisher and the other defenses of Wilmington, and close the port, was prevalent when the History of the American Conflict was written. Grant did consult Butler, and Weitzel and Graham were sent to reconnoitre, but this was after the navy department had suggested it. Mr. Greeley was evidently confirmed in his impression, if he did not derive it from the official report of the lieutenant-general, who, without openly assuming the credit, certainly did not repel it.

It was a knowledge of this erroneous impression which gave dissatisfaction to naval men who were cognizant of the facts, and led Rear-Admiral Porter, who was in command, to write to me from his "Flag Ship Malvern, Cape Fear River," January 24, 1865: "To the navy department alone is the country indebted for the capture of this rebel stronghold; for had it not been for your perseverance in keeping the fleet here, and your constant propositions made to the army, nothing would have been done. As it was, after the proposition had been received and General Grant promised that the troops should be sent, it was not done until General Butler consented to let the matter go on, and when he hoped to reap some little credit from the explosion of the powder-boat. Now the country gives General Grant the credit of inaugurating the expedition, when on both occasions he permitted it to go improperly provided. In the first place it had neither head nor tail, so far as the army was concerned. . . .

"Now that the most important port on the coast has been gained, as usual you will hear of but little that the navy did, and no doubt efforts will be made again to show that the work was 'not substantially injured as a defensive work.' To General Grant, who is always willing to take the credit when

anything is done, and equally ready to lay the blame of the failure on the navy when a failure takes place, I feel under no obligations for receiving and allowing a report to be spread from his headquarters that there were three days when the navy might have operated and did not. He knows as much about it as he did when he wrote to me, saying 'the only way in which the place could be taken was by running the ships past the batteries,' showing, evidently, that he had not studied the hydrography of Cape Fear River, and did not know the virtue there was in our wooden walls when they went in for a fair stand-up fight. . . . I have served with the lieutenant-general before, when I never worked so hard in my life to make a man succeed as I did for him. You will scarcely notice in his reports that the navy did him any service, when without the help it has given him, all the way through, he would never have been lieutenant-general. He wants magnanimity, like most officers of the army, and is so avaricious as regards fame that he will never, if he can help it, do justice to our department.

"When the rebels write the history of this war, then, and only then, will the country be made to feel what the navy has done. . . . His course proves to me that he would sacrifice his best friend rather than let any odium fall upon Lieutenant-General Grant. He will take to himself all the credit of this move, now that it is successful, when he deserves all the blame for the first failure. . . .

"I remain, respectfully and sincerely,

"Your obedient servant,

"DAVID D. PORTER."

These are the freely and frankly expressed opinions of the chief naval officer in the Fort Fisher expedition, written in the private and unreserved confidence of an officer in command to the secretary under whom he acted and who was entitled to the facts. The publication of this letter from the files of the department was made after the close of my official connection with the navy, and without my knowledge, but the facts stated truthfully express the feelings

and opinions of one who long coöperated with General Grant, and understood his character and traits.

By special request of the lieutenant-general, Rear-Admiral Porter had been, on the 22d of September, transferred from the Mississippi squadron, where he had served with Grant and coöperated with the army in the capture of Vicksburg, to the North Atlantic squadron, with a view to the command of the expedition against Fort Fisher. This command had been first assigned to Admiral Farragut, on the 5th of September, after the successful mission of Assistant Secretary Fox and General Gillmore to induce General Grant to lend a military force to coöperate with the navy. This was at a period when the tide of affairs, political and military, had taken a favorable turn elsewhere than in the vicinity of Richmond. The proceedings and nomination at Chicago had just been promulgated, Atlanta had fallen, the bay of Mobile and the forts which guarded its entrance were in our possession, and the importance of prompt additional successes and decisive blows was felt by the administration to be necessary. But Admiral Farragut, the great and successful hero of the war, who was selected to command the expedition, had written me on the 27th of August a letter, which I did not receive until after my orders of the 5th of September assigning him to the command of the Fort Fisher expedition, saying his strength was almost exhausted, "but as long as I am able, I am willing to do the bidding of the department to the best of my abilities. I fear, however, my health is giving way. I have now been down in this Gulf and the Caribbean Sea nearly five years out of six, with the exception of the short time at home last fall, and the last six months have been a severe drag upon me, and I want rest if it is to be had."

On receiving this letter, it was felt that further exaction on the energies of this valuable officer ought not to be made; he was therefore relieved from that service, and Rear-Admiral Porter was substituted. The action of the department

in giving Porter the command instead of Farragut was much commented upon and never fully understood by the country, which had learned to appreciate the noble qualities of Farragut, and gave him its unstinted confidence. The great admiral always regretted — though on his account I did not — that he had reported his physical sufferings and low state of health before my orders were received or even issued. I have embraced this occasion to make known the facts more in detail than was necessary, perhaps, in relating briefly, not the military, but the political and civil events of Lincoln's administration in the early autumn of 1864. The Fort Fisher expedition was properly an administration rather than a military measure, projected at Washington, not at army head-quarters, and was, after delays, chiefly military, finally successful in January, 1865. Its inception was at a critical and turning period of the political affairs of the country, when the Chicago convention was in session, and the amnesty and reconstruction policy of the administration was opposed and undergoing a severe test. The radical opposition was by no means appeased, but eager and contriving. The party managers of that faction had hopes through the summer that Mr. Chase might yet be selected as a compromise candidate, around whom they and all republicans could rally. That gentleman, after his resignation in June, withdrew from any active participation in the political campaign, which was being prosecuted with vigor while the president was violently assailed by radical friends. So early as May 23d, before the convention met at Baltimore, but when it became certain that Lincoln would be nominated, Chase wrote to a friend that "all under God depends on Grant. So far *he has achieved very little, and that little has cost beyond computation.*"

This was before Mr. Chase resigned, and while he was still secretary. After he left the cabinet, he passed the summer in listless inactivity, or was secretly communing with grumblers. Months wore away without any successful mili-

tary achievement and with daily increased "cost," though in May he said it was "beyond computation."

In all these trying days not one word of encouragement to the president or the country came from the ex-secretary, although until the 30th of June he had, but with disappointed aspirations, been surpassed by no one in zeal and activity for the public welfare. His abstinence from encouragement and advice during this period was not from indifference to events and occurrences that took place. Murmurs of discontent were uttered, and extracts from his letters and diary evince his feelings and those of a discontented class with whom he held communication. In July he wrote that —

"The president pocketed the GREAT BILL [the Winter Davis bill] providing for the reorganization of the rebel States as loyal States. He did not venture to veto, and so put it in his pocket. It [the bill] was a condemnation of his amnesty proclamation, rejecting the idea of possible reconstruction with slavery; which neither the president nor his chief advisers have, in my opinion, abandoned." He adds that "Mr. Sumner said also that there was intense indignation against the president on account of his pocketing the Winter Davis or reconstruction bill."

"I am too earnest, too antislavery, and say too radical to make him [the president] willing to have me connected with the administration; just as my opinion that he is not earnest enough, not antislavery enough, not radical enough, but goes naturally with those hostile to me rather than with me, makes me willing and glad to be disconnected from it."

Garfield, Schenck, and Wetmore, he says, "all were bitter against the timid and almost pro-slavery course of the president."

From the republicans as a party Chase could expect no nomination, — they had already nominated Lincoln. What had he to hope for? What could he do? In July he wrote: "Senator Pomeroy came to breakfast. He says there is great dissatisfaction with Mr. Lincoln, which

has been much excited by the pocketing of the reorganization bill [Winter Davis bill]. . . . Pomeroy says he means to go on a buffalo hunt and then to Europe. He cannot support Lincoln, but won't desert his principles. I am much of the same sentiments, though not willing now to decide what duty may demand next fall. Pomeroy remarked that on the news of my resignation reaching the senate several of the democratic senators came to him and said: 'We'll go with you now for Chase.' This means nothing but a vehement desire to overthrow the existing administration, *but might mean much* if the democrats would only cut loose from slavery and go for freedom and the protection of labor by a national currency. *If they would do that I would cheerfully go for any man they might nominate.*"

Governor May wrote a letter in reference to a movement in behalf of Chase for the presidency at a time when he says, "there was great discouragement and dissatisfaction with Mr. Lincoln's administration."

Mr. Chase replied on the 31st of August, the Chicago convention having nominated McClellan the day previous: "I am now a private citizen, and expect to remain such; since my retirement from the department, I have no connection with political affairs; . . . I see only, as all see, that there is a deplorable lack of harmony, caused chiefly, in my judgment, by the injudicious course of some of Mr. Lincoln's chief advisers, and his own action on their advice."

Party movements and the political events of the summer had not been such as he hoped and expected. The dreams and anticipations of party politicians are often delusive, ending in disappointment. They were so in this instance. Achilles had retired to his tent, or to the White Mountains, during the summer, and there learned that his friends and supporters were less in numbers, strength, and influence than he had supposed, and were also becoming enlisted in the support of Lincoln. On the 14th of September, after the nomination of McClellan and the adoption of suicidal resolutions at

Chicago, Chase returned to Washington, and was kindly welcomed by the president. He entered in his journal:—

"September 17th. I have seen the president twice since I have been here. Both times third persons were present, and there was nothing like private conversation. His manner was cordial, and so were his words; and I hear nothing but good-will from him. But he is not at all demonstrative, either in speech or manner. I feel that I do not know him, and I found no action on what he says or does. . . . It is my conviction that the cause I love and the general interests of the country will be best promoted by his reelection, and I have resolved to join my efforts to those of almost the whole body of my friends in securing it. . . . I never desired anything else than his complete success, and never indulged a personal feeling incompatible with absolute fidelity to his administration. . . . But it would be uncandid not to say I felt wronged and hurt by the circumstances which preceded and attended my resignation."

The summer's observation, reflection, and experience, with the determination of "almost the whole body of my friends," convinced Mr. Chase that it was unwise to kick against the pricks; that the current of public opinion after the Chicago convention was becoming irresistible; and that the really substantial and considerate men on whom he depended had yielded to events which they could not control, and concluded that they would support the reelection of Mr. Lincoln. He therefore, in September, came to the same conclusion, which was confirmed by the genial and cordial manner and the friendly reception by the president. Other attending circumstances reconciled him to the administration. He soon enlisted in the political campaign, made speeches, and contributed to the success of the republican party in the following November.

On the same day that Mr. Chase wrote "I have resolved to join my efforts to those of almost the whole body of my friends" to secure the election of Mr. Lincoln, namely, on the 17th of Septem-

ber, John C. Fremont, the radical or extreme republican candidate, withdrew his name as a presidential candidate, stating that he did so "not to aid in the triumph of Mr. Lincoln, but to do my part toward preventing the election of the democratic candidate. In respect to Mr. Lincoln, I continue to hold exactly the sentiments contained in my letter of acceptance. I consider that his administration has been, politically, militarily, and financially, a failure, and that its necessary continuance is a cause of regret for the country."

In this extract are exposed the radical feelings towards Mr. Lincoln and his administration. The extremists, with their sectional and proscriptive intolerance, were not recognized as correct exponents of the principles and views of the republicans in the autumn of 1864, although at a later period, and under another president, they by caucus machinery and party discipline became the despotic dictators of Congress, and the authors of those sectional measures which prolonged national differences and for years excluded from rightful representation and all participation in the government one third of the States and people of the Union.

On the 23d of September, a few days after Chase had resolved to join his friends and support the president's reelection, and Fremont, perhaps by concert, at the same time had withdrawn in a dudgeon, Mr. Bates, the attorney-general, and myself left the cabinet meeting together. We stopped for a few moments on the platform of the north portico of the White House, where the postmaster-general, Mr. Blair, soon joined us, and as he did so remarked, "I suppose you gentlemen are aware I am no longer a member of the cabinet." So far from being aware of this it was a surprise to us both. As the meeting, where we had only pleasant conversation on miscellaneous topics, had just adjourned, without any allusion to the subject, we were incredulous until Mr. Blair repeated that he had resigned.

The sudden and unexpected retirement of a member of the administration

would at any time create a sensation in the country, and especially excite his colleagues and associates in the government; this wholly unanticipated and unexplained step astounded us. Each inquired what it meant, what was the cause, and how long the subject had been under consideration. There had been grumbling, complaints, intrigues, often unjust, as there always will be, against members of every cabinet. Mr. Blair, as well as others, had been the subject of such assaults. Probably no member of the cabinet had greater influence with the president on important questions, especially those of a military character, than Mr. Blair. Politically, he had little sympathy with or respect for the radicals, and did not conceal his opposition to their ultra ideas, which would, if carried out, end in sectionalism, exclusion, and, ultimately, in separation. On the subject of amnesty and reconstruction he and the president agreed, and those subjects were, in the pending political campaign, to be put to a test. Why then this break? It was from no dissatisfaction on the part of either the president or the postmaster-general. In answer to an inquiry how long the subject of his resignation had been meditated, he replied that we were as well enlightened on that point as he was.

Mr. Blair called at my house that evening, and read the correspondence which had passed between the president and himself. The whole proceeding had been in the most amicable spirit and with the utmost harmony of feeling and friendly understanding on the part of both. Thinking that parties had assumed such shape, personally and politically, that the president might, in the course of events, deem it expedient and politic to modify or change his cabinet, or a portion of it, and yet feel a delicacy in taking such a step, Blair had repeatedly said that if his resignation would conduce to pacification or be a relief, the president had only to signify the fact and the office of postmaster-general was at his disposal. No farther interchange of sentiments between them had ever taken place, nor anything which could

be construed into an intimation of a purpose to make a change, with perhaps the single exception of what he at the time supposed were casual remarks, the preceding day, when Fremont's letter declining to be a candidate was discussed and criticised. The president, in that conversation, said that Fremont, when getting out of the way, had stated "the administration was a failure, politically, militarily, and financially;" this, the president remarked, included, he supposed, the secretaries of state, treasury, and war, and the postmaster-general, and he thought the interior also, but not the secretary of the navy or the attorney-general.

With this exception, Mr. Blair said he had received no intimation from the president that his retirement was wanted until he found upon his table, when he came in that morning from Silver Spring, the following letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, }
September 23, 1864. }

HON. MONTGOMERY BLAIR:

MY DEAR SIR, — You have generously said to me more than once that whenever your resignation could be a relief to me it was at my disposal. The time has come. You very well know that this proceeds from no dissatisfaction with you, personally or officially. Your uniform kindness has been unsurpassed by that of any friend; and while it is true that the war does not so greatly add to the difficulties of your department as to those of some others, it is yet much to say, as I most truly can, that in the three years and a half during which you have administered the general post-office, I remember no single complaint against you in connection therewith. Yours as ever,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The resignation was promptly written, and handed to the president personally, who received it with many expressions of kind regard and friendship.

In answer to a question as to the immediate cause which led to this step, — for there must be a reason for it, — Blair said it certainly was not from any dis-

agreement between the president and himself, as I would see by the letter, but he had no doubt his retirement was a peace-offering to Fremont and the radicals. He reminded me that the president, if somewhat peculiar, was also sagacious, and that he comprehended the true condition of affairs; that his own retirement was all right, and would eventuate well; that something was needed to propitiate Fremont and furnish the radicals an excuse in their retreat; that they had, in their wild crusade against the South, mounted a high horse which they found unmanageable, and they required help to dismount; that the tide of public sentiment for the reelection of the president was irresistible; and that the radicals and all discontented republicans would now come in to the support of Lincoln, who would certainly be elected and successful in his policy.

In a conversation with the president, subsequently, he not only spoke of reconciling the Fremont element, but said Mr. Chase had many friends who felt grieved that he should have left the cabinet, and left alone. There had been for a year a bitter feud between Chase and the Blairs, growing out of alleged abuse and misrepresentation of General Blair by certain of the treasury agents, in which the secretary of the treasury took part with his subordinates, and the postmaster-general, very naturally, defended his brother, who he believed was unjustly treated. It is not necessary here to enter into the details of that quarrel, more personal than political, though for a time it partook, with some, of a partisan character. The president regretted the feud, but avoided any committal to either party. The secretary of the treasury, who at that time had high aspirations, was not satisfied with neutrality, but thought that in not sustaining him the president supported the Blairs.

This was also one of the charges made by the friends of the secretary in Congress, and by the treasury officials generally, who insisted that the retention of General Blair in a high position in the army, his brother, the postmaster-

general, in the cabinet, and Commodore Lee, a brother-in-law, in command of the North Atlantic squadron, while Mr. Chase, with whom they had a personal quarrel, left the cabinet, was in effect a discrimination in favor of the Blairs.

As indicative of the feeling of Mr. Chase himself, and that the subject, which some strove to make political and general, may be fully understood, one or two brief extracts from letters of Mr. Chase may be introduced. He wrote to Jay Cooke on the 5th of May:—

"I seldom consult personal considerations in my public conduct, and so suppressed my inclination to resign my office and denounce the conspiracy of which the Blairs are the most visible embodiments."

The next day, the 6th of May, he wrote to Colonel R. C. Parsons:—

"Of Blair's outrageous speech and its apparent, though I am sure not intended, indorsement by Mr. Lincoln, nothing can change the character of the Blair-Lincoln transaction so far as the public is concerned."

On the 10th of May he writes:—

"I use as much philosophy as I can in relation to the Blairs . . . and the apparent indifference to it all of Mr. Lincoln, who, though he disclaims all sympathy with them in their speech and action, does nothing to arrest either."

May 19th he writes:—

"The convention [at Baltimore, in June] will not be regarded as a Union convention, but simply as a Blair-Lincoln convention, by a great body of citizens whose support is essential to success."

To Alfred P. Stone he says, on the 23d of May:—

"I have not written a word to Ohio, I believe, on the villainous, malignant, and lying assault of the Blairs—for the congressional general was only the mouth-piece of the trio—and its apparent indorsement by Mr. Lincoln."

These extracts from his writings are quoted as exhibiting the animus, the intense personal animosity, that existed and for months had been nursed and cherished by Mr. Chase and his friends.

It was probably not less intense on the part of those whom he denounced. The president had been anxious, even while beset with public affairs, to allay this controversy in his political family, and to unite all, indeed, who were opposed to secession.

For some time there had also been an estrangement between the postmaster-general and the secretary of war, which seemed connected with the Chase and Blair controversy. This difference or enmity had been not only unpleasant but exceedingly annoying and distressing to the president. The estrangement was mysteriously brought on by some one who had an object in producing alienation, and was of such a character that it could not be reconciled or removed. The facts were that at an early period of the administration, in the spring of 1861, Edwin M. Stanton was pressed by Mr. Seward for the office of attorney for the District of Columbia. The attorney-general, Mr. Bates, was very earnest for General Carrington. Other members of the cabinet abstained from interference, until the president, tired of delay, requested the opinion of each. Mr. Blair, who, being a resident in Washington, knew all the competitors, personally and professionally, was specially asked his opinion. Thus called upon, Mr. Blair spoke of Mr. Stanton as possessing superior legal ability, and as occupying a higher standing at the bar, but stated a fact within his personal knowledge which affected the integrity of that gentleman. This was decisive against Mr. Stanton. Within less than a year, however, on the retirement of Mr. Cameron, Mr. Seward succeeded, by skillful management assisted by adventitious circumstances, in securing the position about to be made vacant for his friend and confidant, Mr. Stanton, the unsuccessful candidate for district attorney. It has been represented by Mr. Chase and Mr. Cameron respectively, and perhaps believed by each, that he procured the selection of Stanton to be secretary of war. Mr. Stanton himself knew otherwise, and so did Mr. Seward. The latter, however, satisfied with his success in

bringing his friend and confidant into the cabinet, was willing that the others should assume credit for what he had accomplished. The president took no part in those rivalries and pretensions, nor in the differences between Stanton and Blair at a later period. In administering the government, however, he was necessarily brought into close official and personal intimacy with Mr. Stanton on all military questions, yet he seldom failed to consult and he relied greatly on the intelligence, experience, and judgment of Mr. Blair, who had received a military education, had been an army officer, and was more familiar with and better understood the *personnel* of the service than the secretary of war or any of his colleagues. Mr. Stanton himself took much the same view as the president, and for a year or two deferred much to the opinions and judgment of Mr. Blair, who was almost daily at the war office, consulting and advising in regard to military operations. About the close of the year 1863, it was noticed that Mr. Stanton became reticent and uncommunicative towards the postmaster-general. This coolness grew so marked that Blair demanded an explanation. Stanton said he had been informed that Blair had made statements injurious to his character. Blair, understanding to what he alluded, replied that he had volunteered no statement, but when called upon by the president, on a certain occasion, he had communicated, in the frankness and confidence of cabinet consultation, as was his duty, certain facts which Stanton knew to be true. Without inquiring who had betrayed confidence, Blair said he had stated what Stanton knew to be a fact. This terminated all friendly intercourse. Neither ever after visited the other, or exchanged civilities. Whenever the president desired the views of either, he was compelled to get their opinions separately, or in general cabinet consultations. This political domestic controversy, which it was impossible to reconcile, had added to the other troubles of the president.

Mr. Blair comprehended all these embarrassments, personal and political, that

enviored Mr. Lincoln, not only in putting down the rebellion, but in quelling differences in the administration and in overcoming the radical faction that persistently opposed his reelection; as well as the wretched intrigues which sought to place the president on a level with Fremont, and, by antagonizing the two, compel him to decline for a more acceptable and more radical candidate, who would carry into effect the radical scheme of putting the States of the South under ban, and by federal power disfranchise and degrade the whites, and enfranchise the blacks, reducing the one and elevating the other to a condition of legal and social equality. These factions intrigues, which had been active through 1864, failed in their purpose. The unpatriotic action of the Chicago convention largely contributed to bring into harmonious action every element of the republican party, but something seemed wanting as an excuse or reason for radical support of Mr. Lincoln, after the

violent denunciations which had been uttered. As Mr. Blair, who, besides his personal differences with Chase and Stanton, was emphatic and pronounced against the aggressive, exclusive, and sectional policy of the radicals, had generously proposed to the president that he would resign whenever his doing so would relieve the president, his resignation, so unselfishly tendered, was requested. When it took place, his retirement was considered a peace-offering which would close up differences, contribute to insure success in the election, and put an end to the proscriptive intolerance and sectional exclusion of the radical leaders.

Such was the result in the election, and such would also have been the result in the matter of restoration and reconstruction but for the assassination of President Lincoln, after his second inauguration, and just as the rectitude of his benignant policy was beginning to be appreciated.

Gideon Welles.

SAINT OR SINNER.

It worried Hannah Dean not to find her sister at the door when the factory "let out" one pleasant June evening. Hetty and she worked through the day in different rooms, but they always walked home together at night. Hannah was the more troubled because for the past week or two Hetty had acted strangely. At home she followed Hannah from room to room, and would not be left alone. At the mill, on the contrary, she avoided her sister, and spent all her spare time idling with Frank Cotter, a young fellow who worked in the machine-shop, whom Hannah did not fancy. This evening, when Hetty was missing, Hannah feared that she

had gone somewhere with Frank, and took her homeward path, thinking in a troubled mood of the pretty, wayward girl, and of their father's death, which had occurred two months before. But Tom Furness joined her, and his cheeriness drove away her care. He persuaded her to go rowing with him on the river, after supper; but the mother, Mrs. Dean, when she heard the plan, objected strenuously, because it was the prayer-meeting night, and Hannah ought to go to church. Hannah's pleading that she had been to prayer-meetings all her life and had never been in a boat on the river would have availed little had not Tom come to the rescue and persisted in taking her; while the widow, who had not seemed to notice Hetty's absence,

marched sullenly off to church, taking her third child, Patty, an imbecile girl, of whom she was very fond. Tom and Hannah spent a happy hour, rowing through the twilight. He coaxed her to sing, and all the squalid cares of her life seemed to drop away with the deep, sweet shadows that fell over the water.

At last he drew his boat up on the shore, and they silently landed; and, though they knew it not, their enchanted dream of youth and love was over. She never sang again.

They walked together down the river-side till they reached the church. There were lights in the vestry, and the meeting was still in session.

"Let us go in," said Hannah; and Tom acquiesced.

They separated at the door, and Tom sat down among the men, while she crossed over to the women's side of the house. She looked around for Hetty without finding her, but soon distinguished her mother at the end of one of the seats. A lamp hung suspended from the ceiling over the old woman's head, and the yellow, flickering light fell full on her hard old face, so dark and rigid, intense and pinched. Her hands were gloveless, and lay clasped tight upon her knee. Her eyes were closed, and her lips moved in response to the prayer of Deacon Dudley, a white-haired old man who knelt near her. Patty's pretty, imbecile face was close to her mother's shoulder.

When the meeting was over Tom met Hannah at the gate. "Come with me; I've something to tell you," he said.

"What is it?" she asked, in vague alarm.

"Hetty had trouble with the overseer to-day, and he's turned her out of the mill. She's been slack at her work, and I guess she's been away from it more than you knew."

"With Frank Cotter?"

"I suppose so."

"But where is she now?"

"At Sue Flint's."

Annoyed at hearing this, since Frank Cotter boarded at Mrs. Flint's, Hannah went straight there with Tom.

She knocked at the kitchen door, and without waiting for a response opened it and walked in with neighborly freedom.

Mrs. Flint, a raw-boned, weary-looking woman, sat on one side of the stove, and her husband, Jabez Flint, sat on the other. His mouth was drawn up and open on one side. His nose seemed to have forgotten which way it had originally meant to go, and at last, in sheer despair, it had given up trying to be a nose and had come to an end. His eyes stared vacantly in opposite directions. His forehead slanted back to the unkempt hair, which straggled forward to meet it in a vain attempt to give some harmony to the face. He smoked a short, black pipe, and he did not move when Tom and Hannah entered. Mrs. Flint, however, rose, greeted them, and pushed forward chairs. Tom sat down, but Hannah only steadied herself by the back of hers, and asked, "Is Hetty here?"

"Yes; she and Sue have just gone up-stairs to bed."

Hannah breathed more freely to learn that Hetty had not gone out with Frank Cotter.

"I should like to see Hetty," she said. "I've just heard about her trouble."

"Her trouble, eh!" exclaimed Mrs. Flint, sharply.

"Oh, did n't she tell you? Some trouble with the overseer that worried her," said Hannah, annoyed to find that she had revealed what Hetty had kept secret.

"Like enough she told Sue," said Mrs. Flint, "but I did n't take no notice when she come in; I was busy 'tendin' to him," indicating Jabez with her thumb.

"Have you been sick to-day?" asked Tom of the old man.

Mrs. Flint answered for her husband: "A dreadful spell; he ain't quite come out of it yet. I don't know, sometimes, what we shall do."

No more was said for a minute, and then Hannah proposed going up for Hetty, and Mrs. Flint consented. Shortly afterwards the two girls came down-

stairs together, and Hannah said quietly, "I've coaxed Hetty to go home with me, and we'll tell mother in the morning. Hetty's afraid mother will be vexed, but I guess not."

This speech was much braver than Hannah felt. Tom stared at Hetty, and was startled to see how white the pretty face was.

They all walked home silently, and Hannah insisted that Tom should leave them at the gate.

"You are not fair, Hannah," said Tom. "You are always shutting me out when you are in trouble. Never mind, I'll come in some day." He suddenly stopped, kissed her, and turned away.

"Hetty," began Hannah, bending to her sister a face whose blush the darkness hid, "now tell me all about it. Was it about"—

"No, it was n't about Frank," broke in Hetty. "And yet it was too, I suppose. Any way, I was n't at my work regular, and there was a fuss to-day, and the boss just turned me off." She stopped, and even the night which concealed Hannah's blush could not hide her look of terror. "Oh, I don't dare go in!"

"Hetty, Hetty, my poor girl, what have you done?"

"I have n't done anything."

"Then what are you afraid of?"

"Oh, I'm afraid, I'm afraid!" clinging desperately to her sister.

"Come round the house," said Hannah, "and we'll go up the back-stairs, and nobody need see us."

"She'll come up in the night!" cried Hetty, catching her breath hysterically.

"Who'll come up?" asked Hannah, trembling.

"Mother, mother!" whispered Hetty; "she'll poison me too."

And then, suddenly, both girls had sunk upon the ground, and were staring at each other with white faces. Neither moved, while Hetty, in low, wild whispers, went on: "The night that father died, I saw her go to the closet and get a bottle out of that little cupboard she always keeps locked, and I saw her pour something into a cup of tea, and I

did n't think anything. Of course, I did n't. But she came and woke him up. I was just at the door, where I was standing still, so as not to wake him, and she did n't see me. She gave him the tea, and somehow I felt frightened then. You know how he grew worse that evening, and the doctors did n't know what was the matter. Oh, and after giving him the tea, she went to the window and opened it. The stars were very bright, and she threw something out,—I did n't see what. But a week ago I was round there, and I found the bottle, and it had some white powder in it, and it was marked 'Arsenic.'"

"You don't know it was that she threw out."

"No, but I'm pretty sure, and I'm afraid of her."

"Show me the bottle."

Hetty rose slowly, and Hannah followed, staggering after her round the house.

Hetty poked about in the grass, where she had dropped the bottle on the spot in which she had found it. Hannah crouched against the house. Her hand trailed in some high clover growing there, and the dew on it felt like blood.

"There!" said Hetty at last, holding up a small phial. Hannah took it, put it in her pocket, and rising led the way into the house.

Mrs. Dean and Patty had gone to bed and left a lamp burning on the kitchen table. Hannah fastened up the doors and windows, and as she did so Mrs. Dean called out from her room, the one under whose window they had just found the bottle, "This is a pretty time of night to come in! Is Hetty there?"

Hetty shrank and shivered, but Hannah answered, "Yes," took up the lamp, and mounted the stairs, while Hetty followed. When they had reached the room, Hannah closed the door behind them, took out the bottle, and read the fatal label.

Mrs. Dean was at this time about sixty years old. She could neither read nor write. She had been born in one of the worst neighborhoods of the State,—a squalid collection of some half dozen

huts in the country, where the men and women herded together like cattle. She had drifted out of these surroundings, and, rather late in life, had married the son of a farmer of much better class. Her husband was a hard-working, inefficient man, and all the worldly prosperity of the family was due to her thrift and her stingy economy. Mr. Dean had possessed a certain feeble-minded sensitiveness of organization. Repelled by his wife's stern character, unable even to share in the peculiar religious fervor which she always manifested, he had sought refuge in the affection of Hannah and Hetty; Patty always seemed to inspire him with repugnance and awe. There was nothing unpleasant about the girl. She would sit for hours crooning songs in a low, sweet voice, apparently seeing and hearing nothing. But she did see and hear, and would sometimes show that she had been keenly observing everything during the whole time she had been quiet; and it was probably this odd mingling of imbecility and shrewdness which produced in her father a species of nervous terror.

Mrs. Dean, on the contrary, manifested for Patty the only real tenderness she displayed in her family. For her only would she relax the stern economy with which she presided over the household.

Mrs. Dean had fretted much, at first, over the expenses which her husband's illness involved. His health had been failing a long time, and for two years before his death he had not worked at all. Hannah, lying awake all this dreadful night, with the bottle labeled arsenic hidden away among her clothes, remembered how the fretfulness had subsided as the months rolled on, and how a certain angry but silent acquiescence had marked her mother's reception of every fresh bill for medicine or medical attendance.

Hannah's thoughts suddenly reverted, at this moment, to a time when she was a child. An old man and his wife had lived some years in Mrs. Dean's family, with the understanding that they were to be cared for during life, and at their

death Mrs. Dean was to receive the small sum of money they would leave behind.

Hannah remembered that once when the old woman, Betsey Jordan, had shown, with childish glee, some cloth which she had bought for a new cloak, Mrs. Dean had turned away, grumbling, "If you are n't more saving of your money than that, precious little will them get that feeds you."

It was just a week after this that, in the early morning, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan were found both dead in their bed. Hannah remembered her father's bending over the still, old faces, and saying, gently and sadly, —

"They went together, any way; but it's sudden, and makes the home feel lonesome."

The look on her mother's face as he spoke came even now before Hannah's eyes, and she understood it at last. These people were cousins of Tom Furness's mother. And Hannah, working slowly through this horrible mesh of circumstance, came to a new point to be considered, a new agony to be borne. Tom Furness! She clutched the bed-clothes and set her teeth. Tom Furness! She raised herself and stared at Hetty, whose hysterical sobbings had long since subsided into sleep. For one moment, Hannah felt as if she could kill the girl for putting this fearful thing between Tom and herself. Only for a moment; the next, she felt a horror of herself, which set her thoughts striving to find the path of her duty, — her feelings, rather, for she could not think it all out. Somehow, at last, in all the black maze, it came clear to her that she was her mother's child, and must not breathe a suspicion against her. Perhaps the suspicion was false, but that possibility only barred her the more from telling it. Tom and she must go apart forever. Patty must never know. Hetty's life must be freed from this dark shadow; in atonement, perhaps, for her own late anger with her.

For the rest, one duty lay clear before Hannah: "Never to let it happen again." She said these words over and

over, as if they might be a spell against fate. She would watch her mother till she died, so that the horrible impulse of crime, the avarice which prompted the impulse, should never be free to work again. She must ever keep in mind that human life might depend on her silent vigilance, and that the price of her silence might be blood. And would she not also be guilty of that blood? Tom must go. Into that valley of the shadow of death which her life entered she could drag no lover.

It rained Sunday morning. Hannah saw at once that she would not be tempted to indulge in the exquisite misery of meeting Tom once more, and going to the next town with him to church, before she told him that they must separate. The other girls made ready to go to church with their mother. Hetty looked pale and frightened, and avoided Hannah's eye. She too was meditating a desperate resolve. Hannah sat sullen and still, and made no movement to go with the others. Her mother rebuked her sharply, but she answered that her head ached, and they left her sitting in the kitchen. In a few minutes Tom burst in at the door, shaking the rain off his coat and tossing his wet hat in before him. "I watched the folks go in to meeting," he said, "and saw you were not there. What's the matter? Is it Hetty?"

She stood silent, and so obviously agitated that he took both her hands in alarm. "No, no!" she cried, "you mustn't think any harm of Hetty. She's a good girl. Indeed she is. Think what you like of me—of—the rest of us." She trembled, feeling how helpless she was, shut in the house alone with the man she loved. If they were only out,—out somewhere in the pitiless storm, and she could run from him forever, through the rain and wind, and hide herself in the uttermost parts of the earth! But she could not flee. She must stand still and drive him away,—out under the angry sky. "Oh, Tom, Tom, go! For God's sake go, and don't ask me anything!"

"Hannah!"

"Yes, you are angry. I knew you would be angry, but it is all for your own sake."

"Good heavens! What is all for my sake?"

"That you must go. Tom, dear Tom, it is forever. You must marry some one else. You must never marry me. Oh, don't kill me by staying here any longer!"

"Tell me," he cried, as she sank sobbing on the floor before him, "what do you mean? Do you want me to leave you, so you may marry another man?"

"Me marry another man!" She sprang up as she spoke. "Who dared say I would marry another man? No, it is you who must marry."

"Wait till I've asked leave to do so," he said, sullenly. "I might take you at your word."

She shivered, but answered bravely, "God grant you may. Look! I will swear to you never to marry anybody else in the world,—but I can't marry you."

"What's your oath worth? You're breaking your promise to marry me."

"Oh, Tom, Tom," she moaned, "can't we part in peace? I have loved you all my life; I cannot quarrel with you, but we must part. Speak kindly to me first. You'll have plenty to think of and to be glad about after you've left me, but I'll have nothing pleasant to hope for, or to remember,—but just the thought of you. Give me one kind word to live on all my life long. I must live, Tom. I've something to do. Sometime, dear, if you and I live long enough, I'll tell you all about it. I don't know when I may be free to speak. I may die first, but if I live, I'll find you wherever you are and tell you. I hope you'll marry, Tom. It won't matter, then, when I tell my secret. I'll not come hankering for your love. You need not fear that, when you sit by your wife, in your own house. I'll only come to say why I sent you off when we both were young, and you and your wife will be glad and thank me for it."

He put his arms around her, and said, "Tell me your secret now."

She started from him. "No; if you came to me every day in the year, I'd never tell you. It is n't my secret."

"Well, marry me, and I'll never ask you what it is."

"Oh, Tom, such a thing could never be between husband and wife. Kiss me once, Tom. God bless you. Go now."

It was her own hand that opened the door. He staggered out into the rain.

The day passed, as Sundays usually did at Mrs. Dean's, with dreary formality. In the evening, Hannah went to church with the others. When coming out, she saw Hetty stop and speak with Frank Cotter, but it did not trouble her. It seemed as if nothing would trouble her now.

Monday morning dawned with pitiless brightness. The mill bells rang out through the clear air. Hannah asked Hetty if she should tell their mother of her dismissal from work. The girl answered shortly, "No, I'm going down to the mill. May be I can get a place."

They went together to the factory, and separated at the door.

A little before noon Patty came wildly into the room where Hannah worked, and with agitation that almost made her face intelligent told her that Hetty had run away with Frank Cotter that forenoon, and that they were already married.

"It is just as well," answered Hannah quietly, turning back to her work.

"Oh," sobbed Patty, "mother is taking on dreadful. Do come home."

Hannah rapidly arranged with the overseer about her work, and left the mill with her sister. On the way Patty told her all she knew about the matter.

Frank and Hetty were now at Mrs. Flint's. They had come there an hour before, and had sent word to Mrs. Dean that they had been to the next town and had been married about nine o'clock that morning.

The girls found Mrs. Dean seated in the kitchen crying, and as Patty went up to her she sobbed aloud: "Oh, Patty, I'll have to go out scrubbing, in my old age, to get you a morsel to eat, now Hetty has gone."

"Are you going over to see Hetty?" Hannah asked.

"No," said Mrs. Dean. Hannah went up-stairs, packed up some of Hetty's things, and brought the bundle down. The old woman took it from her daughter, opened it, and curiously examined its contents. "Where's her gold beads?" demanded the mother.

"I think likely she wore them," said Hannah.

Mrs. Dean muttered between her teeth. She turned over the things, picked out some stockings, a new dress, two collars, and some of the better underclothing; then rolling up the poor remains of Hetty's slender wardrobe, she said, "You may take them things to her, but she shan't have these; they cost too much."

"Oh, mother," said Hannah, her heart full of shame and trouble, "Hetty bought them with money she earned herself. And for her to go as a wife to Frank Cotter without any decent clothes! It would disgrace us all."

"She's disgraced us already," said Mrs. Dean, with a low chuckle. "Let Frank Cotter dress his own wife,—I can't afford to. I don't want to die in the poor-house. It's likely she'll come to it yet. You may tell her she need n't look to me to keep her out. Patty shall have the things."

Hannah tied up the pitiful bundle left her, took it, and went out into the yard. She felt dizzy, and sat down for a few minutes on a stone, just inside the gate. Hearing quick steps, she raised her head, and saw Patty coming with Hetty's dress and the other clothes. A happy smile lighted the imbecile girl's face, and she sang softly, as she came along.

"Mother's queer," she said, with a low laugh; "Hannah must n't mind. Patty don't want the things. Take 'em to Hetty. Poor Hetty! Take 'em to Hetty," she said again, as Hannah hesitated; "mother won't know." She laughed gleefully. "Hetty shall have her things. Poor Hannah won't be sorry any more."

Poor Hannah indeed! She knew it would not do to take the things. Mrs. Dean would be sure to miss them, and

what if she were to be angry with Patty! what if her affection for her imbecile child should lessen! There must be no such risks run. Patty must never offend her mother, must never be allowed to seem a burden to her. Hannah must see to that.

To satisfy Patty, she picked out one or two trifling articles from the bundle, assured her that Hetty would not want the others, thanked her warmly, and went rapidly away to Mrs. Flint's.

She found Frank and Hetty sitting in solitary and rather uncomfortable state in Mrs. Flint's parlor. He came to meet her as she entered the room. Hetty hung back shamefaced.

"Do you think this is a bad business?" asked Frank, with a smile.

"I hope it is not."

Hetty ran forward at this, and kissed her sister warmly, murmuring praises of Frank. Hannah gave her the bundle, and told her how Patty sent some of the things, but softened the account of their mother's part in the transaction. Hetty took it all sweetly, and said she was glad Patty was to have the dress; but she did not speak of her mother, and soon broke away and ran up-stairs with her clothes. Hannah looked at Frank.

"You 'll be kind to her, and," with hesitation, "you 'll go away from New Bridge?"

"Yes," he answered, "we are going to Orrinsville to-night. I shall look for work there, where I have friends."

"That is best."

"Oh, yes," said Frank speaking deliberately; "I'm sorry for you and Patty, but Hetty can't stand these things. She asked me to take her away."

"Asked you!"

"Oh, she was right enough. I'd given her reason to think I'd marry her, and when I'd got her into a scrape about her work I was bound to stand by her. I like her, besides. She's a good girl, and I could n't leave her to be scared to death at home." Frank knew! Hannah's heart beat heavily as he continued: "I always liked you, Hannah, though you did n't like me.

Hetty thinks you'd better marry soon, and take Patty and come and live near us in Orrinsville." His tone was truly brotherly. For an instant, a vision of heaven danced before Hannah's eyes.

"No," she said in a moment, "I must stay. I must see to it all,—watch things, you know. I've broken with Tom. He does n't know. He never shall know. I don't believe it ever happened, but any way I must see that it never happens again. I don't believe it."

"Hannah, you're the right sort of woman," cried Frank; but he felt sure that Hannah did believe it.

Mrs. Flint and Sue and Hetty all came in just then, and Mrs. Flint proposed that she and Hannah should go and bring Patty there, and should, if possible, persuade Mrs. Dean to come. Neither Hetty nor Frank felt any desire to have Mrs. Dean's blessing rest upon their marriage day, and Hannah would gladly have kept these last few moments free from the shadow of her mother's presence; but they all felt it would be unwise to oppose her coming.

Mrs. Dean was easily induced to let Patty go, and the girl darted gleefully off after her bonnet. When she was gone, Mrs. Dean asked, with an apparent effort to be unconcerned and neighborly, "How is Mr. Flint?"

"Dretful poorly," answered the unfortunate wife, and, eager to propitiate the widow, she spoke with less reserve than usual of her husband's illness, and told how he had had two "spells" the last two days, and how he had fallen, in one of them, against the table which was set for dinner, and upset it, breaking the crockery and spilling soup all over her new rag carpet.

"I would n't have a man round doing like that," said Mrs. Dean, with a scowl.

"Why, what would you do?"

"Oh, there's ways. I'd still him down, somehow."

Hannah grew pale in her corner, and Mrs. Flint opened her eyes in wonder. Just then Patty came in, flushed and eager, and Mrs. Flint was recalled to her

mission, and began to urge Mrs. Dean to go with them.

"No, I won't," said she, shutting her thin lips tight. There was an ominous gleam in her eyes, and Patty cried out, "Come away! mother won't care, when we come back."

II.

Tom waylaid Hannah twice on her way home from the mill, but she repulsed him. Sometimes, afterward, she caught glimpses of him about the village. Always she wished he would come and speak to her. Always she shivered with fear lest he should come. After a few days, however, he left the village. His mother said he had gone to work in some town in Connecticut, where a good place was offered him, and, as she said it, she glanced reproachfully at Hannah. The blood settled heavily around the girl's heart, but she made no sign and spoke no word. The dread she had felt, while her lover remained in the village, lest he should sometimes persuade her to yield to his entreaty grew into a remembered bliss when the days and months trailed by, and she sickened at heart to know that he would try no more to persuade her. He did not come back to New Bridge, and after a not very long period Hannah heard that he was married. She was left to count the interminable days like sands upon the seashore. The years passed, till the memory of her love ceased to torture her, but she grew very still at heart, and felt as if she must walk softly evermore, because she trod upon a grave.

Patty was her chief comfort. She grew very fond of her after Hetty went away. She often thought with horror that it might be that she had all this while wronged her mother with her suspicion. Then she would try to draw nearer to the widow's close-locked heart, and to atone, by some dumb service, for the fearful thing she had thought. A revulsion of feeling was sure to follow, and she grew more convinced, year by year, that her mother was guilty. Still, nothing occurred to waken her dread

that, in some new access of temptation, Mrs. Dean might repeat the crime, and a wearing monotony of pain, anxiety, and fear that was not quite terror dominated over Hannah's life. She feared most for Patty, but was comforted by seeing that the mother's affection for the unfortunate continued firm.

After a while a great revival swept through the village and roused Hannah's dormant spirit. She frequented prayer-meetings, and would fain have joined in the ecstasy of the converted. One evening, a wave of passionate emotion rushed over her soul and stirred it with feelings she had never known before.

Her submission to fate, though uncomplaining, had hitherto been dogged. Now, for an instant, she felt in accord even with the Power that had crushed her life, and given to her, an innocent woman, the burden of guilt to bear. Christ, too, had lived and died for sinners. It was permitted unto her to enter into that great sacrifice, to partake of that immeasurable and holy suffering. Hannah's heart was moved by the eternal truth underlying the dogmas of theology, — that, for some mysterious reason, the innocent must suffer with the guilty, — and she thrilled with consciousness of intimate union with Him whose death on Calvary has been a type of that mightier vicarious atonement in which the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation, and the whole round world groans in the travail of Justice.

"It's like Christ," she said to herself, "somehow, it's like Christ to suffer because some one else has done wrong."

And Hannah might have fallen on her knees and burst out into the wild, incoherent prayer in which her comrades indulged at these meetings, but that just then she turned her head and saw her mother on her knees in the vestry aisle. The old woman's eyes were closed, her bonnet fallen back. Her hands were clasped, her lips moved, and her body swayed slightly to and fro.

"She's a Christian," thought Hannah, and settled back in her seat.

All the next day, as Hannah walked back and forth between her looms, the machinery grumbled a steady undertone to her thoughts. This daughter, who believed her mother a murderess, had yet never attempted to decide whether the strange perversity and distortion of that mother's nature did or did not admit a genuine element of sincere, religious feeling. But if it did, what was religion, and of what good was it?

Hannah remembered her father, who had "died in his sins," as Mrs. Dean had been known pleasantly to describe her husband's condition of soul at the time of his death. Mr. Dean had never been converted. A death-bed conversion might have saved his soul. His wife's deed had prevented that possibility. What remained to him? Was it his fault that time had not been granted him?

Mrs. Dean might live to feel a genuine penitence. Indeed, it was not clear to Hannah's mind, clouded as it was by a crude theology, that her mother would not be saved under any circumstances, since she called on Christ's great name. Nor did this daughter wish to imagine an eternal retribution awaiting even her guilty mother.

When Hannah went home that night, she found Deacon Dudley sitting by the kitchen fire. He smiled at her in a sickly way. Her mother set her thin old mouth firmly for a moment, and then said, "Hannah, I'm married to Mr. Dudley."

The girl stood still and stared.

"May be," broke in the old man, "you don't fancy the idea of a step-father, but I guess we'll get on fust-rate. The old woman and me got married to-day. It don't take much fuss to get anybody married in this State, and we did n't want no fuss. I've been mighty lonesome since my fust wife died, an' Mary, she's got her husband an' children to look arter, though I don't mean to say nothin' against Mary. She's a good woman, but I've always thought a sight of your ma. I do think, Hannah, she is the smartest woman in New Bridge; an' such a nice place as she's

got, an' a smart girl like you in the mill, an' Patty" — But here some wiser instinct dawned upon him; he forbore to state how much of a disadvantage he considered Patty in this matrimonial arrangement, and he continued, with a smile meant to express sentiment, "An' so you see, though Mary Pierce is a nice, good woman, an' plenty willing to have her old father stay with her, my feelings seemed to draw me here."

"You'd better shut up now, about your feelings," remarked his bride, amiably, "an' draw a pail of water for your tea."

The old man got up hurriedly, and taking the empty pail tottered out of the kitchen.

"I thought," said the mother, "that it would be handy to have a man about the house. I guess he'll rather more than earn his board."

Hannah did not answer, but took off her bonnet and shawl, and sat down by the table.

In a moment Mr. Dudley was heard crying for help, and Hannah went hastily out to the well, where she found the old man struggling in vain with the bucket. It was evident that he was too feeble to draw the water. Hannah took his place and performed the task, while he stood by simpering out apologies.

At supper, Mr. Dudley pushed his plate over to his wife, and asked her to cut up the meat. Hannah glanced up at him, and saw that his hands were trembling violently. She looked over at her mother, and perceived a heavy frown on the old woman's brow as she complied with her husband's request.

Hannah hurried off to the mill the next morning. She carried her dinner, and did not return till night. She looked haggard enough as she came into the kitchen, where Deacon Dudley sat smoking a pipe.

Her mind had been busy all day with harassing thoughts. She had remembered that Mr. Dudley was reputed to own three or four hundred dollars. She could not doubt her mother's motive in marrying him. She had noticed the evening before that he was far more

feeble than her mother could have supposed. He would, very likely, soon become a burden to his new wife. What would happen then, and what could she, Hannah, do? She was away from home eleven hours a day; what things might happen in eleven hours? The mill wheels ground out this question in her ears. The looms and all the flying machinery had screeched it at her, as they kept up their diabolic dance before her eyes. Ought she to expose her mother? Was there really anything to expose?

She looked so sallow as she came into the kitchen that Mr. Dudley, lifting his head and removing his pipe, said, "Hannah, why don't you take some of them little white powders, them arsenic powders, the other gals take to clear their skins out? You're mighty dark complected."

Hannah grew ghastly white, and went through the room and up-stairs without speaking.

At supper, Mr. Dudley shoved his plate over to Hannah, and asked her to cut up his meat. Mrs. Dudley contracted her brows, and after a little while remarked to her spouse that his appetite seemed good. He smiled as he answered that he generally relished his food.

Two weeks passed, and one day Mrs. Dudley announced her intention of visiting relatives in Troy, a town some twenty miles distant. Mr. Dudley and Patty were to go with her. Hannah, she said, might, while they were gone, take her meals at Mrs. Flint's. Hannah was amazed and troubled by this arrangement. Her mother had never made a visit before since she could remember.

"I think I'll go, too," said Hannah.

"No, you won't," replied Mrs. Dudley, shortly. "I can't have you foolin' away all your time. Me an' the old man'll go, and Patty, because her board to home would cost suthin; but you can stay an' 'arn your own livin'."

Hannah, nevertheless, resolved to go, and made her preparations accordingly. When the morning of the intended departure came, Mrs. Dudley discovered her daughter's plans, and seemed so an-

gry that a great terror fell upon the unhappy girl, and she dared not go, lest she should only precipitate some dreaded catastrophe. Perhaps she feared that she should draw down doom on her own head. At any rate, her courage failed, and she watched the others depart to take the cars, making no further attempt to accompany them. Mr. Dudley turned after he had entered the road, and looking back to Hannah, who stood leaning on the gate, smiled and called out pleasantly that he wished she were going with them.

Hannah went back into the house and put on her shawl. She had come to a stern determination as those three figures had vanished from her sight. She would go instantly to Mrs. Pierce, Mr. Dudley's married daughter, confide to her the whole horrible story, and put the matter in her hands. She could go after her father, if she wished, and bring him home, and henceforth take care of him herself. Perhaps she could reason away Hannah's fears. Perhaps she would tell her that it was all a delusion. Of course, it must be delusion. What proof was it that Mr. Dean had died of poison that his daughters had found a bottle of arsenic under his chamber window? Bottles were common, and arsenic was used to kill rats, — and was n't it used also for the complexion? Did n't Mr. Dudley say so? Hannah knew one or two persons who took it in small doses, as a stimulant. Mr. Dudley had a strangely white complexion. Hannah wondered if he used it. If he died, and people thought it was poison that killed him, of course it was because he took those powders. Hannah was sure he did. Oh, it had all been a delusion, a hideous dream, and she had dreamed it all her life. No, once she had not dreamed any such thing: that was when she rowed on the river with Tom Furness, and sang to him. She had not seen Tom for seven years. He was married. He had forgotten her. And but for this foolish, wicked dream of horror she might have been his wife all this time. Her mother would not do such a thing. Her mother was a good

woman. Her mother belonged to the church. It was she, Hannah's self, who was very bad indeed to have thought of such a thing. She would go and tell Mrs. Pierce, and Mrs. Pierce would tell her that it could not be true. She was so bad, she must be a lost soul. She was sure she would go to hell when she died. She doubted whether hell would be any worse than this. She was n't certain but she was in hell even now. She would go to Mrs. Pierce, and find out where she was. But perhaps Mrs. Pierce would believe it all. Perhaps her mother would be arrested and hanged, and she would have done it. She would be the murderess then. No, she would not go to Mrs. Pierce at all; she would go to the river, where she had been with Tom, and drown herself before any more misery came to her. But would that save Mr. Dudley? Save him — save him from what? She did n't know. Where was Mr. Dudley? Who was he? Why did it torture her so to think of Mr. Dudley? Oh, she remembered now. He was her mother's husband, and had gone away with her mother; and she must find Mrs. Pierce and tell her something. She had forgotten what she was to tell her, but she should recollect when she saw her, and it would save something. Where was Mrs. Pierce?

All the while, Hannah went rushing round the nearly empty village streets, with her brain on fire. She could not find Mrs. Pierce's house. Everything looked strange to her. On she wandered, through the long forenoon. The faces of the few people she met grew distorted in her vision as she looked at them, and changed into horrible human caricatures. At last, a little before noon, guided by some blind instinct, she staggered into Mrs. Flint's yard and dropped by the door-step.

They found her there, and took her in. She moaned and muttered day after day, but they who heard her could distinguish nothing she said.

They wrote to Mrs. Dudley, and she came home with her husband and Patty. The old man was not well, and Hannah could not be moved; so Mrs. Dudley's

time was divided between the two houses, which were a quarter of a mile apart. She grumbled a good deal at this, but matters grew no better, since the second night after their return Mr. Dudley became very ill. His wife then ceased her complaints. She seemed very devoted to him. She paid Mrs. Flint to take the whole care of Hannah, that she might give all her time and strength to her husband. He did not improve, however, and when, two days later, Hannah became conscious, Sue Flint told her that her step-father was dead. To Sue's astonishment, Hannah gave a shriek and went off again into delirium.

Mr. Dudley had lain in his grave perhaps two weeks, when strange rumors began to circulate through the village. Mrs. Pierce had somehow had suspicions of foul play awakened in her mind.

One day she called at Mrs. Flint's. Hannah had crawled down into the kitchen that morning, and sat there, silent and wretched. Mrs. Pierce, as she came in, eyed the girl sharply, and Hannah, heart-sick and feeling sorely stricken before Deacon Dudley's daughter, dropped her eyes to the floor, and, after a moment's pause, rose, and walking slowly left the room. Mrs. Flint and Mrs. Pierce both felt her departure a relief, and their talk soon turned on the recent death.

"Will the old woman have his money?" asked the hostess.

"Not if I can help it," answered Mrs. Pierce, with a darkening brow; "I don't feel very well satisfied about my father."

"Was n't she kind to him?"

Mrs. Pierce was silent. Mrs. Flint continued, "She's a close-fisted woman. I presume she reckoned on his money when she married him."

"Yes, and when he died," said Mrs. Pierce, with startling emphasis. "I lie awake nights and think how he died."

"Why, but he was an old man; it's the course of nature for the old to die."

"Some things are in the course of nature, and some are not," returned the visitor. "He was always worse after

he'd taken medicine. She did n't want me there, I could see. But I saw enough to know that. There was sediment in his medicine. I saw it once"— Here she checked herself. "I never felt my father a burden. He'd better have stayed with me."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Flint, in vague horror, of what she knew not, "the doctor did n't understand the case."

"I don't think he did," answered Mrs. Pierce.

"She is n't over-patient," went on Mrs. Flint, who shrank from perceiving any hidden meaning in her visitor's remarks, "with people who can't work their way. She's always hinting about my husband's being such a trial to me; and so he is, but I suppose the Lord sent him, and I must make the best of him."

Whereat, by careful manipulation, Mrs. Pierce drew out from Mrs. Flint the story of that strange remark of the widow Dean's about "stilling him down."

"I've often wondered what she meant. I suppose she thought opium or laudanum might be good for him," added the much-tried wife.

Mr. Dudley's daughter felt a cold chill run through her bones. Had her poor old father been "stilled down,"—her helpless old father?

Meanwhile, that other daughter, the suspected widow's child, in the room above, was wearily packing her few things to go back to that home of horror and of sin. She felt by instinct that Mrs. Pierce's suspicion was aroused, and that the secret sin would surely be ferreted out. She was conscious of a dreary willingness that it should be so. She left the Flints that day, not weeping when she went, but with a tearless misery in her eyes which they half understood, and which held Sue Flint firmly to her defense in the days that followed.

The village was soon alive with rumor. Hannah heard it at last, with set, dogged face. She too came under the ban. The mill girls fell back when she

entered the factory door, and waited below, while she climbed the winding stairs alone in the morning; and they crowded together in the entries at night, and left her to go down the dizzy flights, accompanied only by her own whirling fancies.

Whether Mrs. Dudley was herself aware of all that was being said, no mortal ever knew. She kept within doors, and went her accustomed rounds, only avoiding Hannah a little. Sue Flint, though friendly to Hannah, shared the universal suspicion of the widow, and now told that on the night, many years before, when Hetty had taken refuge at their house, after being turned out of the mill, the girl had sobbed out in her distress that she was afraid to go home, lest her mother should poison her.

Mr. Dudley's body was taken from the grave and examined. Arsenic was found in the stomach. The afternoon that this discovery was announced, two police officers came from the neighboring town and arrested the widow.

The tidings of this event were borne to Hannah in the mill. She drew her shawl over her head and hurried home, where she found a crowd of men, women, and children standing in the yard and in the road outside.

"Here comes Hannah!" cried a small boy, who was instantly silenced by some one.

"Are they going to take Hannah too?" another boy asked, as that unhappy creature reached the gate.

"Do you know," said some one else, "that to-morrow they mean to take up old Mr. Dean's body, and see what he died of?"

Hannah turned and faced the crowd. None who stood there ever forgot the dingy, labor-marked figure, the white, set face gleaming out from the folds of the dark shawl still flecked with cotton from the mill, or the cold, hard voice which spoke.

"I think," she said, "you'd better dig up all the graves in New Bridge, and see what your fathers died of."

It was a luckless speech, and it turned

away from Hannah what little sympathy had already existed for her in the village. After that, people wondered whether she were not an accomplice in her mother's crime. Poor Hannah had, in her half-distracted brain, often wondered the same thing.

After speaking to the crowd, Hannah walked quickly into the house and found her mother perfectly composed, but lowering and dark of aspect. She was gathering together a few things to take with her. Patty lay sobbing on the floor. A constable stood at each door. Hannah assisted her mother, and when all was ready offered to go with her. Mrs. Dudley refused to allow her.

When the widow appeared in the yard, a neighbor, Deacon Burrill, stepped forward and spoke to her. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but I guess it'll all come out right, and we'll be glad to see you back again."

"For forty years," answered the widow, "I've been a member of the church here, and I'm as innocent as a babe unborn."

One half-grown girl gave a hysterical sob; otherwise, all was entirely quiet as Mrs. Dudley walked through the crowded yard. Patty had stayed in the house. Hannah followed her mother's tottering steps to the covered carriage, which waited in the road. Deacon Burrill helped the widow to enter. The constables got in after her.

The carriage drove away, and the deacon walked with Hannah back to the kitchen door. She would not let him enter with her, and when she had gone in herself he heard her lock the door behind her.

The men and women looked angrily at him as he turned back among them, and some of the boys hissed. That night a mob of lads hung Deacon Burrill in effigy before his own gate.

The next day Mr. Dean's body was disinterred, and it was currently reported that the stomach was found perfectly preserved and loaded with arsenic. It was horrible to Hannah to know that curious hands had torn open that grave and rifled it of its hideous secret. She

went at night to the grave-yard, and groveled for hours over the mound, which had been hastily piled again, and smoothed with her bare hands the carelessly heaped earth.

People next suggested that it would be well to examine the graves of the aged Jordans, whose deaths had seemed so strange, years before, but it was never done. The public mind was sated with horror.

The trial came at last. Hannah and Patty sat, through it all, by their mother's side. Hetty did not come into the court room. Hannah firmly forbade her, and she was only too willing to escape the public ignominy to be seen there.

"Keep your wife away," said Hannah to Frank Cotter. "Keep away yourself. You can do no good there. People would only stare at Hetty, because she has been talked about in it, you know, that she was afraid of her mother when she married you. And when she read in the paper that mother was arrested, she cried aloud, 'They've found her out at last!' and fainted. That's told all over New Bridge. Is it true?"

"Yes," he said.

"She'd better have kept her thoughts and her faintings to herself," answered Hannah, shortly; then, softening a little, she added, "She was never good at keeping secrets, and this, to be sure, has been a thing to burn its way out of a closer mouth than hers. And may be it would have been better" — A shadow came over her face, already dark with care. She paused, and said no more.

The trial dragged its slow length out for three days, and was finished. The jury retired. Outcast and abhorred sat the prisoner and her children before the bar. This was the end of Hannah's long endeavor to prevent a repetition of her mother's crime, — to sit through a slow half-hour, waiting for the verdict. She had kept the secret, and blood had been the penalty of her silence. Was she not also guilty of that blood? Should she not arise, confess her sin before men, and go with her mother to meet a common doom? She thought of Tom. He would hear the story. He would

understand now, and be glad she had sent him away.

The jury came back and rendered their verdict, "Guilty." Capital punishment had been abolished in the State, and Mrs. Dudley was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The evidence had been only circumstantial, but very strong against the widow. It went to prove that she had poisoned her victim rather slowly, by putting arsenic in the food and medicine she gave him during his illness. The attempt failed on the part of the defense to prove that Mr. Dudley killed himself by an accidental overdose of arsenic, which it was asserted he took habitually as a stimulant. The habit was not even conclusively shown to have existed. Hannah and Patty had both been put on the stand as witnesses, but, fortunately for them, neither had seen or known positively anything about the matter.

Hannah returned to her work in the mill. Patty did much of the housework, and what was beyond her limited powers Hannah performed at night, after her toil in the factory was over. Visitors had always been rare at this house. Now, no neighbor ever called. Sue Flint was still friendly when she happened to meet Hannah, but she never came to see the sisters. Hannah left off going to church, and this fact was unfavorably commented on, and strengthened the half-suspicion entertained against her. Patty ceased her crooning about the house, and when her work was done would sit motionless upon the door-sill through the long summer days. She always brightened when Hannah came home, but it was with only a faint illumination of her darkened spirit.

Every month the two sisters went to the state-prison and saw their mother. They carried her food in such quantities that, in all the years that she remained there, she was very little dependent on the prison fare. The warden allowed the old woman some privileges on account of her age. She was never obliged to wear the prison dress, and her daughters always clothed her. They even did her washing, and kept her supplied with

white, freshly "done up" caps. At the intercession of some persons of influence, whom Hannah interested in the case, Mrs. Dudley was permitted to have a rocking-chair in her cell. The girls wanted to take her a feather-bed, but this was considered too great a luxury, and they were not allowed to do so. She never worked with the rest of the female prisoners, but was given yarn to knit, in her own cell, into stockings for the other convicts. One of her jailers said she showed her passion for acquisition by stealing and secreting in her bed great bunches of this yarn. She always maintained that she was innocent, and stoutly insisted that Mr. Dudley took the arsenic himself. Sometimes, even now, Hannah half believed it. The warden once said, however, that, in talking about it, Mrs. Dudley showed a knowledge of poisons and their peculiar properties and action certainly astonishing in such an ignorant person, were she supposed innocent of unholy dabbling in such mysteries.

The church at New Bridge dropped Mrs. Dudley's name from the roll of its membership. The charge of her soul's salvation thenceforth devolved on the state-prison chaplain and chance visitors or preachers at the jail. But Hannah never delegated to any other individual the care of her mother's person. The mother always received her daughters, when they visited her, with a certain dry dignity, such as she seemed to consider befitting her injured innocence. She might be in a prison cell, but she never forgot that she was a persecuted martyr, and, in a squalid sort of fashion, she was a stately one.

One evening, in the September after Mrs. Dudley's trial, Patty left the house after supper, for a stroll across the meadows and down to the river, one of whose many curves brought it back of their house. Hannah sat quite idle, in the fast-falling twilight. The kitchen door stood open before her. The long, faint light streamed in and fell about her. She wore her dark factory gown. Her hair, generally twisted tight from her face, was this night pushed loosely

back. Her hands lay clasped in her lap. Not beautiful she looked, yet surely not unlovely, for the stern mouth was softened, and the hard eyes were almost dreamy.

Suddenly she became aware that the room was darkened, and, looking up, she saw that a man stood in the doorway and shut out the light.

A moment she stared bewildered, and then she saw that he held in his arms a little child. A moment more, and she knew that Tom Furness stood before her. She did not move, only sat and gazed.

The man's lips trembled, and some strange emotion flickered over his face as he saw this silent woman who sat in his Hannah's place. Then he slowly walked across the room, and laid the sleeping child in her lap. She looked at it, and she looked at him wildly, and then she gathered it close to her heart.

Tom leaned over her and put his hand on her shoulder, and felt her tremble under his touch.

"Hannah," he said at length, "I have guessed it all now, and know why you sent me away; but you should have told me, and I would have stood by you. I was mad and proud, and in my madness and pride I married — a woman who drank herself to death. My boy is a sickly little fellow, and I've brought him in my arms all the way, to ask you to take him and take care of him."

A sound of sobbing filled the dreary old kitchen. All the sorrow and remorse and doubt and fear of seven years was told; but after the storm came quiet and the promise of peaceful days.

New Bridge gossip busied itself greatly over the marriage of Tom Furness to Hannah Dean. People wondered that he dared marry into a family which had proved so fatal to husbands, and most of all they pitied the sickly child, delivered up to the tender mercies of the daughters of a mother who was supposed to have poisoned at least four persons from motives of economy! Their apprehensions were quieted in time, when they saw how well the boy was cared for, and how fond he seemed of Hannah. Of course, some fragments of

the true story were also bruited about, and helped to restore a kindly feeling towards Hannah among her neighbors.

She left the mill and entered upon a quiet household life. She missed, at first, the ceaseless whir of the machinery. It was so still at home, she said, she could not think; but she soon came to feel this stillness, broken only by Patty's croon, which sounded again, and by the sweet laugh of Tom's child, to be a blessed thing.

Tom and his wife were naturally very ordinary people, and had they married in their first youth would undoubtedly have settled into a most humdrum life. But they had both lived through sad and dark experiences, which made every commonplace incident and detail of their married days an inexpressible relief and pleasure, and thus they had come to know the deeper meaning of trifles.

He never shirked his part in her sad ministry to her mother, but she would never let him go with her and Patty to the prison. They continued their visits there, but they always went alone. Neither Tom nor Tom's boy would Hannah permit to be seen with them on these occasions, when all who saw them would remember their disgrace.

Winter and summer wore away, and still Mrs. Dudley sat in her white-walled cell, the eternal knitting in her hand, the small, bright eyes ever fixed upon the door; ten years were told, and never a confession of guilt was drawn from her.

There was one lady who visited the prison who took a great interest in Mrs. Dudley, and believed her to be innocent; and feeling, also, that a prison cell was a dreary abode for a woman nearly eighty years old, she made many efforts, and at last obtained a pardon for her. Those persons who had testified against Mrs. Dudley at the trial at first opposed her return to New Bridge. They said they feared her revenge, and all the old suspicion that had been lulled so long woke again, and people looked coldly as ever on Tom Furness and his wife. It was a bitter time for those two. They sent Robert away on a visit, that

he, at least, might be shielded from all this evil speaking.

"Oh, Tom," cried Hannah once, "I ought never to have married you, to bring this on you."

He smiled sadly, yet tenderly. "It is hard, Hannah, but we'll weather it, and if they get the old woman pardoned we'll take her and go West, where nobody will ever know. It's clear in my mind that it will do no harm for her, old as she is, to come out of jail. And we'll never think of the past. We'll think instead that her mind has been sick all her life, and that's how she came to be as she is. Indeed, I don't think she was born with a well soul."

So Mrs. Dudley, in her trembling old age, came back to the home she had polluted, and which grew sad again when she entered it. Patty shrank a little from this dark, helpless old woman. She had entirely forgotten that her mother had ever been there before, having now for several years had no ideas connected with her except the prison associations, and she was bewildered to see her in the house. Robert stayed all this while at Frank and Hetty Cotter's, busy and happy among their numerous brood.

"If mother does not live very long," said Hannah, "Robert shall never come home while she is here. He shall never see her."

It seemed at first as if the old woman would die very soon, but under the thoughtful care they gave her she rallied a little, and was sometimes seen at the front windows, looking out at the street, or on the other side of the house, staring over the wide, lovely meadows that stretched down to the peaceful water. Did she know that the passers-by still shuddered when they saw her dark old face through the window-pane? Did she care for the familiar fields and the changing yet unchanged sky circling above them?

She had been at home a fortnight, when a longing woke within her to go again to the village church where she had once been a constant attendant. She was shocked because Tom and Han-

nah did not go to church, and querulously reproved them.

"We will go with you," answered Hannah, with a patient smile.

"If you went to church regular," said Mrs. Dudley, "may be the Lord would give you freedom from the bondage of sin, like as he's given it to me."

As she spoke, Tom remembered the superstitious belief of some religious fanatics, that they were so intimately associated by grace with God's grace that they could do no wrong, and he wondered whether Mrs. Dudley were not under the influence of this idea. Perhaps she had believed that whatever annoyed her annoyed God also, and it was lawful for her to put it away. Was this the explanation of her constant assertion of innocence?

Tom was too proud just then to borrow a horse and carriage of any of the neighbors, to carry to church the feeble old convict. So when Sunday came, he took a small wagon, which he had obtained somewhere, set an arm-chair in it, and placed therein the old woman. Hannah and Patty walked along the sidewalk; Tom went between the shafts and drew the wagon himself.

Through the Sunday quiet of the village street they passed, under the arching elms and the straight, fair maples, and they paused at length before the old white church. Silently Tom lifted Mrs. Dudley out, and Hannah supported her up the steps. Their faces were set and pale, but hers was flushed, and it trembled a little with the helpless quiver of old age. They led her in to the seat to which she had formerly been accustomed, and they sat down by her.

She stared about her a moment, then fixed her eyes on the minister, and the old peculiar Sunday look which Hannah had known from childhood stole over her face.

She rigidly maintained this appearance of devotion to the end of the service. God only knows what were the thoughts of any one of that strange family group. He knows also whether the sort of pious feeling which Mrs. Dudley manifested from her earliest to her latest

days was purely assumed, or whether it arose from some real germ of good in her ill-born and sin-distorted soul.

Through the long morning service, with the sweet sounds of nature stealing in through the open windows, Mrs. Dudley kept her place. She sat among her life-long neighbors, and they gazed on her fearfully. The mark of Cain was on her brow, but her children faithfully surrounded her, and it may be God had not quite forsaken her.

The next day one of the church members met Tom Furness, and told him, with a not unnatural disgust, that great dissatisfaction was felt at Mrs. Dudley's appearance in the house of God. It disturbed the congregation, and it must not happen again.

A savage light gleamed for an instant in Tom's eyes, then he spoke quietly: "Very well, I don't think much of your religion, but I thought the particular boast of your church was that it preached a gospel fit for sinners and powerful to save them."

So the quaint procession never reappeared in the streets of New Bridge, and

the sinner came no more to the house of penitence and prayer.

A little longer Mrs. Dudley lingered on the threshold of the grave. A few more sunny days and long, still evenings remained for her; for Hannah and her husband yet a little more patience and silent pain, and then the end came.

No confession passed Mrs. Dudley's lips. She sank into a sort of stupor, and died quietly at last. They were all there: Frank and Hetty Cotter, Tom, Hannah, and Patty. When the wretched life was fairly gone, Tom drew a long, free breath, and lifted his head like a man who throws down a great burden. Each person save Hannah, whose head was bowed in her hands, turned and looked strangely at the others. Death had set the living free, and a great wonder, a great sorrow, and a great exultation were all written for a moment in those blanched faces. No one spoke till Tom crossed over and laid his hand on Hannah's shoulder. "Dear," said he, "it is over now. We will send for Robert, and take Patty, and move somewhere, far from here."

S. A. L. E. M.

THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA.

WHEN the fierce Moslems stormed the town,
 They sacked Byzantium up and down:
 Not even Saint Sophia stayed
 Their cruel, all-destroying raid.
 The sacred walls no shelter gave;
 They rode their chargers up the nave,
 Trampling down with iron hoof
 The people gathered under its roof.
 And yet, in spite of startled cry,
 The shout of angry foemen nigh,
 The ring of the consecrated stones
 'Neath the horses' feet, the dying moans,
 The priest, who at the altar there
 Had just begun to chant his prayer,
 His prayer, unbroken, chanted on,
 Unmoved in either look or tone;

In voice so tranquil, solemn, clear,
With never a shade of haste or fear,
He said the holy Catholic mass.

When closer still the horde drew near,
He seemed neither to see nor hear,
Until they pressed at left and right
And quenched the candles in his sight;
And then he turned to where was spread
The sacrament. He took the bread,
He held the wine above his head,
And with a look sublime that said,
“ Christ’s servant never yet has fled,”
He walked with firm and equal tread
The only open way. It led
To the solid minster wall; and lo!
As once of old the sea did know
To ope a way for Israel’s host,
And close again when the people crossed,
So now the wall did part in twain,
Receive the priest, and close again;
While e’en the Moslems paused to hear,
From just behind the wall anear,
A voice so tranquil, solemn, clear,
With never a shade of haste or fear,
Repeat the holy Catholic mass.

Stern Islam now the minster ruled,
And all the conquered building schooled
To speak its mandates. Much they burned;
And when they marked the altar turned
To Christ’s Jerusalem its face,
They tore it rudely from its place,
And made it look to Mecca. Still,
Listening oft against their will,
The very workmen paused to hear,
From just behind the wall anear,
A voice so tranquil, solemn, clear,
With never a shade of haste or fear,
Repeat the holy Catholic mass.

And still behind the walls, they say,
The priest imprisoned waits the day
That brings the end of Moslem sway;
And now and then they hear the tone
Of his devotions through the stone.
The legend cries with prophet voice,
“ That day will come. Let man rejoice!”
And then the wall will part in twain,
The faithful priest come out again;
Within his hand will be the bread,
He ’ll hold the wine above his head,

And climb with firm and equal tread
 The altar stairs, to finish there,
 As he began, his chanted prayer.
 In voice so tranquil, solemn, clear,
 With never a shade of haste or fear,
 He'll end the holy Catholic mass.

THE STORY OF AVIS, AND OTHER NOVELS.

MISS PHELPS'S *Story of Avis*¹ is a very unusual book. It moves to strong admiration and almost equally strong regret. That would be a dull and cold reader indeed who should fail to be impressed by the emotional intensity of the tale, its mental refinement, the truth of the subordinate characters, its frequent humor, and the highly poetic quality of its diction. The diction, in fact, — to speak first of superficial things, — is often a great deal too poetic, and there are passages in the book to which the word *frantic* would even better apply. We have no sympathy with the vulgar captiousness which allows one idly to toss over a volume containing some of the best effort of a sensitive heart and a brilliant mind, just for the sake of a laugh at occasional absurdities of manner. But modesty and true art in the use of words are just as serious and obligatory as in the use of more palpable materials; and expressions like these, "Her lips *leaned* to him;" "against this background of the *passion of carmine* [of a *portière*.] her youth and color seemed to cut themselves like articulate words before his eyes;" "he paced the room with *blind and bitter feet*;" "she watched him with *gaunt, insomniac eyes*," are as monstrous as warts and wens would be on the forehead of what Miss Phelps gravely calls the "*Melian Venus*." Why will she call it so? Of a certainty, the expression would not be so irritating,

would not remind one so obnoxiously of the irrepressible Burnand's treatise in *Punch* upon the Mealy Bug, if it were not a sample of a sort of conscientious pedantry which may also be noted as a surface blemish upon the book. There is the slightest possible affectation — unconscious, without doubt, as most affectations are — of being so familiar with the arts and sciences as to have become *blasé* about them all, so that one mentions them incessantly, but in a negligent and informal manner. It was George Eliot, whom Miss Phelps very nobly worships, who first set this ungraceful fashion of omniscience, which she alone, if even she, can wear becomingly; but it is possible for Miss Phelps to command a style of remarkable beauty which shall be quite distinctively her own. On the hither side of the line which she has too often overpassed, there is in *Avis* a good deal of very truly and justifiably fine writing. Take the description, in the second chapter, of the birds beating themselves to death against the Harbor Light, — a sad little "theme," as Miss Phelps would call it, — which is made to have a prophetic significance, and to which she recurs again and again, and always exquisitely. Or this, which the list of pigments harms but cannot spoil: "Especially she was moved by spring scents; the breath of the earth where the overturned loam lay moistly melting shades of brown together — amber, umber, sienna, madder, bitumen, and vandyke — with that tenderness which is so inex-

¹ *The Story of Avis*. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co 1877.

pressibly heightened by the gravity of the color; the aromatic odor of the early bonfires, with whose scent the languid air was blurred and blue; then by the exhalation of small buds, the elm and the grape, that borrowed the mantle of the leaf, as wild things do that of the forest, to escape detection. Every sense in her quivered to homely and unobtrusive influences." Or the abundantly ardent, but always delicate sentiment of the scenes in the studio, when Avis was painting her lover's portrait. She would hear the footsteps of her good old matronizing aunt die away, and, "looking gently after her, think of some odd, old words, 'Then she departed into her own country by another way.' Turning to Ostrander, she would find his eyes upon her, but his lips said nothing. The robins came and peered at them with curious glance upon the window-ledge; a ground-sparrow who had built her nest just beneath the wooden door-step twittered in a tender monotone; the boughs of the budding apple-trees hit the glass with slender finger-tips, and *reddened if one looked at them*; the dumb sunlight crawled inch by inch, *like a creeping child, across the steps and in upon the floor*." All Miss Phelps's allusions to children are lovely, and the scenes in her story where children are introduced are well-nigh perfect. One is sometimes tempted to wish that she had never written prose at all, but only poetry; and that only at the bidding of some such inspiration as produced *That Never was on Sea or Land*, and a few of her briefest lyrics. Surely she might then have been better than an exceedingly popular writer, not only to-day but to-morrow. Possibly she never would have swerved from her highest line if she had not become the prey of a stringent set of "reformatory" ideas, involving what we believe to be a wholly erroneous theory of womanhood. That theory seems to be based on the belief that marriage is not a woman's best and highest destiny. It was plainly enough foreshadowed in the last of Miss Phelps's earlier stories, *The Silent Partner*, where it will be remembered both the heroines, one an heiress and

the other a mill operative, decline to marry, on the ground that they do not "need" their lovers to assist them in carrying out their views. Such an objection may well appear unanswerable to any given suitor, but who but a Boston woman "would preach it as a truth to those who eddy round and round"? The author of *Avis* does preach it as a truth. One made the allowance for a certain impracticability in her earlier books that each was the expression of keen sympathies overwrought in some particular direction, of a strained and unhealthful but probably transitory mood. In *Avis* she returns to the charge, after a long silence, with the added power which more years and broader knowledge needs must give to one so finely endowed by nature, and reiterates the notion, now become a belief: gifted women must not be fettered by domestic ties. That woman of the future whom Miss Phelps describes in the page or two of impassioned argument added after the story of *Avis* is told, whose way it has taken so many generations of mistake and sacrifice to prepare, is one whom no man shall hinder and none approach save one "whose affection becomes a burning ambition not to be outvied by hers; whose *daily soul* is large enough to guard her, even though it were at the cost of sharing it, from the tyranny of small, corrosive cares which gnaws and gangrenes hers; such a man alone can either comprehend or apprehend the love of such a woman." *Avis's* mother had dramatic talent, and wanted to go upon the stage; but a masterful philosopher swooped down and married her, and she died to art and was buried in a respectable home. *Avis* herself had an extraordinary aptitude for painting; but a handsome fellow came a-wooing, and in a moment of weakness she hearkened to his charming, and there was an end of her. But *Avis's* daughter, please God, shall be an artist first and always, and take a husband only to further her ambition and to share with her the "small, corrosive cares" of beefsteaks and table linen. Now the story of *Avis* herself, cleared of its moral, is a simple, sad, and

likely one enough, and even the moral hardly interferes with its absorbing interest. In one way it is sadder than the author intends it to be, for it is the memorial of a great piece of self-deception. The dreamy, motherless girl, growing up in the rarefied air of a college town, who wins her dreamy father's reluctant consent to her adopting an artist's career, who is so happy studying abroad, and whose first efforts seem so full of promise, is ardently loved in that complete ripeness of her handsome youth when every New England girl is most fit to win and to retain love; and strange to say, the wooer, when she marries him, does not prove perfect. He was pleasant and fond, but he had weaknesses both of constitution and character. He was not very industrious; he was vain and accessible to flattery; and when invited to a sentimental flirtation by a woman whom he had admired before he married, this unnatural man in some sort consented. On the other hand, Avis was not a model housekeeper, at least when she began, and she felt her nerves rasped and her studio wronged by the wailing of her babies. They had troubles from without. Philip, the husband, lost his professorship; the children were ill; one died; the father's own health failed. They dismissed their anger then about the flirtation and the subsequent recriminations, and were tenderly devoted to one another until the end. In five years the conjugal experience, which is represented by Avis's biographer as so deplorable and devastating, was all over, and the widow returned with one child to a peaceful home in her father's house, and the strong years after thirty lay all, or almost all, before her. If she had had a touch of the genius, a tithe of the power, which the author attributes to her, she would have laid hold of her old work, as soon as her body was rested, with a breadth of grasp and a depth of insight impossible to her day of maiden dreams; and then, and then only, would she have done things worthy to live a while. For it is perhaps the very best testimony to Miss Phelps's own power of portraiture that we believe her tale implicitly,

and take sides about her characters as if they were creatures of flesh and blood. If we were less assured of her facts, we should not care so much to dispute the false inferences which she draws from them. And so we insist that no disappointments or misfortunes happened to this married pair but such as are common to humanity. Why should they not, like others, have "met the good days and the evil, as they went the ways of fate"? Could Avis have supposed that the presumably hasty indorsement of Couture would secure a child of earth, and especially a daughter of earth, immunity from hindrance and sorrow?

The book is pervaded, as we have said, by a strong and solemn implication that the heroine ought not to have married at all, but economized all her strength to paint pictures. But marriage is the great central fact of human relations, whereby they exist and must continue. It is not quite so involuntary as birth or so inevitable as death, but ranks so near them that we may fairly apply to it the serene and triumphant saying of Marcus Aurelius: "That which is universal *cannot* be a calamity." The powers which five years of average married life can exhaust and extinguish are not of the first or second order. If Avis had no more than enough in her, besides doing her home duties moderately well, for a time so sorrowfully brief, to paint that one picture of the Sphinx (and we never shall believe without seeing that even that was any better than Vedder's), then she might well have diffused her power over half a dozen water-colors, and made "home happy" by hanging them on her parlor wall. A woman's gifts do certainly belong, in a peculiar and preëminent manner, to her next of kin and her immediate society, and there is room for the exercise of more talent in the enrichment of social and domestic life than your earnest reformer is apt to realize. If a woman has gifts which cannot be confined within these modest limits, there is no use in saying that they ought to go to benefit the world, for they *will*, and there is no power in heaven or earth to help

it. Women, as a rule, are born in homes, but the most memorable of them have also ruled homes of their own. It is a rather remarkable fact that no unmarried woman has ever yet achieved the highest order of distinction. Maria Theresa, Mary Somerville, Elizabeth Browning, George Eliot—who cannot recite the brief catalogue in his sleep?—have all been married women, almost all mothers; and the first husband of Mrs. Somerville, at all events, was not one enthusiastically to claim his half of the “small, corrosive cares,” however it may be with the “daily souls” of Mr. Lewes and Mr. Browning. That frequently recurring condition of a somewhat highly civilized society, which greatly increases the proportion of women who necessarily remain unmarried, does not seem specially favorable to the development of original genius in the sisterhood; however, it may cultivate a class of painful virtues. Witness the patient and ineffectual ghosts who defile in endless procession under the elms of our own country towns. On the other hand, if anybody doubts that the effort of those who are just now toiling and teasing for all manner of artificial aids and exemptions for women is really one for the assistance of mediocrity and the inflation of flatness, let him read attentively that column of the *Woman's Journal* which keeps brief record, from week to week, of the specific achievements of women as women. Miss Phelps is herself so good an artist, her instinct of truth is so overmastering, that against her own word and will she has made her *exigante* Avis a woman of slender abilities and short-lived inspiration.

Our author expresses somewhere in her fervid book a special aversion to the word “morbid.” Let us not use it, then. But let us say as emphatically as we can courteously that the best of all the qualities which a book, or a system, or a life may have is *sanity*. Suffer us to repeat, as the key-note of our best possible aspiration, Matthew Arnold's magnificent line on Sophocles,

“Who saw life steadily and saw it whole,”

and to plead for a view of human affairs

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and a regulation of human desires which shall leave to the natural course of things its powerful and beneficent way, and to the grand exceptions their own impressive rarity and authenticity,—a view in which the “primal duties” shall be clearly seen to “shine aloft like stars,” while the meteoric destinies flash few and far between, and the dazzling comet-creatures return at immense intervals along their inconceivable ways.

Green Pastures and Piccadilly¹—it should, by the way, be Piccadilly and Green Pastures—begins very pleasantly. Has not Mr. Black always a simple and peculiar grace of literary *entrance*? On the present occasion it seems charmingly proper that we should owe to an old and much-admired acquaintance, Queen Tita of the Phaeton, our introduction to a new heroine, and one of the loveliest and most clearly individualized of them all, Lady Sylvia Blythe. We like her Scotch lover too, and entirely believe in him: Balfour, whose name is historic if he is in trade (so aristocratic do we all become in the charmed “liberties” of English fiction!)—Hugh Balfour, of the high mind, the hard head, the true heart; of enlightened and wary but ungrudging benevolence; of strict but unsentimental sense of honor, scornful integrity, and haughty, quarrelsome temper. For his sake we fling ourselves into the familiar arena of English politics with an ardor almost as innocent as Lady Sylvia's own. We enjoy his contemptuous fight with the deputation of electors from his borough of Balinascroon with as much zest as if an English election were a novelty, and we had not regularly weathered a score of them, every year of our adult lives, under the guidance of Bulwer, Lever, Trollope, or Reade. It is a pity that the scene in question is too long to quote, for it is the best in all the book, and strikingly illustrates Mr. Black's aptitude for a more terse, keen, and manly style of writing than that which he ordinarily affects. Almost equally admirable are the scene at Balfour's former college in Oxford, where he

¹ *Green Pastures and Piccadilly.* By WILLIAM BLACK. New York: Harper & Bros. 1878.

makes shamefaced and would-be indifferent confession of his love to the sympathizing and romantic old don; the experiences of this thorough-going philanthropist in Happiness-Alley, where he sojourns for a while, — to the intense admiration of his high-souled young mistress, — that he may study from within the life of the lowest orders of society; the piquant love scenes between these two, where politics and nightingales play about equal parts, where the secrets which the lover tells the lady under the moon-silvered, whispering foliage of a Surrey June concern gas bills and water bills, and the girl is continually confounding the reformer by religiously adopting his extremest views and giving them back to him in a shape so exaggerated as to be suicidal. Then come the facile marriage, the hurried honeymoon, and, fast and fateful, the wholly natural and inevitable misunderstandings and miseries of this high-spirited but undisciplined pair. It is all spontaneous, earnest, and fascinating; there is not a false note anywhere until we are suddenly jerked off the track of our highly-wrought interest and landed in the most prosaic wilds of our own country. The names of some of our *dramatis personæ* accompany us still, but their selves, their souls, are fled. A most engaging romance has been snatched away from us unfinished, and we have been given, in its stead, a commonplace kind of guide-book to scenes which we know quite well enough already. This last may not seem quite so great an injury to transatlantic readers as to ourselves, but they must equally object to seeing a work of art ruthlessly spoiled for purposes of literary trade, and a book of travels over the least storied of earth's lands sprung on them from behind a front of sweetest fiction. It is inconceivable that a clever man like Mr. Black should have cared to do so flat a thing as to write the history of his travels at all, and very much indeed to be regretted that he seems to have contracted the rather vulgar habit of producing a book a year at any hazard. In no well-administered realm of letters will more than one book in two

or three years be allowed to any author. George Eliot gives us about one in five. When the Preacher uttered his impatient protest against the "making of many books," he little dreamed — good, easy man — that the world would one day see something much worse than all making of books, namely, their *manufacture*.

No clue is given to the identity of the American author who figures on the title-page of *Green Pastures* as Mr. Black's assistant. It is quite easy to see, however, what he must have supplied: an exposition of the manners and customs of the commercial "runner;" a careful explanation of the local jealousies of the north and south "sides" in Chicago; a treatise on the much-disputed dialect of the Western plains. But the truer the "local color" of the latter part of the book, the less it suits those ideal beings whom we find it so difficult to associate with the scenes portrayed; and as for Balfour having remained in Idaho as Von Rosen's agent, we simply *know* that the rumor is false. As the prince consort of Queen Titania cynically remarks, "People who fail for half a million are sure to be pretty well off afterwards;" and Hugh Balfour was never the man to have turned his back on the native land whose interests he had made so peculiarly his own, and plunged into the stupid life of a mighty hunter, just because he was no longer a millionaire. The feelings with which we close this mutilated romance may be summed up in one word, — *defrauded*. Our author has failed for more than Balfour himself, and we will have no compromise. The title of his last chapter, *Auf Wiedersehen*, would seem to indicate that he means, at some future time, to tell us more of these nice people, but we give him fair warning that we will not read the sequel to *Green Pastures* unless its opening sentence be, "And so they awoke and found it all a dream."

Is there, then, no true element of romance in the large, inchoate living of the far West, its primitive manners, and the strange, titanic splendors of its scenery?

Is it quite out of the question for a novelist to try to enrich his work by the picturesque contrast between life in the most settled and sophisticated spot on earth and the life of the same race in one of the newest and most lawless? Henry Kingsley did this for English and Australian life; and who has forgotten the fresh and powerful enchantment of Geoffrey Hamlyn? And let nobody decide hastily, on the strength of *Green Pastures* and *Piccadilly*, that the British Channel cannot be made to flow freely into the Pacific Ocean. Let him not decide, at least, before he has read *Erema*; or, *My Father's Sin* (Harper & Bros., New York). It is a very bad title for a book, — a trumpery, catchpenny title, of the sort which seems to "connote" coarse wood-cuts and incessant melodrama; nevertheless, the book is great. Mr. Blackmore, the author of *Alice Lorraine* and the *Maid of Sker*, has none of Mr. Black's quaint literary courtesy and gentle graces of manner. He seems, in fact, rather to disdain to please. But he arrests our attention, and presently constrains us to follow him. He gives us with a few bold strokes a new, but ever memorable landscape; with a few firm lines, an entirely unheard-of, but intensely vivified type of character. We have no notion whereabouts on either continent people talk the queer, strong English dialect, freely besprinkled with obsolete and, we half suspect, invented words, which this author puts into the mouths of so many of his characters; but we do know that it seems equally suitable to the Californian herdsman and mill owner whose ancestors have been for several generations in America, the sexton who has never been beyond the confines of the sleepest hamlet in England, and the old family servant, once a nurse, long a lodging-house keeper in the cockneyest part of London. Even the gentler-bred people in the book, the gallant major and the invalid earl, occasionally avail themselves of the same pure and pungent mode of speech, and we do not mind the oddity. We are too intent on what they have to say. Considered with reference to the actual world, the

story of *Erema* is violently, one might almost say impertinently, improbable. Considered with reference to the relation of its parts, the interdependence of its peculiar and often thrilling incidents, it is admirably consistent and symmetrical. The daughter and heiress of an English earl and graduate of a French convent, after the death by starvation of her father in the great Californian desert, sojourns for a while most gratefully, and, as it would seem, congenially, in the household of the aforesaid herdsman, — and a rough but precious old hero he is. She is a princess of refinement and high spirit always, but enters with zest into the customs of the place, and distinguishes herself much in athletic sports and stormy, often sanguinary adventures. At this time, being fifteen years old and finely grown, she wins the affections of Ephraim Gundry, the old ranch-man's grandson, but rejects his suit because she has her father's name to clear of the cloud which blighted his existence. Animated by this filial purpose, and arrived at the mature age of seventeen, she returns to England under the formal guardianship of Major Hockin, of the British army, one of the most entertaining characters in the book and not the least lovable. Here she assumes the office of detective, grandly scorning any assistance from the police force of her mother country, and relying solely on the sufficiently remarkable aptitude for both fight and *finesse* which she had herself developed on the Pacific shore. After long struggles and many disappointments she is completely victorious. The real author of the crime of which her father had been accused is hunted down in person by this intrepid young woman, and makes voluntary confession to her. She declines to bring him to justice, but a timely flood removes him from the scene; the sickly, but truly saintly incumbent of the Castlewood estates dies almost simultaneously, and *Erema* enters into her long - alienated kingdom, only to turn her back upon it forever. American ties are stronger than those of birthplace and lineage. She comes back to the States in the

midst of the civil war; finds Samuel Gundry in the Union army, and the rejected Ephraim in the Confederate; restores the latter to life, though stricken by an abundantly mortal wound; reunites and reconciles the two; and returns to California to spend the remainder of her days as the mother of Ephraim's children and the mistress of Gundry's mill. Could anything be more frantically absurd? But where now are the indignation and incredulity with which we received the suggestion that the Balfours might remain in Idaho? We are conscious of no such feeling. In the skillful hands of the author of *Erema* the impossible becomes indisputable, and the preposterous natural and plain; because this author has true creative imagination, and "when found," as Captain Cuttle used so devoutly to say, "make a note of."

Erema, then, is a book worth study. Let us consider it a little longer. Minor peculiarities, or rather originalities, of this author's method are a great concentration of purpose and seriousness of spirit. You cannot conceive of him as conscious of his own humor, although he betrays plenty, as very earnest people often do in conversation. He tells his wildest tale with a simple assurance which fairly crows the reader's skepticism. He explains little, and apologizes never. He plunges his people without warning into the midst of the most extraordinary situations, and disdains even to tell how they got there; his business and the reader's being to see them through. Another marked feature is the preponderance of noble types of character, — the very sparing employment, even in a tale of mystery and crime, of thorough baseness. Everywhere in the course of her quixotic quest *Erema* encounters kindness, help, loyalty. Even the arch villain of the piece half wins our pardon in the end, and in no maudlin fashion either, but only because we are made clearly to see the cruelty of his wrongs and the terrific strength of his temptation.

Erema is unconventional to the last degree, and readers who dislike this

quality, and prefer something simple, safe, and realistic, had better turn at once to *Marjorie Bruce's Lovers*. (Harper & Bros.) *Marjorie* had a great many of them in all orders of society, for she belonged to the class of heroines most frequently described as "little witches," and twinkled fatefully at every man she saw, and called her father "darling daddy." Since, however, that father was only a superior kind of yeoman, it became *Marjorie* to steel her small heart against the very genteelness of her admirers, and, in effect, to adopt the high-minded resolution of the heroine in the *Bab Ballads*: —

"Come, virtue, in an earldom's cot,
Go, vice, in ducal mansions!"

This, after some ineffectual efforts and lapses into naughty coquetry, she is divinely enabled to do: the lord of the county, who had distinguished her by his smiles, marries the heiress cousin to whom he is properly betrothed, and *Marjorie* becomes the mistress merely of "an ancient three-storied manor-house, with small casements looking out of masses of ivy, a couple of straggling modern wings, a quaint pillared stone porch gay with old-fashioned vases," etc.

Marjorie Bruce's Lovers may be described as passively and rather pleasantly harmless. *Winstowe* (Harper & Bros.), by Mrs. Leith Adams, is most aggressively and annoyingly so. It is saturated with false sentiment, and suffused with maudlin piety. If Dickens had once lost his mind, and embraced Methodism when he had only partially recovered it, he might have perpetrated much such a story. It begins with a tiresome old gentleman, so bowed and beaming with goodness that we strongly suspect him of having robbed a bank, who discovers in a church porch, one Christmas Eve, a vagrant boy, with aristocratic features and golden hair, listening to the carols, and starving. The matter-of-fact old man rashly proposes to remedy the starvation, but is respectfully requested by the æsthetic waif to wait until the music is over. This point he yields, but will not be let from adopt-

ing the young beggar and sumptuously providing for all his low connections. The highly-organized little wanderer's name is Willie, and he grows to be a great comfort to the bland old gentleman, and saves children's lives when the houses take fire where they are staying, and carries all before him at the university. He also clears at one sprightly bound the preliminary steps of legal advancement, popularly supposed to be slow and difficult in England, and is a blooming barrister at twenty-five, and the favorite guest of Q. C.'s and the like. His appalling astuteness never failed him but once, and that was when he fell in love with old David Earle's other ward, also golden-haired, but high-born and richly dowered. She looked upon Willie as a brother, and engaged herself to Guy Tremlett, whose record was by no means as clear as Willie's, and whom the latter darkly suspected of being occasionally inebriate. Obeying his lawyer's instinct, he even looks about for some proof of his rival's guilt, but is presently shocked at his own lack of generosity, and permits himself to use the violent past participle "confounded" in making confession of his baseness. Thenceforward, he devotes himself simply to Tremlett's reformation; succeeds, however, but indifferently, yet so far as to receive a recommendation to Lilian's mercy, while watching at the bed where Guy is rather ruthlessly dispatched by delirium tremens. It is needless to add that Lilian, after a suitable delay, accepts him as a legacy; and that Willie is conclusively shown by his friend the Q. C. to be the descendant of a long line of nobles and heir to a handsome estate.

As for the Modern Minister (Harper & Bros.), the last of our English visitants, with its list of one hundred and twenty-one dramatis personæ, its rank abundance of truly vile illustrations, and the dense confusion of its numerous plots, we have but the first part of the story as yet, so perhaps there is no need to say anything about it. It has a certain exuberance of incident and scenery, but differs, unfortunately, from all

the others by being positively coarse and objectionable in parts; and if it be not the work of a very young writer, it surely is that of a moderately vicious one. All these English books teem with Americanisms of expression, technically so-called. In all of them, and in books, by the way, of more literary pretension than any of them, we find "reliable" and "those sort of things," and a fine confusion in the cases of the personal pronouns. But they have other qualities in common which distinguish them decidedly, and, it must be owned, favorably, from the two lively American tales which stand at the foot of our list. Trite and poor though several of these reprints be, they are all fairly well constructed, — all, at least, except *Green Pastures* and *Piccadilly*, which, as we have seen, is dis-severed and *pieced*, deliberately and of malice aforethought. The rest have each its significant chain of events and sequence of situation, a cumulative if not very intense interest, a slight but sufficient maintenance of suspense, and a proper resolution and end. That is to say, these English writers, even Mrs. Leith Adams, with her mincing moralities, appear all to have *learned their trade*, while the evidently clever and agreeable authors of the *Wolf at the Door* (Roberts Bros., Boston) and *One Summer* (Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston) seem ignorant of those very first principles of fiction exemplified in any one of the familiar fairy-tales recited to us all in infancy. A story, properly speaking, is a thing of shape and boundaries and motive, not a portfolio of loose sketches, however charming, nor a rehearsal of long conversations, however natural and gay. The *Wolf at the Door* is one of the No Name novels, — number ten, we believe, — and it is less than the least and lighter than the most volatile of that amusing, but on the whole rather futile series. It is a speaking and very piquant likeness, in outline, of town life and fashionable charity, just as many of us know them. It is full of the bright talk of slightly commonplace and conventional, but refined and animated people; the temper of it is

sweet, the style purer than we are apt to get from over the water; there is enough of diffused and careless cleverness about it to brighten and redeem six Marjories and a dozen Winstowes, but in no true sense of the word is it a romance, or even a tale. It strikes one as the quick work of an incorrigibly idle amateur, whose wit and talent will never submit to the discipline which they need in order to make them permanently effective.

It may be urged that the very immaturity of *One Summer*, which appears in a new edition with graceful illustrations by Hoppin, implies a greater chance of future excellence than the lady-like *aplomb* of the author of the *Wolf at the Door*, and we are always inclined to hope for the best; but there can be no harm in reminding one who would write novels exactly what a novel is and is not. It is either a study of picturesque types of character, — and not all types

are picturesque, any more than all objects are suitable for representation in art, — or it contains a closely connected series of interesting events, commonly called a plot. Mr. William Black has proved himself so true and dainty an artist in character that we are not strenuous about his plots. Mr. Blackmore resembles the greatest novelists of all in combining these two characteristics, and he does so in a higher degree than has yet, we think, been generally acknowledged. The Marjorie Bruce and Winstowe makers irritate us by their fatuity, but they show clearly that they understand the mechanical principles of story-telling; while our own apt and sparkling countrywomen seem laboring under the delusion that any mere aimless “once there was,” told spiritedly against time, as one tells a story to an importunate child, is worthy to be called a work of fiction.

FATE.

SORROW knocked; I barred my door.
 “Go,” I cried, “and come no more;
 I have guests who, gay and sweet,
 Cannot bear thy face to meet.”

But erelong from every room
 Vanished light and warmth and bloom;
 Hope and joy and young love went,
 And, late lingering, sweet content.

Then my door I opened wide:
 “Sorrow, haste to come,” I cried;
 “Welcome now, no more to roam:
 Make henceforth my heart thy home.”

Luella Clark.

AMERICANISMS.

IN the three articles of this brief series upon Americanisms which have been already published,¹ some positions were taken, and, I believe, some points were established, which, for the sake of old readers no less than of new, it may be well to reconsider. The first of these is that in language whatever is distinctively "American" is bad. That is, the language of the country being English, all deviations from the best English usage are solecisms, provincialisms, or, in the original sense of the word, barbarisms. This seems indisputable so long as we profess to speak English and do not set up for ourselves a standard of our own, in which case our speech would be not English but "American," — a dialect of the English language. It is true that English is our language by inheritance, our mother tongue, and that therefore it is ours, to do what we please with it, and to use as it suits our convenience, just as it is that of the English people. Its literature is ours just as it is theirs, and for the same reasons. Our political severance from the mother country did not affect our rights in this matter; for language and literature are questions of race, not of politics. The distinction sometimes made between English literature and American literature is factitious. English literature is the literature of all the English-speaking peoples. As well talk of Australian literature or Canadian literature as of American literature; of Prussian and Austrian literature, both being simply German; for place has as little to do with the question as politics. But in all languages there is, and must be, a standard; and this is the usage of the best society, that is, the most intellectually and socially cultivated society, by which it is spoken. Now, in regard to the English language, that society is the aristocracy and the upper middle class of England; the mass

of people who have their education chiefly at the great English universities, and all the members of which, if not personally educated at those great schools, are constantly under their influence. Moreover, in addition to this point of higher culture, there is the fact that English is, and must of necessity be, the speech of the English people. Another language might be supposably better, but if it were other, however good it might be, it would not be English. But the American people, although to all intents and purposes an English people, at least until within the last twenty-five years, are not *the* English people. That distinction pertains peculiarly to the people of England, and must continue to do so until they emigrate in a body and leave that country as bare of Englishmen as their forefathers left, a thousand years ago, the little scrap of the earth's surface known of late years, to the confusion of politicians and historians, as Schleswig-Holstein, which is the cradle of the English people, — an England older than Old England herself.

When, however, we come to decide the question, What is an Americanism? a difficulty at once presents itself. For we have to decide what is American and what is an American. For myself, I avow that the word "American," as applied to a man, is entirely without meaning, except in the sense (itself quite conventional and illogical) of a citizen of the United States of America. To call a man an American because he happens to be born in America, or rather in a certain part of North America, is entirely to reverse the natural and logical order of things. It brings up the old joke of calling a man a horse because he was born in a stable. Countries have their names from the people who inhabit them: England is the country of the Angles, the English, — Angle-land; France, the country of the Franks, and so forth. An Englishman is so called not because

¹ In the *Galaxy* for September and November, 1877, and January, 1878.

he was born in England, but England is so called because he and his forefathers were born there. Mr. Thackeray was born in India; but no one thinks of calling him an Indian or a Hindoo. He was a British subject, and he might have been a citizen of the United States of America. In the latter case would he have been any the less English? There is this strange and anomalous peculiarity about the name "American:" that whereas, for example, a British subject may be an Irishman, a Scotchman, a Welshman, a Hindoo, a Parsee, or what not, and if any one of these he preserves his proper name as such, if a man is a citizen of the United States, particularly if he be born so, he is called "an American," and nothing else. If birth in what is merely for convenience called "America" makes an American, we have then no distinction between Henry W. Longfellow, Patrick MacShane, Hans Breitmann, Bone Squash Diavolo, and the lately arrived son of Ah Sin; and what is the worth, the distinguishing value, of a name which lumps Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Teuton, Negro, and Mongol together? The name "American" has a certain rough convenience; but it also has a very decided inconvenience when we come to use it with any thought or exactness, and that inconvenience is felt in a very perplexing way when we undertake to decide what is American, particularly in language.

Assuming the name, however, as it seems we must, the question What is an Americanism in language? is still to be answered. We may instructively work down to the point we seek by throwing out of consideration what are not Americanisms. And first, words and phrases which are now, or have ever been, received in the current speech or literature of England in the modern period cannot justly be called Americanisms. A word in use in America which was brought here from England may be out of fashion in cultivated circles there, but it is difficult to see how that can make it in any way American. Words pass out of use from mere caprice, and sometimes come in again with as little reason. This

being the case, if mere fashion is to decide this question as to a word of indisputably English origin and acceptance, we might be reduced to the absurdity of classing a word of purest Anglo-Saxon lineage as English in one generation, an Americanism in the next, and as English again in the third.

Words which are the names of things peculiar to this country are not Americanisms, except under certain conditions. *Maize, potato, moccasin, squaw, wigwam*, are not Americanisms. They are merely the names of things peculiar to the aborigines of this country (with whom we have no relations of race, society, or language), and which are necessarily adopted by speakers and writers of all languages in describing or mentioning those things. If these and their like are Americanisms, *elephant, crocodile, upas, tea, banyan*, and the like are Orientalisms, which no one pretends or would admit. If, however, any such word is adopted here as the name of a thing which had already an English name, as, for example, *wigwam* for hut, *moccasin* for shoe, *squaw* for wife, or *papoose* for child, it then becomes properly an Americanism.

Strictly, therefore, that is, according to reason, an Americanism in language is a word or phrase found in the speech of the descendants of the European settlers of this country which is peculiar to them, either in itself or in the sense in which it is used, and which is not the name of anything peculiar to the land itself or to its aboriginal inhabitants. We shall find that a very small proportion of the words and phrases which are loosely called Americanisms, and even of those which are classified as such by the compilers of glossaries and dictionaries, are within these limits. Of the books upon this subject, the one which is best known, and which, from the extent of its compiler's researches and the fullness of its illustrations, has become what is called an authority, Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms, of which a fourth edition enlarged and corrected has lately appeared, is the most misleading. With high respect for the

author of this work, and admiration of his patient and conscientious investigations, I cannot but regard the result of his labors as misleading, and therefore pernicious in its effect. Fault enough may be justly found with English as it is generally spoken in this country; but the presentation of this huge collection of words and phrases as a dictionary of Americanisms is, in part at least, a gross misrepresentation of the language of the people of the United States. Apart from the slang and the cant words and phrases which swarm upon its pages, and which, although a considerable number of them are correctly classified as Americanisms, should have been collected by themselves and labeled as slang and cant, the volume is crowded with other words and phrases which are English pure and simple, English by origin, English by continued usage from time immemorial to the present day, either in colloquial use or in literature, or in both, and which in fact lack nothing required for the completeness of their Englishhood. The effect of such a publication is one of gross and injurious misrepresentation. It supports and confirms the erroneous assumption in England and on the continent of Europe that the language spoken by Americans generally is a barbarous, hybrid dialect of which English is only the stock, upon which Indian, Dutch, French, German, Irish, and Negro stems and branches have been freely grafted. Dictionaries and glossaries are not read through; they are merely glanced at or referred to; and the discovery in this careful and copious collection of a few examples of such perversion as that mentioned above leads to, if it does not warrant, the inference that the whole book is filled with such examples. Here, it is said, is a dictionary of Americanisms compiled by an American, a New England man, and it is a large, closely printed octavo volume. To what a condition has the English language been brought in America! I have heard such remarks made more than once by intelligent Englishmen; I have seen them more than once in print. Now, no intel-

ligent American who knows anything of English, past and present, as spoken and written in England and in the United States, will for a moment admit the truth of such an assumption. Every such person knows that a very few pages of such a volume as Mr. Bartlett's dictionary would contain all the words and phrases, not slang or cant, which are properly American, either by origin or by peculiarity of use.

The favor with which this work has been received and the authority which has been accorded to it are due to two causes. First, it is a collection made with careful and laborious research, which is manifest upon its every page; and all such collections have some value, and are apt to attain a certain authoritative position. They are almost sure to do so, unless their defects or faults are so great as at once to provoke exposure; and this position they maintain until they are superseded by something of the same kind which is better and more trustworthy. Mr. Bartlett is not exactly a pioneer in this field, for he was preceded by Pickering many years ago; but his book is much more pretentious than its predecessor, which is almost forgotten, except by students of language; and it is in its kind and for the present generation as authoritative as Webster's *Unabridged*. It would have been so even if its merits were less and its faults — faults of design, not of execution, be it observed — greater than they are.

Next, this dictionary wins favor by satisfying, or seeming to satisfy, a certain uneasy craving for Americanism which is very common the world over, and which exists in a great degree among intelligent and thoughtful Englishmen. There is constantly manifest in Europe, and particularly in England, a desiring expectation of the development of something new in America, some peculiar and characteristic traits, moral, mental, social, political, physical. What, it is asked, is the use of your great experiment in a new country, if it does not produce something new? If you merely adhere to the old forms and the old ideas, and work upon the old models,

you are unprofitable servants; you do not fulfill your function. Give us something new; something peculiar to yourselves in philosophy, in politics, in art, in literature, even in language. Europe fails, or seems to fail, to see that Americans are merely Europeans who have been transplanted to a country in which they have sought first, and thus far chiefly, their material prosperity, their physical well-being, freed from the restraints which were imposed upon them by the political, social, and physical conditions of the countries in which they or their immediate progenitors were born. European inquirers do not accept the attainment of these ends as at all a satisfactory result of what they call our "experiment." The diffusion of comfort, of a moderate degree of education, among thirty or forty millions of people, a large proportion of whom, if there were no America, would be in poverty and ignorance, is well enough, and indeed is to be regarded with a certain degree of satisfaction; but this, which is to these Americans themselves the chief, if not the only, object of their wishes and their exertions, is a minor matter to the European writer of essays and leading articles and criticisms. He looks ever for some "new departure." Hence there is a craze for "the American thing." There is a cry for the novel of American society, for the American poem, the American what-not. What is welcomed with interest is that which is peculiar. That which is a mere repetition, probably a pale and distorted reflex, of the society and the literary models of Europe is looked upon with eyes cold and unsatisfied, if not averted. Let the American thing be bad, only let it be something new. To this uneasy craving it may charitably be attributed that certain poets and humorists and immoral moralists, of whom few of us are very proud, have received marked attention in Europe, far more than they have received at home. These Old World *quid nuncs* would be delighted if a new language were rapidly developed here; and as that has not yet happened, and is not rationally to be looked for, they regard with

interest, if not with favor, an enormously large collection of words and phrases which shows, or seems to show, to what a monstrous degree we have perverted and degraded the language that we inherited from our forefathers.

Nor are they alone in this desire. It exists to a certain degree among Americans themselves. But it is futile. It must be so. Originality, true and worthy originality, never comes by striving to be original. It springs spontaneously, unconsciously, into being. It is the utterance of that which seeks expression only for its own sake. The man who says within himself, "Go to, I will be original," may possibly produce something which is unlike what has been produced before; but that the thing will be of any intrinsic value or beauty is, to say the least, extremely improbable. It is likely to be only grotesque and monstrous. Literature and art and language in America will assume peculiarity and originality just as soon as Americans themselves develop unconsciously peculiar and original traits of intellect and morals. Whether they are now in the way to do this, or in that of assimilating themselves to the rest of the world, every careful observer may decide for himself.

Strangely enough, however, the very first manifestation of this desire for originality was in regard to language. This was strange, because language is of all things that in which originality is most nearly impossible. For language must endure. It is transmitted from generation to generation, with only such change as comes from what may be called the wear and tear of use. It cannot be otherwise. If it were otherwise, communication between one generation and another would be impaired, or become impossible, and language would fail in its only function. Yet when the constitution of the United States was adopted, at the celebration of the event in New York, a book was borne in procession by the philological society of that city, on which was inscribed, "The Federal Language." What it was supposed that language might be, and how it was to be

formed, is beyond the reach of human conjecture. But Noah Webster himself was the advocate at that time of an American form of the English language. As to his views in particular I must refer those of my readers who care to have further information upon this subject to the article in the *Galaxy* of November last. Suffice it here to say that he plainly supposed that there could and should and would be a divergence between the language of America and that of the mother country, consequent upon their political separation. It is almost needless to say that the result has been exactly the reverse of what he supposed and wished that it might be. The language of the two countries has not only remained the same, but time and freedom of intercourse, physical and intellectual, have removed gradually any differences that existed. There are provincialisms, vulgarisms, barbarisms, and solacisms in both countries; but the standard of speech in both is exactly the same, and so it must and will remain.

I shall now refer very briefly to the more important and significant of the so-called Americanisms which I have previously shown to be entirely without the limits assigned above to the meaning of that term, and shall then pass on to the consideration of others, taking my examples chiefly, but not altogether, from Mr. Bartlett's dictionary.

Notion, in the sense of small, trifling wares, is probably the word which of all Americanisms is regarded as the most absolutely American, both in origin and in usage. "Yankee notions" is a phrase known the world over. But so grave and didactic a poet as Young, than whom none could be less American, used it nearly a hundred and fifty years ago exactly in the sense in which it is now used in New England:—

"And other words send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions framed in foreign looms."
(*Night Thoughts*. Night II.)

Guess, in the sense of believe, suppose, think, which is regarded almost as the Yankee shibboleth, is used exactly in that sense by Wycliffe, by one of his followers (name unknown), by Chaucer,

by Bishop Jewell, in an old north of England or Lowland Scotch ballad, in the *Mirror for Magistrates* (1587), by Bishop Hale (1599), by John Locke twice, and by one of the personages in Anthony Trollope's *Orley Farm*. Doubtless many other examples from standard English authors might be produced, and I am sure that I have memorandums of others, but they are not at hand.¹ These are, however, quite enough to show that this so-called Americanism is not American in any proper sense of the word.

Fall, for autumn, which has been regarded almost as absolutely American as *guess* and *notion*, is used by Dr. Cains (1552), by Vaughan (1624), by Gilbert White repeatedly in his *Natural History of Selborne* (1771, 1775), and by Froude in his *History of England* (vol. vi., chap. xxi.). With what semblance of propriety is a word which was in use in England at least two generations before the sailing of the *Mayflower*, and which has continued in use there until now by authors of repute, called an Americanism? And our very "Indian summer," which so many of us regard as peculiar to our country, is known in Europe, and is mentioned under various names from the time of the Greek poets to the present day.

Admire (as, I admire to see, I admire that, etc.) has long been set down among Americanisms of the most emphatic sort; and not only so, but is regarded by ourselves as being more than a mere Americanism,—a Bostonism. I should not hesitate to say even in Beacon Street or on Boston Common that I cannot regard it as an altogether lovely phrase; but it is used by Chapman in his translation of Homer, in the *Comical History of Francion* (1655), by Charles Cotton in his translation of Montaigne, by Charles James Fox in the fragment of his *History of England*, in Ashley's *Cyropædia* (1811), and by many other old English writers of high standing.

Baggage, meaning the *impedimenta* of a traveler, which is frequently scoffed at by British writers as an Americanism,

¹ The examples were given in detail in previous articles. I can here, however, only refer to them.

and is so set down by Mr. Bartlett, is used by Fielding, by Sterne, by Walter Scott, by Thomas Hughes in Tom Brown, and by many other British writers of recognized position.

Blackberry, as to which Mr. Bartlett says that "this term is universally used in the United States for the English brambleberry," has been used in England just as we use it for nearly a thousand years, — from the earliest Anglo-Saxon times to the present, both by the people at large and by writers of the best repute. Indeed, *blackberry* is the rule and brambleberry the exception during all that period.

Blow, meaning to boast, to brag, to talk big, and *bluff*, as a noun meaning a bold prominence, and as a verb meaning to bluster, to attempt to put down an opponent by big pretension, are known to English literature from its earliest days down to the present.

Bug, for beetle, is another test Americanism, according to the average British critic and book-writing traveler. And yet it was so used in England more than two centuries ago, and has continued in use there both in literature and in folk-speech. Mr. Jennings, in his lately published book of Walks through Field Paths and Green Lanes, mentions having heard it so used in the south of England.

Catamount, which we ourselves regard as not only American but peculiarly Western, has the support of at least two centuries of English usage; and *crevasse*, which we look upon as a Southwestern Americanism, is used by Chaucer.

The Rev. Archibald Geikie read, in 1857, before the Canadian Institute, a paper in which he undertook to instruct Canadians, Americans, and the world at large upon Americanisms; and from this paper Mr. Bartlett has taken what he sets forth as some "excellent illustrations." One of Mr. Geikie's points is that in England "great offenders are *hanged*," but that in America "they are all *hung*." That in England beef, gates, and curtains are *hung*, but felons are *hanged*; while in America all are *hung*. Now, this is a beautiful and a

characteristic example of the way in which men write about Americanisms; for, so far is what Mr. Geikie says on this point from being true, that *hung* was used in England to express death by hanging in Queen Elizabeth's days, and later, down to the present time, as I have showed by examples from Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Fuller, Southey, Hartley Coleridge, Mrs. Trollope, Froude, Mr. Bain, M. P., Sir Henry Holland, Charles Reade, William Morris, Smiles, The Greville Memoirs, Anthony Trollope, the London Spectator, the Saturday Review, and the London Times; and on the other hand inanimate objects have been said to be *hanged*, as I showed in like manner.

These instances of the exposure of gross errors in the classification of words and phrases as Americanisms are selected from the previous papers of this series for reference here because they are characteristic, and because it should seem that they are well suited to lead the mind of the reader into a healthy condition of doubt as to the Americanism of much that is so labeled, and of receptiveness as to what will be hereafter presented to him.

At the same time it must not be supposed that I appear as an advocate to get a verdict of "Not guilty of Americanism" for words and phrases invented or perverted in this country. On the contrary, to show that there are such, and which they are, will be one of my objects. Among such words, as I have already shown, is *corn*, which is here perverted from its proper function as a general name for all cereal grain, wheat, rye, oats, barley, to mean maize, a kind of corn unknown to the people who made and used the word for centuries. Another is *creek*, which, meaning properly an indentation greater or less in a coast line, and hence a narrow inlet from the sea, is used by many Americans, and in some parts of the country by all the inhabitants, to mean a running stream of fresh water, which in English is called a brook or a river. These are examples of genuine Americanisms in single words. Of like phrases is *right away*, absurdly used for at once,

now, instantly, immediately, and so generally thus used that it is to be feared that there is no hope of its future exclusion even from the speech of educated people. Its absurdity is so great as to be ridiculous, as any intelligent person will see by reflecting upon it briefly; and yet the immovable barrier between its right and its wrong use is very thin and transparent. For to say that a person went right away is good English and good sense; but to tell a person to do a thing right away is neither sense nor English. This perversion of the phrase is an Americanism, and one of the worst and most generally diffused that deform our speech.¹ I may now resume the examination in detail of examples of Americanisms real and pretended.

Darn is one of the slang words which we ourselves long regarded as an Americanism of pure New England origin; why, it is difficult to imagine, except that we assumed that any deviation on our part from standard English must be of our own motion, a step toward that originality and independent Americanism for which some of us are pining. The word as a euphemism for *damn* is known all over England, and is freely used by the rustic population, as it is here. And I found even Anthony Trollope using it thus, "that darned lecture," in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Bartlett cites from the artificial ballad of Noakes and Styles, in the Essex dialect, an example of its use. The following stanza is from a ballad, doubtless genuine, given in Mr. William Black's charming *Princess of Thule*, chap. ii. Its dialect is not sufficiently marked to be distinguished from that of many parts of England.

"It happened on a zartin day
Fourscore o' the sheep they rinned away.
Says vather to I, "Jack, rin arter em, du!"
Says I to vather, "I 'm darned if I du!"

I quote this, not because it is needed to show that *darn* is not an Americanism, but to call attention to *du*, the Yankee pronunciation of *do*. I have heretofore suggested that this sound, which is not

oo,—that is, the Italian *u*,—nor the French *u*, nor yet the English iotaized *u* (*e-oo*), but something between the first two, and which is very unlike the snarling nasal caricature of it which is heard upon the stage, is the original English *u*. When in England I found that this sound was apparently quite unknown to the British phonologists, and I spent some time in teaching one of the most distinguished of them how to utter it. And indeed there are not many Americans who can do so correctly unless they have lived in rural New England and caught the sound unconsciously.

Deck, meaning a pack of cards, appears in Mr. Bartlett's collection; and yet he himself says "deck is defined by Ash, a pack of cards piled one upon another." This makes it almost superfluous to remark that it probably did not occur to him that in Henry VI., Part iii., Act v., Sc. 1, is the following passage:—

"But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king himself was siliy finger'd from the
deck!"

which, by the way, shows that the game at which Ah Sin so effectually demonstrated the ruinous effects of Chinese cheap labor is not of American origin. But with what propriety does a word used by Shakespeare and defined by Ash appear at all in a dictionary of Americanisms? Its only proper place is in a glossary of words which are not American.

Department. Of this word we are told that "the principal offices of the federal government at Washington are called departments," and that the word is "borrowed from the French." But it is in constant use in England, where I heard it frequently; and countless examples of its use in literature might be produced, but I have at hand only the following:—

"If it was one of the younger clerks, you know, we should tell him it was discreditable to the *department*." (A. Trollope. *Small House*, etc., ii. 14.)

¹ For a more detailed examination of this phrase in reference to Mr. Lowell's suggestion of a con-

nection with *straightway*, see the *Galaxy* for November, 1877.

[Mr. Kissing, a martinet, speaks.] "Somerset House is not a *department*. The treasury is a *department*; the home office is a *department*." (Idem, iii. 5.)

"I was for ten years a clerk in the *department* of the public service, — civil service we liked to have it called." (London Society, August, 1864.)

"At present the British government, of which the secretary for India is only a member, whether he likes the position or not, and the India House only a *department*." (London Spectator, July 20, 1867.)

Deputize is possibly of American origin; but I notice it chiefly for the purpose of pointing out that it and its congener *jeopardize* are spurious, words that are not words, formed by adding *ize* to *depute* and *jeopard*, two good and sufficient verbs, instead of which the monsters are used without any variation of meaning. But they, particularly the latter, are in common use now by good writers in England; and an Oxford LL.D and, bright light of the Athenæum Club (the swell literary club of London) not long ago wrote to me complaining of my censure of his use of *jeopardize*, and saying that he did not know that there was any objection to it; certainly there was none in England, although there might be in America. This was putting the saddle on the other horse with a vengeance.

Different from. Mr. Bartlett gives this as an Americanism, with the remark that "we say one thing is different from another. In England this expression is *different to*." This is quite incorrect. I must not repeat myself too much even on this occasion, and I shall merely now remark that, as I have heretofore shown, "*different from*" is the form in use by the best English writers, "*different to*" being in general a mark of the second or third rate writer, and that the form "*different to*" was censured so long ago as A. D. 1770, by Robert Baker, in his Remarks on the En-

glish Language. Yet the erroneous assertion abounds unmodified in Mr. Bartlett's fourth edition of his dictionary just published.

Dod rot it and *Dod drat it* are given as American euphemistic forms of swearing. On the contrary, the softening of *God* into *Dod* is an English verbal trick of long standing, and continues to the present day. In Cartwright's Poems, ii. 78, we find even "*Dod's blessing on 't*;" and in a recent number of Punch, a sentry being asked by an officer "Why don't you salute, sir?" replies, "*Dod, man, I clean forgot*." *Rot* and *drat*, too, are peculiarly British forms of ob-jurgation, rarely heard in this country.

Dove for *dived* is possibly a genuine Americanism. It is unjustifiable; but, like many other Americanisms, it is creeping into use in England among careless speakers and writers. But it is to be remarked that the strong preterit, as it is called (*hung* is strong, *hanged* is weak), is used in provincial English speech in the case of many verbs which are properly of the weak conjugation.

Drink for river, as "the big drink," meaning the Mississippi, is Western American slang. It is an interesting and comical illustration of the assumption that the chief use of any fluid is for potation; although, as the rivers of the West do not yet run whisky, the application of the word to them in that quarter is remarkable.

"It beats the Dutch" is an American phrase, peculiar, as Mr. Bartlett correctly remarks, to New England and New York. It is, however, passing, or has passed, out of use. Not uncommon thirty years ago, it is now rarely or never heard. It has a historical value and interest, as it is a relic of the old animosity between the Dutch of New Amsterdam and the English settlers of New England, which Irving has so humorously recorded and illustrated. It was applied by the latter to anything monstrous, extravagant, and inexplicable.

Richard Grant White.

THE RUSSIANS ON THE BOSPHORUS.

AFTER a hostility of over two hundred years, — a hostility which no peace has fully suspended and no war has fully expressed, — Russia has borne her flag within the defenses of the capital of Turkey.

Asia has never entered Europe to rest. From the time of Darius down to the present day she has never been able to hold a rood of ground west of the Bosphorus except arms in hand. There seems to be no possibility of good-will, or even tolerance, between the races of the two continents, when brought into a state of co-inhabitation. The Persians, the Huns, the Mongols, the Tartars, arrived, overran; and established themselves, only to struggle with the eternal hate of the autocthonous peoples, to fall at last under their assaults, and to vanish.

The Turks have toiled and are toiling through a like sanguinary history. It is five hundred and twenty-two years since they crossed the Hellespont and seized Gallipoli; five hundred and seventeen years since they took Adrianople and founded their European dominion; four hundred and twenty-five years since they trampled out the Byzantine empire in the breaches of Constantinople. This period of more than five centuries has been a tangle of wars which it would be fatiguing and almost impossible to number. The flow and ebb of the Ottoman tide is stained with the blood of Byzantines, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Servians, Bosnians, Albanians, Montenegrins, Croats, Transylvanians, Hospitalers, Venetians, Genoese, Spaniards, Hungarians, Poles, Russians, Germans, French, Greeks, and even English. There is not a race, nor hardly a nation, west of the Euxine which has not done battle with them. They are the one people whom all Aryan peoples have recognized as enemies, either to be destroyed or angrily tolerated. For more than three centuries it was a question whether Tur-

key should continue to trespass upon and perhaps conquer Europe. For nearly two centuries, now, it has been one of the greatest of European questions whether Turkey should be, or cease to be.

The most persistent, the most formidable, and the bitterest enemies of the Ottomans have been the Slaves. When Amurath I. entered Roumelia (1360) the Slavic tribes were slowly but steadily tending southward, seizing and filling the depopulated provinces of the Byzantine empire. But for this Asiatic invasion there would probably long since have been two great Slavonic states, — the one on the banks of the Neva, and the other on the banks of the Bosphorus, — holding each other, perhaps, in equipoise, and tending to preserve the balance of Europe. The advent of the Ottomans was a challenge to mortal duel between them and the ancient, widespread valiant race whose march they interrupted and whose boundaries they invaded.

That duel has lasted, with incomputable waste of blood and indescribable flame of hatred, for more than five centuries. Half a million of Christian youth, mostly, no doubt, of Slavic breed, have been torn from their parents and their faith to die in the ranks of the Janissaries. It is but the beginning of the awful account of sacrifice. There is no imagining the number of Servians, Bulgarians, Herzegovinians, Bosnians, Arnauts, Montenegrins, Croats, Cossacks, Poles, and Russians who have perished fighting for or against the Crescent. The story of Turkey, barren of all artistic or moral beauty, and loaded with slaughter, reminds one of those monstrous Druidic idols whose rude and worthless wicker-work was crammed full of tortured and dying men.

The conquest of the Slavic peoples of the Danubian region was by no means easy. Sometimes alone, sometimes al-

lied with Rouman communities, sometimes assisted by Magyars, Poles, and volunteers from Western Europe, they made a long struggle for independence. From the Servian defeat of Marizza, in 1363, on through the astonishing victories of the Hungarian Hunniades, down to the triumph of Amurath II. at Varna in 1444, the fortune of war was very various. At times the Christian principalities were tributary, and at times they seemed on the point of driving the Moslems into Asia. It was not until 1451, after ninety years of war, of partial submission, of insurrection, of victory and defeat, that Servia and Bosnia were completely subjugated by Mohammed II. For many years later savage Albania¹ remained in arms, now bowing its alpine head for a period, and now rising again. At last the wrestle was over, seemingly for all time. The Slavonia of the region called Turkey in Europe was all either mohammedanized or tributary. Even heroic Montenegro for a brief while endured the turbaned tax-gatherer.

But the battle between Ottoman and Slave had only commenced. The invaders had but made their way through the skirmishers of the great autochthonous race of Eastern Europe. They had thrust down and trampled over Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, etc., only to come upon Poland. After that meeting every advance had its prompt recoil. Turkey indeed flowed into Hungary, and surged for a second time as far as Vienna, and repeatedly threatened to reach the Baltic. But the astonishing valor of the Polish nobility, led by such generals as Zolkiewski and his son-in-law James Sobieski, and the renowned son of this last, John Sobieski, ruined host after host of Asiatics and checked the flight of the Crescent. We have not space to dwell upon these wonderful feats, so like the fabled adventures of Orlando and his comrades. Nor can we do more than allude to the struggles of the Hospitalers, of Venice, and of Austria against the Sublime Porte in the height of its power. Our business is with the

victors and the vanquished of the contest which has lately ended.

But before we open the subject of Russo-Turkish wars, let us glance at the martial institutions and methods of the Ottomans, partly for the purpose of knowing by what tactics and arms they won their footing in the most warlike continent of the world, and partly in order to estimate the military value of the enemy with which Russia had to measure herself.

The Turks gathered valuable lessons in warfare from their long struggle with the Byzantine emperors. From these inheritors of Roman science they learned to make vast use of earth-works, not only in siege operations, but also in fortifying camps and field positions. It was the same influence, probably, which led Sultan Orchan, about the year 1326 (more than a century before the establishment of Charles the Seventh's fifteen permanent companies of men at arms), to organize a body of disciplined and paid infantry called *Piadié*. Not long subsequently the Janissary corps was founded, partly to check the power and insolence of the *Piadié*, and partly to utilize the numbers and valor of the conquered Christian populations. Thus, after the taking of Constantinople, the Turks stood alone in Europe as possessing a stable army. The strength which they derived from these two Roman ideas, field fortification and regular infantry, can hardly be overestimated.

There was also a body of paid cavalry called the *Spahis*,—at first, like the Janissaries, merely palace guards, but, like them, gradually increased in numbers and distributed over the empire. They were supported, in part at least, by revenues derived from fiefs, which were sometimes hereditary, but more commonly bestowed for conduct and courage. It is related that, during an assault upon a fort in Hungary, one fief was granted to seven successive troopers, an eighth being lucky enough to survive and keep the prize. The weapons of the *Spahis* were two short darts, a lance, and a scimitar; after the introduction of fire-arms, the darts and lance gradually

¹ The Albanians are but partially Slavonic; some are Illyric or Epirotic

gave way to pistols. They attacked in squadrons of about fifty, at furious speed, but in good order; and this succession of swift, sharp raps has often broken the solidest European infantry. As with the Janissaries, their stipend was high and their rations abundant and choice, while the soldier of Christendom was in general irregularly paid and ill provided. They were recruited from the better class of the Moslem population, and are described by old historians as a select body of men, well educated and of gentle fashion.

Regular services of artillery, engineers, road builders, and even water carriers were also attached to the early Turkish armies; it seems as if they alone of all the nations of four hundred years ago had inherited the military wisdom of classical antiquity. On the breaking out of war they added to their paid troops an immense levy of militia, irregular infantry and cavalry, drawn from all the races of the incongruous empire, whose business it was to open the battles, to mask the manœuvres and marches, to perform scouting duty, to collect provisions, to plunder, harass, and destroy. This rambling rabble often spread dismay by causing men vastly to overestimate the strength of Turkish invasions. On the other hand, it sometimes damaged or ruined its own side by rolling back upon and disorganizing the Spahis and Janissaries. Its all-devouring and unwieldy multitude was the unscientific and defective feature of early Ottoman warfare. It was the survival of the barbarous Asiatic notion that a vast levy is a great army. Probably this traditionary confidence in mere numbers has not been without its influence in preventing the Turks from keeping pace with European peoples in the art of war.

It was not only in the ranks of the Janissaries that the ancient Sultans made use of their conquered populations. Converts were heartily welcomed. A Christian who accepted Mohammed was at once an Osmanli; if he had courage and ability he might rise to the highest positions; the result was a multitude of

recruits who did the Porte vast service. The chief of the army which besieged Rhodes, under Mohammed II., was a scion of the imperial house of Byzantium. Ibrahim, the favorite officer of the great Solyman, was a renegade. About a dozen of the best Turkish generals, and at least three of their noted admirals, came of Christian origin. Even the rank and file, at all events in Europe, must have been largely of Christian and especially of Slavonic descent. This military use of subjugated peoples has indeed been the chief spring of the conquests of the Ottomans.

In studying Ottoman fortunes one is continually reminded of Napoleon's compendious phrase: "The Turks are but encamped in Europe." They have succeeded as a camp, and only as a camp. Their political prosperity began to decline the moment that the discipline of their troops began to decay. The moral history of the Janissaries includes the physical history of the empire. At first, the education and spirit of this famous corps were of almost unparalleled excellence. They were drafted young into military establishments, and trained, as only boys can be trained, to perfection in exercise and to absolute obedience. More docile, more devoted, more laborious, more valiant soldiers were hardly ever seen. They were the perfectly trustworthy guards of the Sultan, and the enthusiastic, heroic champions of the Crescent. While this lasted, and there was no other similar force in Europe, things went wonderfully well with Turkey.

But little by little too much power and too many privileges were accorded to the Janissaries. They were allowed to marry, to bring their children into the corps, to accumulate estates, to carry on business. In the course of time they became to Turkey what the prætorian bands became to Rome. They were a rich, greedy, insolent, mutinous military aristocracy rather than an army. They claimed and established the right of deposing and appointing, not only their own chiefs, but the chiefs of the state. Between 1512 and 1808 they dethroned

four Sultans and procured the death of five, besides maltreating or destroying more aghas and viziers than one cares to count. At least as early as the opening of the seventeenth century they were practically the rulers and the robbers of Turkey. No wonder that Sir Thomas Roe, the envoy of James I. of England, described the country as exhausted by exactions, and the richest portions of it as reduced to deserts. No wonder that he anticipated Nicholas's famous simile of "the sick man" by likening the misruled empire to "an old body crazed through many vices."

During the reign of Mohammed IV. a great change took place in the constitution of the Janissary force. Up to that time it had been recruited, in theory, and for the most part in practice, by an annual levy of Christian youth; at first, one thousand per annum, and later, three thousand. But Turkey had measurably ceased to be a conquering state; there were no longer hosts of captives and of freshly subjugated peoples to draw upon; the ancient rayahs had long found this impost of children the most vexatious of all taxes; finally, the Mohammedans were envious of the honors and privileges of the Janissaries. In 1676, therefore, the recruitment of Christian boys ceased, and gave place to the voluntary enlistment of Ottomans. It was another step in the decline of the body and of the military power of the empire. Henceforward, the army was deprived of one considerable source of courage, talent, and numbers; henceforward, the Janissaries, no longer disciplined and drilled from infancy, were more disorderly and ignorant than ever.

Their insubordination, their inattention to duty, their defect of all soldierly virtues except sobriety and courage, rose at last to a height which was nothing less than ludicrous. In the latter days of the corps, if a Janissary wanted to join the field army, he did so; if not, he stayed at home and attended to his sinecure office, his investments, and his gardening. A popular war or a favorite vizier would bring out hosts of these gentlemen soldiers; a defeat, a scarcity

of plunder, or a failure of pay would disperse them again. Of course, men so untrained during peace, and so irregular in campaign service, knew almost nothing of military business. They could intrench and they could form line, and that was about all. They were so incapable and even unsuspecting of manœuvres that an attack in flank was pretty sure to confound and scatter them; and it was one of their complaints that the cowardly infidels were always up to that sneaking game, instead of fighting an honorable front battle. As for their guard and scouting duty, it was performed in such a manner that their camps were frequently carried by surprise. When Prince Eugene, in the dusk of an August morning (1716), led fifty thousand Austrians to assault one hundred and fifty thousand Turks, he got into their position before he knew it. There were no videttes, and the sentries were asleep.

It was largely owing to the establishment of this insolent and conceited military corporation that the Turks came to learn nothing new in the arts of warfare, and even to forget much that they had known, including field movements and gunnery. Prince Eugene, in his curious memoirs, makes some instructive comments on their ignorance and stupidity. It appears that the Janissaries formed line in isolated platoons, without a second line to cover the intervals of the first, and usually without reserves. In the battle of Peterwardein he noticed, as an unusual circumstance, that large bodies were drawn up in the position of supports; but he adds that they appeared to be forgotten during the combat, and were not brought into action. We may fairly infer that in many Turkish battles a great part of their force never fought at all, so that their superior numbers availed them nothing. The great prince, by the way, speaks respectfully of Ottoman courage, and especially of the dash and adroitness of the Spahis. Indeed, he gives it as his opinion that, if they would only learn to use supporting lines and properly to handle reserves, still keeping their mode

of attacking violently in small bodies, "with that devilish yell of *Allah hu*," they would be invincible.

As for Turkish armament, it had always one serious defect, — the lack of a thrusting weapon. The Ottoman's idea of arms was from the first limited to a sabre and a missile. In early times he had a sabre and a bow; in later periods, a sabre and a musket, or pistols. He never used the pike in the days of its predominance, nor for a long time would he adopt the bayonet, nor has he ever learned to handle it. In the sieges of Rhodes and Malta, the Hospitalers constantly cleared the slashing Janissaries out of the breaches with half-pikes. In 1664 Montecuculi, winner of the great victory of St. Gothard, noted the entire lack of the pike, which he considered "the queen of weapons," as a fatal defect in Turkish armament. It is a matter of common notoriety that to the bayonet the Russians owe many of their triumphs over the Crescent.

Such is a brief — far too brief — and perhaps altogether insufficient view of the military peculiarities of the Ottomans during their loftiest prosperity and during the commencement of their decline. Let us now return to their encounter with the mightiest member of that great Slavic group of peoples with whom they necessarily closed in mortal wrestle when they invaded the east of Europe.

In 1492, one hundred and thirty-six years after the crossing of the Helle-spont, and thirty-nine years later than the fall of Constantinople, the fatal name of Russia makes its first appearance in Turkish chronicle. In that memorable year, while Columbus was on his way to a new world, the Grand Duke Ivan, father of the terrible Ivan who first assumed the title of Czar, sent a letter to Sultan Bajazet II., complaining of Turkish exactions upon Russian merchants, and proposing diplomatic intercourse between the two governments. Three years later, his ambassador, Michael Plettschieff, arrived in Constantinople, claiming precedence over the envoys of all other Christian monarchs, refusing to bend the knee to the chief of the faith-

ful, and otherwise carrying himself so haughtily that Bajazet "blushed at the thought of submitting to such rudeness."

Russia was then a wild region of some seven hundred thousand square miles, inhabited by no one knows how many millions of semi-barbarians. Its famous Strelitsi (musketeers), or permanent soldiers, were not instituted until fifty-three years later, and its troops were still "men without all order in the field," who "ran hurling on heaps." Its long battle to throw off the tribute imposed by the descendants of Genghis Khan was as yet undecided. But even at this time it seems to have cherished some vague claims upon the throne of Constantinople. Ivan III. had espoused the last surviving princess of the Byzantine house, and assumed as his cognizance the double-headed eagle of the Byzantine emperors, — the eagle which has lately entered in triumph the defenses of Stamboul.

After this first act of political intercourse there came long peace between two natural enemies who could not get at each other. The Muscovites delivered themselves from Tartar tribute, overcame and destroyed the Tartar khanates of Kasan and Astrakhan, and waged with the Tartars of the Crimea many wars, so various in fortune that as late as 1571 these last stormed and sacked Moscow. Little by little, however, they forced their laborious way to the Euxine and Caspian, and there fell into small scufflings with the Turks for the possession of harbors and sea-side fortresses. In 1646 there was fighting around Azof, in which the Ottoman garrison repulsed a Muscovite attack, taking eight hundred heads and four hundred prisoners. In 1670, not far from Astrakhan, Russians dislodged a detachment of Turks who were intrenching a position on the Volga with the intent of commanding the commerce of that mighty river.

It was not until 1674, in the days of Sobieski and of Mohammed IV., that the two-headed Eagle and the Crescent met each other in set combat. Poland, Turkey, and Russia all claimed dominion

over the Ukraine. The Poles held it; the Turks were besieging them out of it; the Czar Alexis led a hundred thousand men to seize it. There was a battle, the first of hundreds, — the first, perhaps, of thousands. A considerable column of Ottomans was defeated and well-nigh destroyed by the Muscovites. The indignant Mohammed, gathering all his mingled multitudes, marched against the victors, and drove them back to their wilderness.

But the war continued. Year after year swarms of Russians descended into the Ukraine. In 1677 they gained a notable victory over the famous Vizier Kara Mustapha; in 1678 they were badly beaten, but still fought on. Even then, as an old traveler tells us, “of all the princes of Christendom there was none whom the Turks so much dreaded as the Czar of Muscovy.” They were perhaps impressed by his power of bringing into the field great numbers of men. He met them in their own grandiose fashion, the innumerable against the innumerable. Kara Mustapha eventually came to believe that it would be easier to capture Vienna than to hold the Ukraine; and in 1681 the Porte ceded that nest of Cossacks to Alexis, thus closing ingloriously its first war with Russia.

The next contest between the two powers took place in 1694, during the reign of Peter the Great. Peter had not yet taken his strange journey abroad, nor destroyed his unmanageable prætorians, the Strelitsi. But he was already an innovator: he had raised a few regiments on the German model; he wanted civilization and commerce; he wanted a sea-coast. It occurred to him that alien and infidel Turkey, at that time struggling desperately with Austria, Venice, and Poland, might easily be robbed of a few harbors. He marched with a great army against Azof; but the Ottoman artillery, directed by a German deserter, far overmatched the Russian; the Czar lost thirty thousand men, and had to break up the siege. Next year he reappeared, with civilized tactics throughout, with a respectable

navy, with engineers and gunners borrowed from Holland and Germany, and with a German for commander. At the end of two months of intelligent besieging, Azof fell into his hands. Little more of note occurred during the war, and it ended in 1698 with the general peace of Carlowitz, the Czar retaining his coveted sea-port and the adjacent territory, and grumbling loudly because he could have no more. Already the Western powers were beginning to watch with anxiety the growth of Russia, and to say to each other that she must not be allowed to grasp overmuch of Ottoman dominion. Already the Porte, beaten by Peter, beaten by Venice, beaten dreadfully by Prince Eugene, began to be regarded in the light of a “sick man.”

This, very briefly, is the history of Russo-Turkish affairs from 1492 to 1698. There had been various local skirmishings and two set struggles for territory, the Muscovites always taking the aggressive, always fighting with the aid of other nations, always gaining ground. During these two centuries, Christian Europe, not excepting Russia, had advanced immensely in population, wealth, civilization, and military skill. Meanwhile, there had fallen upon the Ottoman race and rulers one of those strange blights of intellectual and moral force which so often arrest and bring to decadence a formidable people. The valor of Poles and Germans, the genius of Sobieski and Prince Eugene, had checked their expansion, exposed the tactical feebleness of their armies, and prepared the way for the assaults of the great reserve column of Slavonia.

Every one knows the rest. We have not space even to sketch the great combatings of reformed and civilized Russia with decadent Turkey. The temporary check of the campaign of the Pruth in 1711; the sanguinary but ineffective war of Anne and her ferocious Münnich in 1736–39; the first war of Catherine, lasting from 1769 to 1774, and distinguished by the victories of Romanzow, Dolgoroucki, and Weissman; the second war of Catherine, opening in 1787 and clos-

ing in 1792, with vast glory to Repnin, Kutusoff, and marvelous Suwarrow; the minor struggle of 1806, renewed in 1809, and ending in 1812, with small profit for much cost of blood; the remarkable contest of 1828-29, in which for the first time Russia made Stamboul tremble for itself; the gigantic wrestle of 1853-55, disastrous to the Slave through the interference of the Teutonic and Latin races,—all these trappings and shocks of Muscovite and Ottoman are too well known and too vast to be treated here.

We cannot relate; we can only comment. What strikes one as most wonderful is that from so many victories so little should result. The clumsy generalship and miserably appointed armies of the Moslems continually went down before the military science, vast preparation, and disciplined solidity of the Christians. Yet rarely did it happen that at the end of many defeats Turkey ceded any considerable breadth of territory. The marvel is the greater because the Porte has had other enemies besides the Muscovites. In the time of Munich, and again in the time of Suwarrow, Austria, to her bloody cost, combined with Russia in schemes for the partition of the Ottoman empire. In 1804-6 the Servians (with their own unaided hands) laid the foundations of their freedom. The successes of the Diebitsch war were prepared and furthered by the insurrection of Greece and the naval catastrophe of Navarino. It was not through Nicholas alone, but partly through the action of the Western powers, that Roumania gained her mediate independence. Russia can indeed claim that her arms have been the primal cause of every privilege secured by the Christian subjects of the Porte, and that but for her there might have been no emancipation for Moldavia and Wallachia, or even for Serbia and Greece. But what she had won in bare conquest, up to a year ago, was little more than the Ukraine, and a desolate region on the north of the Euxine, and another wilderness at the southern base of the Caucasus.

One is reminded of Voltaire's bright

remark, that "it is easier to beat the Turks in the field than to take territory from them." No doubt of it; but why? It is true that, while the Ottoman has declined in military art, he has retained abundantly not only that untutored courage which suffices to defend ramparts, but also a great stock of moral courage; it is true that, after disastrous, humiliating, and seemingly disheartening overthrows, he has been ready to send forth fresh armies and fight on with wearying perseverance. Yet this is not all that has saved him hitherto from serious spoliation, and perhaps from complete conquest. The proud boast that during five hundred years no enemy had ever seen his capital would long since have been silenced but for the jealousy of Western Europe against Russia. Over and over again, in the past, the Teutonic and Latin races have checked the march of the Slave toward the Bosphorus. To-day they have not interfered; and there, after a struggle of centuries, he stands triumphant; there he stands, with what purpose and ultimate result we know not.

What will happen in humiliated Turkey it is so impossible to foresee that it seems like folly to attempt the part of a prophet. What should happen, it appears to me, is precisely what would have happened if the Ottomans had never broken into the natural tendencies of Christian Europe. There should be a Slavo-Roumanian confederation or empire, perhaps inclusive of Greece, extending from the Euxine and the Archipelago to the Adriatic, and dividing with Russia the dominion of the eastern part of the continent. England ought not to object to such a result, and it is her interest to favor it. Of what consequence is this Eastern Question to her compared with its dire and solemn stress upon the Slave? Moreover, with a free, youthful nation in Constantinople, a nation which fifty years of peace and good government might increase to thirty millions of souls, her Indian possessions would be safer from Russian inroad than they are even now. Such a nation the Western states of Europe

could willingly protect and upbuild. But what civilized, Christian people can give a hearty, and therefore really effective hand to the continuance of Tartar and Moslem?

There is no hope of strength or of reform in the Sublime Porte. "The Turks are but encamped in Europe." It would almost seem that they had invented this phrase, and had been altogether guided by it in their state-craft. They have held their domain as a commander holds a besieged city; they have sacrificed the welfare of the burgher to the success of the garrison; they have cared only for present safety, and nothing for future welfare. The government, the ruling class, the Ottomans, have been sustained at no matter what cost. The subjects, and especially the Christian subjects, have been neglected, thrust aside in scorn, stripped by the maddest taxation, and still farther stripped by official brigandage.

What Turkish intelligence and honesty in financial matters have amounted to may be judged by the fact that the piaster, which began life as a Spanish dollar, is now worth less than five cents. The prosperity of the commercial classes and the general wealth of the country have probably diminished in the same ratio with the depreciation of the currency. The government has lived on debased money, plunder, and corruption. Amurath IV.—and the case was not singular—left three hundred and sixty millions in French gold, mainly obtained by the sale of offices. Imagine what must have been the extortion and thievery, what must have been the selling of justice and the doing of injustice, in a civil service thus managed! Long since would such a government have fallen to ruin had not Western Europe held it essential to its balance of power. Now that it no longer secures that equilibrium, shall it be suffered to continue its harassings and wastings?

I find it impossible to have patience with the idea that the Ottomans should remain where they are. They have been more than five centuries in Europe, and they have done it naught but evil. They

have learned nothing from the Aryan race, and that race has learned nothing from them. It is difficult to comprehend how a people, even though armored in a hostile faith, could abide so long among European peoples and acquire so little of their ways of thinking, feeling, acting, and being. One is tempted to infer that ethnic differences reach deeper than the shape and color of man; that they must be ingrained for all time in his moral and intellectual nature. In this case of the Turk, conversion seems impossible. To expel him will be easier than to make him one of us,—far easier, surely, than to endure him as he has been, and is.

Let me insist upon this opposition of the Ottoman nature to the European. He shuts up and enslaves woman as no people of our kindred ever did, not even the men of remotest known antiquity. He is utterly incapable of discerning the nobleness of that classic literature which every Western race accepts as its perfect example of eloquence and beauty. He sees nothing worth preserving in Grecian sculpture, or in Grecian and Roman architecture, or in any fashion of painting. He held the Parthenon for ages, only to make it a mark for his bullets. Over the ruins of Ilium and a hundred other famed cities, illustrious in the story of humanity, he trampled for centuries, and would seemingly have trampled for an eternity, without knowing more of them than the beasts which pastured there. Of the brotherhood of man he has had no conception, or he has boorishly and inhumanly denied it. As he has felt no interest in the heroic past, so he has exhibited no care for the economic future. Upon the fairest lands of earth, upon the nursing places of the eldest civilizations, he has sat like an accursed Afreet, unsympathetic and noxious, making of them abodes of ignorance and sorrow, and failing little of turning them into deserts.

One manly virtue he has: he is brave, —as brave as a Sioux or a Maori; yes, and very nearly as savage. In former wars with Christians he cut off heads and ears as trophies. In this war he has butchered the wounded, tortured prisoners, violated women, executed unarmed

populations, and refused to his victims the decorum of burial. Even his bravery has been in no manner a benefit to humanity, not even as a stimulus to valiant self-devotion for others. What European or American youth will ever die for a great cause with more willingness or more exaltation of soul because of the example of such courageous brute beasts as the defenders of Plevna, the murderers of captives? As well think of winning men to chivalry through the contemplation of a man-eating tiger, or a wolf at bay. It is true that centuries ago our own forefathers were needlessly ferocious. But it *was* centuries ago. And here, in our age of protean compassion, in the light of the gentlest civilization that earth has known, the Turk is Modoc enough to bury alive brave foes taken in battle.

He is too inconvertible. As a ruler, if not also as an abider, he will have to be got rid of. Sooner or later, — and the sooner the better for mankind, — Europe will decide that he must abdicate or perish. There is no hope of bettering him; he is a non-Aryan, a non-Christian, a barbarian in fibre of heart and brain; the longer he is kept among us, the more antagonistic and intolerable he will seem. For six hundred years he has dwelt in the gardens of the Lord and at the gates of the temple of knowledge, leaving all things the worse for his inhabitation, and himself the worse for it, also. His darkness of mind has actually increased in proportion to the spreading of light all about him. Early in the sixteenth century his viziers commanded and his admirals executed surveys of the Mediterranean and the Indian seas. Within the past hundred years they have been known to deny that Englishmen could sail from Madras to Suez, and that Russians could sail from Cronstadt to the Hellespont.

Yes, the Ottoman is a less instructed, less able, less admirable being than he was before Italy rediscovered art and literature, or Guttenberg made the education of peoples possible, or Columbus doubled the empire of knowledge and civilization. One cannot but come back

upon this idea, — the hopeless inconvertibility and retrogression of the creature, the perverse tendency in him to grow worse instead of better. Surely, the careful upbuilding of a Slavo-Roumanian empire, of a Christian and cultured nation capable of order and political morality and self-supporting development, would be a labor worthy the extremest effort of the Germanic and Latin races, and worthy the magnanimous good-will of Russia.

It will be a day of jubilee for Europe when the only Asiatic horde remaining on her soil shall be driven forth from it, or at least deprived of all power therein. Her cunning hand will then be set free to repair the damage which has come upon one of her most fruitful regions through five centuries of desolating tyranny. No hope there of justice and industry and prosperity, no hope for art and literature and science and the graces of life, no hope even of continental content and tranquillity, until this redemption is accomplished. One can almost imagine the waste places of that Orient land pleading for deliverance. It needs no imagination to hear the supplications of the peoples who inhabit its enforced sterility. It needs but small knowledge of history to hear the generations of the trampled past swelling the prayer with their imprecations. Let Europe avenge in one merciful blow the long waste of man's industry and earth's fertility; avenge the groans of countless captives, degraded, broken-hearted, worn to death in bondage; avenge all the Christian blood which has been poured out upon the track of the Crescent, — the blood of the Hospitalers who fell in the breaches of Rhodes and Tripoli and Malta; the blood of noble Venetians, which has stained unnumbered ramparts and many waters; the blood of Greek and Austrian and Servian and Montenegrin and Pole and Russian.

If it be really true, as one may surely hope, that we see the near coming of the end of Ottoman misrule in Europe, no man can overstate the importance and sublimity of the events now transacting there in field or in council. The noblest

of continents freed at last from clownish invasion, and from the blighting influences of a hopelessly barbaric race; the illustrious mother of Aryan men, the chief light and strength and glory of the world, the parent of the highest culture and art and law, delivered altogether to her own incomparable children, — how

can the most eloquent tongue or pen do justice to this magnificent hope and possibility? A few disjointed words, just enough merely to hint our longings and emotions, — a burst of thanks and praise, hardly stammered in any comprehensible fashion, — and perhaps the greatest soul could utter no more.

THE LOBBY: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

THE lobby is an institution peculiar to America. Of course, in all countries where there are parliamentary bodies there must be attempts to influence their action in the interest of private objects. But in no other country have these attempts taken a permanent and organized form. In forty state capitals during three months in the year, and in Washington during every session of Congress, the lobby is in full force. In other words, during about a quarter of the entire year an active and powerful, though indeterminate, body devotes itself to watching, furthering, or opposing the work the legislature is called into existence to do, and which it is supposed to do without supervision of any kind. Such a phenomenon as this is witnessed nowhere else in the civilized world, and must be due to social or political causes well worth examination. If we may argue, however, from the remedy usually proposed for the evil (for the lobby is always spoken of as an evil), it has been as yet very superficially examined. It is generally insisted that the true way to make the lobby disappear is for the lobbyists to stop lobbying, to leave Congress and the legislatures and their committees alone, and to go home and mind their own business. The suggestion that such a thing is practicable is very much akin to the suggestion that the evils of municipal government may be cured by the "good citizens" going to the "pri-

maries," and so controlling them. It is no doubt the duty of good citizens to attend to their political duties; and legislative bodies ought to be of such a high character as to be able to dispose of all business that comes before them without submitting to any influence from the outside, of such a kind as is usually supposed to be brought to bear by the lobby. But the truth is that good citizens will not go to primaries in large cities habitually, while the "bad citizen" will devote his whole time and all his energies to the work; and so the lobbyist will not go home and attend to his own business, and the legislative body will go on being influenced by him. The existence of the lobby is a political fact; and before we can get rid of it, or even understand how far it is desirable to get rid of it, we must acquaint ourselves with its causes.

The first thing to be ascertained with regard to the lobby is the cause of its existence. Fortunately, this is not remote or difficult to get at. The lobby is produced by private claims on the government. Without claims there would, no doubt, still be matters in which private interests would cause active pressure upon legislation: so long as we have a protective tariff, each protected furnace or factory will clamor for its proper share of government patronage; so long as we have subsidized railroads and steamships, railroads and steam-

ships will demand subsidies. But were civic protection and subsidies at an end, there would still be a powerful lobby, for there would still be multitudinous "claims" of all sorts, meritorious and sham, upon the government, representing thousands of millions of dollars, and pressed by claimants and the attorneys and the agents of claimants. It is the lobby so far as it is brought into existence by demands of this nature—and so far as it is related to legislation at Washington—that it is proposed to consider here. A great deal that is true of Washington is true of the state capitals; but it is more convenient to confine our attention to a single branch of the subject.

There are now before Congress, and there are always before Congress, private claims to the amount of many thousands of millions of dollars; it would be idle to attempt to estimate the exact amount. These have grown out of every imaginable transaction in which a government can take part: some arise from the receipt of money by the treasury; some under foreign treaties; some out of wrongful acts by government officials; others out of the mere fact that the government has money to distribute. Now, all these claims have to go through a process of the most cumbrous kind before they can be admitted or rejected by the government. They must, on the one hand, all be introduced into the house or senate (or both) by some member; they must all be referred to the proper committee; they must all be examined by the committee; a favorable report must be followed by favorable legislation in both houses, and the approval of the president. On the other hand, there is no certainty of their going through this process at all; the committee may not consider the matter at all, they may not report, the two houses may not agree, the president may not sign; years may go on, and they may still be before Congress without any conclusion having been reached.

So far as claims are concerned, Congress is a court whose jurisdiction is the most extensive and whose methods

of procedure are the most cumbrous in the world.

In an ordinary court, in which suits are tried between private individuals, the objects chiefly kept in view in establishing the method of procedure are simplicity and rapidity. The plaintiff or claimant states his case; the defendant replies, denying or admitting his statements; an issue of law or fact is reached, and this issue is tried on oral or written testimony. The case once begun goes on as fast as the pressure of business permits, until a decision one way or the other is reached.

Nothing of this sort takes place in Congress. If the congressional system of adjudicating matters in dispute between the government and private persons had been designed to insure slowness and complexity, it could not have been better contrived. Here the claimant must prove his case, not simply to a judge or jury, but to a huge court composed of numerous members, chosen not for their judicial characteristics, but for political reasons; not to determine claims as such, but to legislate upon matters of general interest. His immediate relations are with a committee of this body, selected, possibly, with a more direct view to the adjudication of private demands, but which may try his case in any way they see fit. They are governed by no rules. They sit both as a court and as a jury. They may follow the law in adjudicating matters which come before them, or amend it, or pervert it. They may send for as many witnesses, or as few, as they please. They may listen, or they may not listen to argument. They may insist on written arguments, or may leave it to the choice of claimants. A committee of Congress has a jurisdiction more comprehensive than that of any judicial tribunal, possessing powers as arbitrary as those of an Eastern *cadi*, using them at its pleasure, subject to no restraint but its own sense of decency and justice.

At Washington, every claim must go through two bodies of this sort, and through two houses of which these bodies are the selected representatives, be-

fore any legislation, or, in other words, before any judicial decision, can be obtained; and even after this, the president still sits as a higher court, to sign or to veto.

This is no fancy picture. In fact, the case is understated, because, in many cases, the same claim may be referred to more than one committee of each house; but taking the matter in its simplest form, it will be seen that Congress, regarded as a court, presents an unparalleled spectacle of judicial confusion and uncertainty. To take a simple instance, let us imagine a claimant attempting to recover money from the government under a treaty with some foreign nation. The United States has received from Mexico a sum of money which this claimant is entitled to have, and which he cannot obtain without legislation. Were the government a private individual, he would immediately bring a suit in some court, have the matter tried and determined, and judgment would issue for the amount he should recover. But his dealings are not with a private person, but with his own government. He finds, therefore, that he has first to proceed to Washington and make the acquaintance of some member of Congress, through whom he may introduce a bill recognizing the justice of the demand. This bill must be drawn either by the claimant himself or by some one skilled in such matters. As a rule, he finds that the member of Congress representing his district will gladly introduce his bill; but here his difficulties have only just begun. His bill is referred to the judiciary committee of the house, — a body composed of some dozen lawyers, selected by the speaker, from different parts of the Union, who hold their sittings at their own pleasure; none of whom the claimant knows, but about some of whom he may have heard scandalous reports, which incline him to be somewhat skeptical as to their entire impartiality. He applies for a hearing before the committee, and is assigned a day for it. When the day arrives, he finds that only a few members of the committee are present; perhaps those

of the least consequence and weight. In the mean time he understands that the bill of a rival claimant has been introduced in the senate and referred to the judiciary committee of that body. Knowing that the passage of this bill would be fatal to his own, he immediately goes through the same process in the senate which he has just been through in the house. He, too, has a bill introduced there, and there referred to the judiciary committee; and there, too, he applies for a hearing. This committee, however, he finds never grants an oral hearing, but he is permitted to file a brief if he pleases. Here we have already two committees of this high court at work on the same subject, each belonging to a different body, each governed by different rules, neither having the slightest communication with the other, and neither chosen for their fitness to decide the question or familiarity with it. If the claimant has not by this time come to the conclusion that he must acquire the politico-legal art of which he has heard so much, — the art of lobbying, — he does shortly afterwards, when one of his bills is reported favorably in the house, and the other adversely in the senate. He now begins to understand that the business of procuring legislation in Congress, even in the case of a just demand, is one of considerable difficulty, and if he is a wise man he sees that he must meet the difficulty in the usual way. In other words, he begins at once to lobby.

When we say that he begins to lobby, we do not mean that he begins to bribe or to corrupt members of Congress, but that instead of simply presenting facts and arguments to the court which is to try his case, he begins to use every means that ingenuity can suggest, that his position in the world will command, and that his conscience will admit, to secure favorable action. If he is a scrupulous man he will confine him to scrupulous means; if he is unscrupulous, he will not. To lobby is to do this; a lobbyist is one who does this; the lobby is the body, the members of which are continually engaged in this sort of work.

To make this clearer, let us suppose that the claim is an unjust one; that the claimant knows very well that it is so. Thoroughly familiar with the facts with regard to the constitution of the court before which he is to present it, he begins his operations at the earliest possible moment. Before the appointment of the judiciary committee, he brings influence to bear upon the speaker for the purpose of inducing him to appoint on it some person or persons whom he knows to be favorable to it; that is to say, he tries to pack his court. This may be done, without actual corruption, through political influence or personal favor. If he can in this way secure in advance a favorable decision, he has obviously an enormous advantage over the holder of a just claim who uses no such means. Knowing that his claim is unjust, but knowing also that his friends on the committee will be able by a specious argument to advocate its passage, he gives himself no further anxiety about the result, but allows the committee to do its own work. Now the longer a person who has a just claim is before Congress, the more he is tempted and forced to adopt the method of procedure naturally adapted to the case of unjust claims. If he does not, he is at a great disadvantage. If he neglects to use all the influence at his command, political or personal, he lags behind those claimants who use this influence. He soon finds that instead of evidence and argument, as in ordinary cases, being most important, one very useful means of advancing his case is that sort of influence which reputable lawyers avoid even the appearance of bringing to bear upon judges.

But in what position is the government placed in all this? At first it may seem as if it were amply protected from unjust claims, because the petition is addressed to itself, and it is itself the judge. If this were true, it would be an argument against the continuance of the present system rather than in its favor. If a committee of Congress really combines the functions of judge and attorney for the government, it is a body or-

ganized in violation of two fundamental maxims of justice: that judge and counsel shall not be united in the same person, and that no one shall be judge in his own case. No doubt, in many instances, committees do protect the government in a certain sense. It may be stated as a general proposition that legislative bodies and their committees are governed by one of two opposite passions, — a passion for economy, and a passion for lavish expenditure. In this they reflect usually the general temper of the people, as it from time to time changes. From the end of the war to the panic of 1873, for instance, Congress was under the influence of the latter passion. Everything that was asked for was given. Railroads were presented with vast tracts of land; steamships were subsidized; claims paid with a free hand. But since 1873 a tide of economy has swept over the country and Congress, and has produced in the minds of committees a general disinclination to pay any claim, however just. For the last two or three years, hundreds of deserving persons have suffered as serious damage through the spirit of economy which has seized upon Congress as hundreds of other deserving persons did by its passion for waste before. It should be observed, too, that the moment this spirit of economy takes possession of the people, congressmen have a direct personal interest in yielding to it, even at the expense of great injustice. They know that their constituents are opposed to the expenditure of public money, and that much cheap political capital can be made by a simple refusal to pay all claims. It is easy to "point with pride" to a congressional record which does not contain a single vote requiring taxes to carry it into effect; and such a record, when the public is in an economical mood, needs no explanation. But to vote to pay even just claims under such circumstances, to vote to take money out of the treasury to give it to private persons merely because they have a right to demand it, — this requires no ordinary amount of political courage. The situation has been witnessed over and over again in the

Southern States since the close of the war. Large debts had been created by governments hated by the majority of the people of wealth and intelligence; and as soon as the carpet-bag governments were overturned, and the whites regained possession of affairs, great haste was made to get rid of the incubus. In many cases the claims against the States represented by these debts were no doubt fraudulent and void. The bonds had been issued without clear authority, or in violation of the constitution, and the holders had notice of the defect. In other cases the bonds were issued regularly, and came into the hands of innocent holders, as any other government security does. Which bonds were valid and which invalid were questions of fact and law requiring for their determination a full examination by some judicial tribunal. In one State millions of bonds were involved in a dispute of this kind. But the method adopted of dealing with this delicate question was so unsatisfactory that the matter is, in many instances, still unsettled. The method was exactly that resorted to at Washington in the case of claims, — that of investigation by a legislative committee. In one of these cases the legislature had just been elected, and it was a legislature pledged to do all in its power to lessen the burdens pressing upon its constituents, to lighten taxes, and to reduce the debt. All the members of the body who had any political ambition and looked forward to a reelection felt that their chance of continuance in office depended greatly on the success with which they could deal with the question of the public debt. The committees to which the matter was referred were of course swayed by these feelings, and entered upon their examination filled with prejudice and passion. The repudiation of a great part of the bonds was a foregone conclusion. The result was that no bondholder regarded the settlement of the question by the legislature as of the slightest weight. The State, knowing that the examination of the question in dispute had been conducted in a spirit which made the proceedings a burlesque,

immediately capped the climax by incorporating into its constitution a provision forbidding any recognition of the debt repudiated by the legislature. The bondholders, on the other hand, at once went to work to upset the decision. Instead of the act, incorporated into the constitution as it is, being regarded as a finality, a new constitutional convention, held last summer, witnessed a new attempt to reopen the whole subject; and some of the ablest men in the State insisted that the matter ought to be sent to the courts. The State in question is now, from month to month, the butt of public attacks on its credit. Here we see the system in full operation, — carpet-bag waste offset by anti-carpet-bag injustice, and the unfortunate creditor of the State ground between the two. Precisely the same sort of thing is frequently occurring at Washington. Only winter before last, a committee on appropriations earned some very convenient political capital by neglecting to include in its bill a judgment in favor of a claimant, actually rendered against the United States by a court of competent jurisdiction. Such cases as these show that whenever the tide of public feeling runs very strong in the direction of economy, it may, in a certain sense protect the government; but it does so at the expense of even-handed justice.

But in most cases, especially when the government most needs protection, — that is, when the tide of public feeling sets in the direction of liberality or lavish expenditure, — it is not protected at all. The direct interest which a committee of Congress, or even a house of Congress, have in the exact ascertainment and protection of the rights of the government is extremely small. Knowing that they share the responsibility of any legislation with a large body, and that no part of it can ever be traced definitely to them, their feeling that they will ever be held accountable for legislation contrary to the pecuniary interests of the government is reduced to a minimum; and hence the common spectacle of claims passing Congress and paid out of the treasury on the recom-

recommendations of committees, when were the matter between private individuals no single member of the committee would recommend a settlement.

In ordinary suits in which public interests are involved, the government is protected, not by the judge, who under a sound system is unbiased, but by the presence of its own attorneys. In congressional claims, the court is supposed to perform both functions in itself, — an irregular and improper fusion of duties, and one, too, which practically either produces a partisan judge who will not listen to just claims, or leaves the government without any protection whatever.

A court of this character may naturally be expected to produce a bar of a peculiar sort. The lobby is this bar, composed of attorneys and claimants in person who are engaged in prosecuting demands of all sorts to a final hearing. All the mental and moral attributes of the lobby are closely connected with these facts. It is not a bar of a very high order. It has not the self-respect which characterizes a bar practicing before an ordinary judicial tribunal. It makes its way by persistence rather than by dignified argument, and gains its cases by means which will not always bear examination.

It will be seen, however, from what has gone before, that the lobby ought not to be regarded by any means as an unmixed evil. It is rather a rough remedy provided against the injustice of government. It is produced by that injustice, and with the end of it would itself come to an end. It is, no doubt, full of evil. Its common reputation, the denunciation of it in the press, the fact that its importunities frequently lead to its exclusion from the presence of Congress, — all these things go to show that it cannot be regarded as anything but an unfortunate and bad result of our system of government. But it is that system itself, and not the lobby, which is the cause of the evils. The government has chosen to provide, not a simple, but a most inconvenient way of adjudicating all claims against it. If the govern-

ment, instead of desiring to do justice, had for its object wrong and oppression, it could not have contrived a better means of effecting it than by the congressional method of adjudicating claims. In revenge for this defiance of the best settled principles of justice, it is besieged by a third house, which, in a rude manner, meets this injustice by importunate pressure, by chicane, intrigue, and even corruption.

The cause of the lobby, then, is to be found in claims against the government. But why are claims against the government prosecuted before Congress? It is because the maxim of the law which prevents the government being sued by private persons in its own courts makes Congress the only body which can dispose of them. Obviously, if all claims which are now presented to the house or senate were enforceable in the courts, all this business would cease.

When we come to consider what means may be taken to remedy this state of things, we are first struck with the fact that in other countries the evils do not exist, at any rate to the extent that they prevail here. What steps have been taken to prevent them? There are two reforms which have been introduced elsewhere, and we may rely upon it that they must be introduced here if we are to see any improvement. The first of these relates to the method of procedure. There may be said to be at present no method of procedure at all. A committee of Congress, as has been just pointed out, does what it pleases. It is entirely outside of and above the law. Of course the committees of both houses are to a great degree governed by the practice of former committees, but they are not bound by it in any way. They are not even bound by their own decisions. There are no fixed rules as to who may or may not be a witness, who may or may not make an argument, how testimony shall be taken, or how many hearings shall be given on one subject. In every new case all these points are decided *de novo*. They are, every lawyer knows, vital points. The absence of all laws and fixed regulations as to them leads to

the greatest confusion, and sometimes to worse. In a very important case, for instance, during the past winter, a gentleman was introduced at a hearing of a committee, and at the request of the member who introduced him proceeded to make a statement about the origin and legal aspect of certain claims before it. It was not stated by anybody, nor was he asked, whether he appeared as an unbiased witness or as a paid attorney, and yet of course it made the greatest possible difference whether he was retained or appeared voluntarily as a sort of *amicus curie*. The judiciary committee of the senate has what is supposed to be a rigid rule forbidding oral argument, but this is relaxed if the committee deem it advisable.

As many of the committees are frequently hearing claims, they sit as a legislative court during a great part of the time, and a bar springs up about them, composed of attorneys who make it a business to press claims. This bar is without rules of admission, or regulations of any kind. It comprises some very excellent lawyers, and some of the lowest of legal types. In fact, it is rather an abuse of language to call it a bar, for claimants may appear in person, and no proof of fitness of any kind is required for admission to it. But owing to the peculiar traits of the body before which it practices, it ought to be of a very high character, and admission to it ought to be carefully guarded. In ordinary courts of justice, a great many abuses are prevented by the professional training and sense of dignity of the judges; and the practices of attorneys are watched with care by them in order that the dignity and reputation of their court may not suffer. But a committee of Congress, with its brief term of office and slight sense of responsibility, pays little attention to such matters; hence unscrupulous attorneys have all sorts of license and opportunities which they would not have in any ordinary court.

Much of this may be remedied by legislation. In England what is known as parliamentary practice is regulated by law, like any other. Lawyers who desire

to practice before committees, or to promote legislation, must be regularly admitted, as they would have to be at Westminster Hall. Proceedings before committees are regulated by law, like those before court. Something of this sort will have to be introduced at Washington.

Of all classes who would be benefited by a change of the present system, none are more deeply interested than members of the bar; for no class suffers more than they from the want of system. There is a common impression that lawyers who practice before legislative committees are a poor set at the best, and that it makes little difference to the profession at large how they are treated. Nothing could be further from the truth. The amounts of money at stake are so great, and the interests involved so important, that lawyers of high standing and acknowledged ability are continually retained to make arguments before committees of the two houses. But it is also true that the absence of all tests of admission to practice enables lawyers of a very different sort to gain an equal footing, — lawyers who are neither educated nor scrupulous, and, worse than this, who are retained because their want of education and their unscrupulousness makes them useful.

That men of this sort should be given an equal standing with lawyers of conscience, learning, and a high sense of professional honor is an outrage. It tends, of course, to lower the whole grade of practice, for professional morality will as surely as water seek a general level. Such a state of affairs exists nowhere except in legislative practice. In the courts there is always some protection of the pure and enlightened administration of justice by rules of admission, — rules prescribed by the legislature and enforced by some regular tribunal. The code of professional training and capacity may not always be very high, but there is always some code. Besides this, the behavior of lawyers when engaged in practice is watched by the courts, and misdemeanor of any kind punished. Everywhere the necessity of a code is rec-

ognized except at Washington. There, in these important legislative courts, known as committees, no system exists.

But no mere reform of procedure would wholly remedy the evil. The fundamental requisite is to get the great body of the claims away from Congress altogether, and throw them into the courts where they can be decided precisely as disputes between private individuals are decided. For some reason, this proposition strikes the political mind in this country with horror; a bill for the purpose has, however, been introduced in the present Congress, and there is said to be some hope of its passage. Sooner or later we must come to this, if we desire to see the evils remedied which we deplore in the existence of the "lobby." The only objection to it arises from an idea that a government which lets itself be sued like a private person in the courts loses something of its dignity, and in some way endangers its power or prestige. That this should be urged in any country which has inherited English laws is a singular proof of the survival of prejudice; for there is no more ancient maxim of our system than that of the responsibility of all officers connected with the government for their wrongful acts, — a responsibility theoretically far more dangerous to prestige and dignity than a corporate responsibility in money demands. Any citizen may bring his suit against any one connected with the government for an injury, and recover damages; and yet when it is proposed to extend this responsibility to the government itself in its corporate capacity, and make the United States suable like a private corporation, the suggestion strikes most people as almost revolutionary.

So far from being revolutionary, it has, in principle, been already adopted in the constitution of the court of claims, — a court which even now adjudicates all matters of direct contract between the government and private persons. And no bad results have flowed from its establishment. Indeed, in a court, as has already been suggested, the interests of the government are far better protected than they are in Congress: in the for-

mer they have the services of a trained attorney; in the latter they have nothing but that extremely vague sense of duty which governs the acts of members of Congress, and which now inclines them to think they will serve the ends of justice most by keeping money in, and now by getting it out of the treasury, and whose real sense of obligation is far more close with their constituents (themselves generally claimants) than to the government as a whole.

Stump orators and demagogues have delighted, now for many years, in picturing the elevated sense of justice displayed by the United States in the establishment of this court. But the court of claims deals only with contracts, express or implied, and the statute establishing its jurisdiction has wholly failed to provide any remedy for the majority of cases which do not come under this head. Most of the relations into which the government enters with private individuals, out of which claims grow, are not those of direct contract. As a matter of fact this court is a mere step in the direction in which a long advance should be made; and, so far from placing the United States on a level with other civilized governments, its limited jurisdiction over claims is the best possible proof that we could have of the lag-gard sense of justice which still characterizes this government in its dealings with private persons. Instead of the remedies provided in this country being superior to those provided by other countries, in cases of government claims, the claimant has far less rights here than anywhere else in the civilized world.

In most of the European countries, a generation ago, the old principle that the government could not be sued was finally abandoned. Not only in nations which have inherited from Rome the principles of the civil law, but in England, and in the empire which is dependent upon her, the exemption of the state from suit is a matter of obsolete learning. Even in those states which we are accustomed to look upon as the home of arbitrary government, the humblest citizen has a surer and more com-

prehensive means of redress against the government than with us. These statements are not made at random; they rest upon a judicial decision of a court of the United States, — a curious case, and one well deserving study by anybody who desires to acquaint himself with the difference between the position of our government, under our system, and the position of governments which we are in the habit of looking upon as despotic.

Some years ago the court of claims, which, under the statute creating it, is from time to time authorized by Congress to assume jurisdiction of specially assigned cases, was directed to take jurisdiction of all cases coming under what is known as the Captured and Abandoned Property Act. During the war, the United States had acquired large amounts of captured and abandoned property found in the South; and this had been sold and the proceeds held by the United States for claimants who could prove their title. The proof of the right and title was remitted to the court of claims, and under the act establishing this jurisdiction one Brown brought a suit against the United States. The decision was in his favor. The secretary of the treasury, however, apparently impressed with the conviction that no claims against the government should be adjudicated by courts of justice, but that all such questions should be decided by government officials, re-examined the case; and after this peculiar rehearing, instead of paying the full amount of the judgment, decided that a sum must be deducted from it and withheld by the government. Brown, not satisfied with this settlement of his claim, brought a new suit in the court of claims, which may be found reported in the sixth volume of the reports of that court. The only questions presented to the court were, whether the secretary of the treasury should be compelled by *mandamus* to pay the original judgment, or whether the claimant could recover upon the original judgment as upon a new contract. The difference between the judges upon this point led

to an examination, by the majority of the court, of the whole system of remedies against governments in this and in foreign countries. And in the course of this the fact was referred to that in a previous case, under a statute authorizing aliens to sue the government in the court of claims when a similar right was given to citizens of the United States by foreign governments, the court had taken the testimony of experts. From which it appeared that the remedies provided in foreign states, both for their own and for foreign citizens, were far wider than those existing in the United States. In Prussia, for instance, the testimony showed that for suits of this nature the treasury or *fiscus* was regarded as a private corporation; that any one, whether residing in Prussia or anywhere else in the world, might bring a suit against it growing out of any state of facts; that it made no difference whether the foundation of his action was a breach of contract, or what it was; that his suit was heard as an ordinary suit, and judgment rendered for or against the government, as it might be for or against a private person. Further than this, in Prussia the matter does not end with the judgment, but an execution issues against the treasury or *fiscus*, and the government property can be levied upon to satisfy it. In England, under what is known as Bovill's Act, suits may be brought against the sovereign with almost an equal freedom from restriction. In the Netherlands, and in several of the German states, the same condition of affairs was found to exist. Even in France, during the empire, the remedy for citizens or aliens was much more full than in the United States. And this deserves to be especially noticed, because France is the country of all others to which we have been in the habit of pointing, to illustrate the superiority of our system. How can it be expected, we have often cried, that a country can develop republican or free institutions, when the officers of its government are exempt from suits for their trespasses? In Anglo-Saxon countries, where freedom prevails, no invasion of a man's private rights

can be justified on the ground that it is done under authority of the government. Sheriffs, mayors, governors, even presidents, may be proceeded against for any wrong they may do, and they cannot plead their office in defense of the injury. In France, how different it all is! There such suits are impossible. But it seems to have escaped our demagogues that the great principle of responsibility of government officers for their wrongs, however beautiful in theory, may amount, and in many cases does amount, to comparatively little in practice. It amounts really to less with us than it would in countries where officials hold office for a long time and are generally few in number and possessed of considerable means. The possibility of proceeding against our officials, with their short tenure of office and their frequent pecuniary irresponsibility, is, in most cases, of little value; so that we are confronted by the fact that while in the United States, with our boasted remedies against all government officers, the actual redress of the citizen has been reduced to a minimum; France, possessing no such palladium of liberty, has actually, so far as pecuniary remedy goes, made her citizens more secure in their rights than we have.

Looking over the whole field of modern law, the court was able to find only one country in which remedies against the government were less than those accorded in the United States. It cannot be said that the discovery of this country can afford us much cause for patriotic pride, inasmuch as it was Spain, the country which we are accustomed to look upon as the least enlightened and progressive of those contained in the European family of nations. The whole opinion of the court, to any one who has been brought up to believe the United States the freest of modern communities, is little less than startling.

The lobby, then, will continue to exist until the causes which have produced it are removed. Its clamor, its persistence, its intrigue, its chicane, its corruption, are the only means that now exist of tempering the injustice of our

system. The first thing to be done is the passage of an act remitting all claims against the government, growing out of whatever transactions, to the courts. It makes little difference whether they are referred in the first instance to the existing court of claims or to some other jurisdiction specially created for the purpose, provided an appeal be allowed to the supreme court. The interests at stake are frequently so vast, and the principles involved of so great interest, that such an appeal is a matter of necessity.

It is a foregone conclusion that the supreme court must be increased in numbers, or in some way enabled to deal with the enormous mass of business now thrown upon it; and therefore it is unnecessary to consider the difficulties in the way of the suggestion here made, growing out of its crowded calendar. It is at present unable to cope with its business; and in any case this disability must be removed. When its number is increased, or other means have been found to enable it to clear its crowded docket, the addition of the special class of cases arising from the claims against the government will make little difference one way or another. Besides this reform, it is eminently necessary that the present method of practice before committees of the two houses of Congress be reduced to some system by law. It is not proposed here to elaborate the details of such a system, but the general principles on which it should be effected have been already indicated. Some rules ought to be adopted as to persons appearing before committees, — some rules for the admission of attorneys and counselors before this congressional court. There should be some qualifications, some tests, some principle of exclusion and inclusion. The times of holding meetings and methods of procedure before the committees should be systematized to a greater extent than they have yet been. Rules similar to the rules of court are necessary. Otherwise claimants or their representatives are entirely, as now, at sea. They do not know what they may, and what they may not do. And under these circumstances claimants

are apt to take a very liberal view of their privileges.

The reforms here suggested would be not only greatly in the interest of claimants, but also a protection to members of Congress. There is probably no position in the world so disagreeable to a man of delicacy and sense of justice as that on a committee of Congress before which claims against the government are being actively pressed. He is a member of a court which is at once a legislative and a judicial body. It must adjudicate the claim in favor of the claimant, or against him, and it must report a bill providing the means for its settlement. It is a body of judges who are interested in the decision of the case. If he has

an acquaintance with the claimant, he is naturally afraid that a disposition to do him a kindness may interfere with a fair judgment. If he has a strong desire to reduce the outlay of the government, he is anxious lest this inclination, proper in itself, may lead him to do injustice to the claimant. His interests, prejudices, passions, all tend to interfere with a calm and dispassionate judgment; and he, if he is the man we have assumed him to be, is fully aware of this fact. Hence he is placed in a position in which settled rules of procedure are a godsend. Behind them he may take refuge against the importunity of claimants. To them he may point when his advice or vote is asked.

Arthur G. Sedgwick.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

IV.

A-HUNTING OF THE DEER.

If civilization owes a debt of gratitude to the self-sacrificing sportsmen who have cleared the Adirondack regions of catamounts and savage trout, what shall be said of the army which has so nobly relieved them of the terror of the deer? The deer-slayers have somewhat celebrated their exploits in print, but I think that justice has never been done them.

The American deer in the wilderness, left to himself, leads a comparatively harmless, but rather stupid life, with only such excitement as his own timid fancy raises. It was very seldom that one of his tribe was eaten by the North American tiger. For a wild animal, he is very domestic: simple in his tastes, regular in his habits, affectionate in his family. Unfortunately for his repose, his haunch is as tender as his heart. Of all wild creatures he is one of the most

graceful in action, and he poses with the skill of an experienced model. I have seen the goats on Mt. Pentelicus scatter at the approach of a stranger, climb to the sharp points of projecting rocks, and attitudinize in the most self-conscious manner, striking at once those picturesque postures against the sky with which Oriental pictures have made us and them familiar. But the whole proceeding was theatrical. Greece is the home of art, and it is rare to find anything there natural and unstudied. I presume that these goats have no nonsense about them when they are alone with the goat-herds, any more than the goat-herds have, except when they come to pose in the studio; but the long ages of culture, the presence always to the eye of the best models and the forms of immortal beauty, the heroic friezes of the Temple of Theseus, the marble processions of sacrificial animals, have had a steady molding, educating influence equal to a society of decorative art upon the people and the animals who have

dwelt in this artistic atmosphere. The Attic goat has become an artificially artistic being, though of course he is not now what he was, as a poser, in the days of Polycletus. There is opportunity for a very instructive essay by Mr. E. A. Freeman on the decadence of the Attic goat under the influence of the Ottoman Turk.

The American deer in the free atmosphere of our country, and as yet untouched by our decorative art, is without self-consciousness, and all his attitudes are free and unstudied. The favorite position of the deer—his forefeet in the shallow margin of the lake among the lily-pads, his antlers thrown back and his nose in the air at the moment he hears the stealthy breaking of a twig in the forest—is still spirited and graceful, and wholly unaffected by the pictures of him which the artists have put upon canvas.

Wherever you go in the Northern forest, you will find deer paths; so plainly marked and well trodden are they that it is easy to mistake them for trails made by hunters; but he who follows one of them is soon in difficulties; he may find himself climbing, through cedar thickets, an almost inaccessible cliff, or immersed in the intricacies of a marsh. The "run," in one direction, will lead to water; but in the other it climbs the highest hills, to which the deer retires for safety and repose in impenetrable thickets. The hunters, in winter, find them congregated in "yards," where they can be surrounded and shot as easily as our troops shoot Comanche women and children in their winter villages. These little paths are full of pitfalls among the roots and stones, and, nimble as the deer is, he sometimes breaks one of his slender legs in them. Yet he knows how to treat himself without a surgeon. I knew of a tame deer in a settlement in the edge of the forest who had the misfortune to break her leg. She immediately disappeared, with a delicacy rare in an invalid, and was not seen for two weeks. Her friends had given her up, supposing that she had dragged herself away into the depths of

the woods and died of starvation; when one day she returned, cured of lameness, but thin as a virgin shadow. She had the sense to shun the doctor, to lie down in some safe place, and patiently wait for her leg to heal. I have observed in many of the more refined animals this sort of shyness and reluctance to give trouble which excite our admiration when noticed in mankind.

The deer is called a timid animal, and taunted with possessing courage only when he is "at bay;" the stag will fight when he can no longer flee, and the doe will defend her young in the face of murderous enemies. The deer gets little credit for this eleventh-hour bravery. But I think that in any truly Christian condition of society the deer would not be conspicuous for cowardice. I suppose that if the American girl, even as she is described in foreign romances, were pursued by bull-dogs and fired at from behind fences every time she ventured out-doors, she would become timid and reluctant to go abroad. When that golden era comes which the poets think is behind us and the prophets declare is about to be ushered in by the opening of the "vials" and the killing of everybody who does not believe as those nations believe which have the most cannon; when we all live in real concord, perhaps the gentle-hearted deer will be respected, and will find that men are not more savage to the weak than are the cougars and panthers. If the little spotted fawn can think, it must seem to her a queer world, in which the advent of innocence is hailed by the baying of fierce hounds and the "ping" of the rifle.

Hunting the deer in the Adirondacks is conducted in the most manly fashion. There are several methods, and in none of them is a fair chance to the deer considered. A favorite method with the natives is practiced in winter, and is called by them "still hunting." My idea of still hunting is for one man to go alone into the forest, look about for a deer, put his wits fairly against the wits of the keen-scented animal, and kill his deer or get lost in the attempt. There

seems to be a sort of fairness about this. It is private assassination, tempered with a little uncertainty about finding your man. The still hunting of the natives has all the romance and danger attending the slaughter of sheep in an *abattoir*. As the snow gets deep, many deer congregate together in the depths of the forest, and keep a place trodden down, which grows larger as they tramp down the snow in search of food. In time this refuge becomes a sort of "yard," surrounded by unbroken snowbanks. The hunters then make their way to this retreat on snow-shoes, and from the top of the banks pick off the deer at leisure with their rifles, and haul them away to market, until the inclosure is pretty much emptied. This is one of the surest methods of exterminating the deer. It is also one of the most merciful; and being the plan adopted by our government for civilizing the Indian, it ought to be popular. The only people who object to it are the summer sportsmen. They naturally want some pleasure out of the death of the deer.

Some of our best sportsmen, who desire to protract the pleasure of slaying deer through as many seasons as possible, object to the practice of the hunters, who make it their chief business to slaughter as many deer in a camping season as they can. Their own rule, they say, is to kill a deer only when they need venison to eat. Their excuse is specious. What right have these sophists to put themselves into a desert place, out of the reach of provisions, and then ground a right to slay deer on their own improvidence? If it is necessary for these people to have anything to eat, which I doubt, it is not necessary that they should have the luxury of venison.

One of the most picturesque methods of hunting the poor deer is called "floating." The person, with murder in his heart, chooses a cloudy night, seats himself, rifle in hand, in a canoe, which is noiselessly paddled by the guide, and explores the shore of the lake or the dark inlet. In the bow of the boat is a light in a "jack," the rays of which

are shielded from the boat and its occupants. A deer comes down to feed upon the lily-pads. The boat approaches him. He looks up, and stands a moment terrified or fascinated by the bright flames. In that moment the sportsman is supposed to shoot the deer. As an historical fact, his hand usually shakes so that he misses the animal, or only wounds him, and the stag limps away to die after days of suffering. Usually, however, the hunters remain out all night, get stiff from cold and the cramped position in the boat, and, when they return in the morning to camp, cloud their future existence by the assertion that they "heard a big buck" moving along the shore, but the people in camp made so much noise that he was frightened off.

By all odds, the favorite and prevalent mode is hunting with dogs. The dogs do the hunting, the men the killing. The hounds are sent into the forest to rouse the deer and drive him from his cover; they climb the mountains, strike the trails, and go baying and yelping on the track of the poor beast. The deer have their established runways, as I said, and when they are disturbed in their retreat they are certain to attempt to escape by following one which invariably leads to some lake or stream. All that the hunter has to do is to seat himself by one of these runways, or sit in a boat on the lake, and wait the coming of the pursued deer. The frightened beast, fleeing from the unreasoning brutality of the hounds, will often seek the open country, with a mistaken confidence in the humanity of man. To kill a deer when he suddenly passes one on a run-way demands presence of mind and quickness of aim; to shoot him from the boat, after he has plunged panting into the lake, requires the rare ability to hit a moving object the size of a deer's head a few rods distant. Either exploit is sufficient to make a hero of a common man. To paddle up to the swimming deer and cut his throat is a sure means of getting venison, and has its charms for some. Even women and doctors of divinity

have enjoyed this exquisite pleasure. It cannot be denied that we are so constituted, by a wise Creator, as to feel a delight in killing a wild animal which we do not experience in killing a tame one.

The pleasurable excitement of a deer hunt has never, I believe, been regarded from the deer's point of view. I happen to be in a position, by reason of a lucky Adirondack experience, to present it in that light. I am sorry if this introduction to my little story has seemed long to the reader; it is too late now to stop it, but he can "recoup" himself by omitting the story.

Early on the morning of the 23d of August, 1877, a doe was feeding on Basin Mountain. The night had been warm and showery, and the morning opened in an undecided way. The wind was southerly; it is what the deer call a dog wind, having come to know quite well the meaning of "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky." The sole companion of the doe was her only child, a charming little fawn, whose brown coat was just beginning to be mottled with the beautiful spots which make this young creature as lovely as the gazelle. The buck, its father, had been that night on a long tramp across the mountain to Clear Pond, and had not yet returned; he went ostensibly to feed on the succulent lily-pads there. "He feedeth among the lilies until the day break and the shadows flee away, and he should be here by this hour; but he cometh not," she said, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. Clear Pond was too far off for the young mother to go with her fawn, for a night's pleasure. It was a fashionable watering-place at this season among the deer; and the doe may have remembered, not without uneasiness, the moonlight meetings of a frivolous society there. But the buck did not come; he was very likely sleeping under one of the ledges on Tight Nippin. Was he alone? "I charge you, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not nor awake my love, till he please."

The doe was feeding, daintily cropping the tender leaves of the young

shoots, and turning from time to time to regard her offspring. The fawn had taken his morning meal, and now lay curled up on a bed of moss, watching contentedly, with his large, soft, brown eyes, every movement of his mother. The great eyes followed her with an alert entreaty, and if the mother stepped a pace or two further away in feeding, the fawn made a half movement as if to rise and follow her. You see, she was his sole dependence in all the world. But he was quickly reassured when she turned her gaze on him; and if, in alarm, he uttered a plaintive cry, she bounded to him at once, and, with every demonstration of affection, licked his mottled skin till it shone again.

It was a pretty picture, — maternal love on the one part, and happy trust on the other. The doe was a beauty, and would have been so considered anywhere; as graceful and winning a creature as the sun that day shone on. Slender limbs, not too heavy flanks, round body, and aristocratic head, with small ears and luminous, intelligent, affectionate eyes. How alert, supple, free, she was! What untaught grace in every movement! What a charming pose, when she lifted her head and turned it to regard her child! You would have had a companion picture if you had seen, as I saw, that morning, a baby kicking about among the dry pine needles on a ledge above the Ausable, in the valley below, while its young mother sat near, with an easel before her, touching in the color of a reluctant landscape, giving a quick look at the sky and the outline of the Twin Mountains, and bestowing every third glance upon the laughing boy. Art in its infancy.

The doe lifted her head a little, with a quick motion, and turned her ear to the south. Had she heard something? Probably it was only the south wind in the balsams. There was silence all about in the forest. If the doe had heard anything, it was one of the distant noises of the world. There are in the woods occasional moanings, premonitions of change, which are inaudible to the dull ears of men, but which I have no doubt

the forest folk hear and understand. If the doe's suspicions were excited for an instant, they were gone as soon. With an affectionate glance at her fawn, she continued picking up her breakfast.

But suddenly she started; head erect, eyes dilated, a tremor in her limbs. She took a step; she turned her head to the south; she listened intently. There was a sound, — a distant, prolonged note, bell-toned, pervading the air, shaking the air in smooth vibrations. It was repeated. The doe had no doubt now. She shook like the sensitive mimosa when a foot-step approaches. It was the baying of a hound! It was far off, at the foot of the mountain. Time enough to fly. Time enough to put miles between her and the hound, before he should come upon her fresh trail. Time enough to escape away through the dense forest, and hide in the recesses of Panther Gorge. Yes, time enough. But there was the fawn! The cry of the hound was repeated, more distinct this time. The mother instinctively bounded away a few paces; the fawn started up, with an anxious bleat; the doe turned; she came back; she could n't leave it. She bent over it and licked it, and seemed to say, Come, my child, we are pursued; we must go. She walked away towards the west, and the little thing skipped after her. It was slow going for the slender legs, over the fallen logs and through the rasping bushes. The doe bounded in advance, and waited; the fawn scrambled after her, slipping and tumbling along, very groggy yet on its legs, and whining a good deal because its mother kept always moving away from it. The fawn evidently did not hear the hound; the little innocent would even have looked sweetly at the dog and tried to make friends with it, if the brute had been rushing upon him. By all the means at her command the doe urged her young one on, but it was slow work. She might have been a mile away while they were making a few rods. Whenever the fawn caught up, he was quite content to frisk about; he wanted more breakfast, for one thing, and his mother would n't stand still; she moved on continually, and his weak legs

were tangled in the roots of the narrow deer path.

Shortly came a sound that threw the doe into a panic of terror, — a short, sharp yelp followed by a prolonged howl, caught up and reëchoed by other bayings along the mountain side. The doe knew what that meant. One hound had caught her trail, and the whole pack responded to the "view-halloo." The danger was certain now; it was near. She could not crawl on in this way; the dogs would soon be upon them. She turned again for flight; the fawn, scrambling after her, tumbled over and bleated piteously. The baying, emphasized now by the yelp of certainty, came nearer. Flight with the fawn was impossible. The doe returned and stood by it, head erect and nostrils distended. She stood perfectly still, but trembling. Perhaps she was thinking. The fawn took advantage of the situation, and began to draw his luncheon ration. The doe seemed to have made up her mind. She let him finish. The fawn, having taken all he wanted, lay down contentedly, and the doe licked him for a moment. Then, with the swiftness of a bird, she dashed away, and in a moment was lost in the forest. She went in the direction of the hounds!

According to all human calculations she was going into the jaws of death. So she was; all human calculations are selfish. She kept straight on, hearing the baying every moment more distinctly; she descended the slope of the mountain until she reached the more open forest of hard wood; it was freer going here, and the cry of the pack echoed more resoundingly in the great spaces. She was going due east, when, judging by the sound the hounds were not far off, though they were still hidden by a ridge, she turned short away to the north, and kept on at a good pace. In five minutes more she heard the sharp, exultant yelp of discovery, and then the deep-mouthed howl of pursuit. The hounds had struck her trail where she turned, and the fawn was safe.

The doe was in good running condition, the ground was not bad, and she felt

the exhilaration of the chase. For the moment fear left her, and she bounded on with the exaltation of triumph. For a quarter of an hour she went on at a slapping pace, clearing the moose bushes with bound after bound, flying over the fallen logs, pausing neither for brook nor ravine. The baying of the hounds grew fainter behind her. But she struck a bad piece of going, a dead-wood slash. It was marvelous to see her skim over it, leaping among its intricacies and not breaking her slender legs; no other living animal could do it. But it was killing work; she began to pant fearfully; she lost ground; the baying of the hounds was nearer. She climbed the hard-wood hill at a slower gait; but once on more level, free ground, her breath came back to her, and she stretched away with new courage, and may be a sort of contempt of her heavy pursuers.

After running at high speed perhaps half a mile further, it occurred to her that it would be safe now to turn to the west, and by a wide circuit seek her fawn. But at the moment she heard a sound that chilled her heart. It was the cry of a hound to the west of her. The crafty brute had made the circuit of the slash, and cut off her retreat. There was nothing to do but to keep on; and on she went, still to the north, with the noise of the pack behind her. In five minutes more she had passed into a hill-side clearing; cows and young steers were grazing there; she heard a tinkle of bells. Below her, down the mountain slope, were other clearings, broken by patches of woods; fences intervened, and a mile or two down lay the valley, the shining Ausable, and the peaceful farm-houses. That way also her hereditary enemies were. Not a merciful heart in all that lovely valley. She hesitated; it was only for an instant; she must cross the Slide Brook Valley, if possible, and gain the mountain opposite. She bounded on; she stopped. What was that? From the valley ahead came the cry of a searching hound! All the devils were loose this morning. Every way was closed but one, and that led straight down the mountain to the cluster of houses.

Conspicuous among them was a slender white wooden spire. The doe did not know that it was the spire of a Christian chapel. But perhaps she thought that human pity dwelt there, and would be more merciful than the teeth of the hounds.

"The hounds are baying on my track,
O white man, will you send me back?"

In a panic frightened animals will always flee to human kind from the danger of more savage foes. They always make a mistake in doing so; perhaps the trait is the survival of an era of peace on earth; perhaps it is a prophecy of the golden age of the future. The business of this age is murder; the slaughter of animals, the slaughter of fellow-men, by the wholesale. Hilarious poets who have never fired a gun write hunting songs,—*Ti ra la*; the good bishops write war songs,—*Ave the Czar*.

The hunted doe went down the "open," clearing the fences splendidly, flying along the stony path. It was a beautiful sight. But consider what a shot it was! If the deer, now, could only have been caught. No doubt there were tender-hearted people in the valley who would have spared her life, shut her up in a stable, and petted her. Was there one who would have let her go back to her waiting fawn? It is the business of civilization to tame or kill.

The doe went on; she left the saw-mill on John's Brook to her right; she turned into a wood path; as she approached Slide Brook she saw a boy standing by a tree, with a raised rifle. The dogs were not in sight, but she could hear them coming down the hill; there was no time for hesitation; with a tremendous burst of speed she cleared the stream, and as she touched the bank heard the "ping" of a rifle bullet in the air above her. The cruel sound gave wings to the poor thing. In a moment more she was in the opening; she leaped into the traveled road. Which way? Below her in the wood was a load of hay; a man and a boy with pitchforks in their hands were running towards her. She turned south, and flew along the street. The town was up; women and children ran to the doors

and windows; men snatched their rifles; shots were fired; at the big boarding-houses the summer boarders, who never have anything to do, came out and cheered; a camp-stool was thrown from a veranda; some young fellows, shooting at a mark in the meadow, saw the flying deer, and popped away at her; but they were accustomed to a mark that stood still. It was all so sudden; there were twenty people who were just going to shoot her, when the doe leaped the road fence and went away across a marsh toward the foot-hills. It was a fearful gauntlet to run. But nobody except the deer considered it in that light. Everybody told what he was just going to do; everybody who had seen the performance was a kind of hero,—everybody except the deer. For days and days it was the subject of conversation; and the summer boarders kept their guns at hand, expecting another deer would come to be shot at.

The doe went away to the foot-hills, going now slower, and evidently fatigued if not frightened half to death. Nothing is so appalling to a recluse as half a mile of summer boarders. As the deer entered the thin woods she saw a rabble of people start across the meadow in pursuit; by this time the dogs, panting and lolling out their tongues, came swinging along, keeping the trail, like stupids, and consequently losing ground when the deer doubled. But when the doe had got into the timber, she heard the savage brutes howling across the meadow. (It is well enough, perhaps, to say that nobody offered to shoot the dogs.)

The courage of the panting fugitive was not gone; she was game to the tip of her high-bred ears; but the fearful pace at which she had just been going told on her. Her legs trembled, and her heart beat like a trip hammer. She slowed her speed perforce, but still fled industriously up the right bank of the stream. When she had gone a couple of miles and the dogs were evidently gaining again, she crossed the broad, deep brook, climbed the steep left bank, and fled on in the direction of the Mt. Marcy trail. The fording of the river threw the hounds

off for a time; she knew by their uncertain yelping, up and down the opposite bank, that she had a little respite; she used it, however, to push on until the baying was faint in her ears, and then she dropped exhausted upon the ground.

This rest, brief as it was, saved her life. Roused again by the baying pack, she leaped forward with better speed, though without that keen feeling of exhilarating flight that she had in the morning. It was still a race for life, but the odds were in her favor, she thought. She did not appreciate the dogged persistence of the hound, nor had any inspiration told her that the race is not to the swift. She was a little confused in her mind where to go, but an instinct kept her course to the left, and consequently further away from her fawn. Going now slower and now faster, as the pursuit seemed more distant or nearer, she kept to the southwest, crossed the stream again, left Panther Gorge on her right, and ran on by Haystack and Skylight in the direction of the Upper Ausable Pond. I do not know her exact course through this maze of mountains, swamps, ravines, and frightful wildernesses. I only know that the poor thing worked her way along painfully, with sinking heart and unsteady limbs; lying down "dead beat" at intervals, and then spurred on by the cry of the remorseless dogs, until late in the afternoon she staggered down the shoulder of Bartlett, and stood upon the shore of the lake. If she could put that piece of water between her and her pursuers, she would be safe. Had she strength to swim it?

At her first step into the water she saw a sight that sent her back with a bound. There was a boat mid-lake; two men were in it; one was rowing, the other had a gun in his hand; they were looking towards her; they had seen her. (She did not know that they had heard the baying of hounds on the mountains, and had been lying in wait for her an hour.) What should she do? The hounds were drawing near. No escape that way, even if she could still run. With only a moment's hesitation she plunged into the lake, and struck obliquely across. Her

tired legs could not propel the tired body rapidly. She saw the boat headed for her. She turned toward the centre of the lake. The boat turned. She could hear the rattle of the oar-locks. It was gaining on her. Then there was a silence. Then there was a splash of the water just ahead of her, followed by a roar round the lake, the words "Confound it all," and a rattle of the oars again. The doe saw the boat nearing her; she turned irresolutely to the shore whence she came; the dogs were lapping the water and howling there; she turned again to the centre of the lake.

The brave, pretty creature was quite exhausted now. In a moment more, with a rush of water, the boat was on her, and the man at the oars had leaned over and caught her by the tail.

"Knock her on the head with that paddle!" he shouted to the gentleman in the stern.

The gentleman *was* a gentleman, with a kind, smooth-shaven face, and might have been a minister of some sort of everlasting gospel. He took the paddle in his hand. Just then the doe turned her head and looked at him with her great, appealing eyes.

"I can't do it. My soul, I can't do it," and he dropped the paddle. "Oh, let her go!"

"Let H. go!" was the only response of the guide, as he slung the deer round, whipped out his hunting knife, and made a pass that severed her jugular.

And the gentleman ate that night of the venison.

The buck returned about the middle of the afternoon. The fawn was bleating piteously, hungry and lonesome. The buck was surprised. He looked about in the forest. He took a circuit and came back. His doe was nowhere to be seen. He looked down at the fawn in a helpless sort of way. The fawn appealed for his supper. The buck had nothing whatever to give his child, nothing but his sympathy. If he said anything, this is what he said: "I'm the head of this family; but really, this is a novel case. I've nothing whatever for you. I don't know what to do. I've the feelings of a father; but you can't live on *them*. Let us travel."

The buck walked away; the little one toddled after him; they disappeared in the forest.

Charles Dudley Warner.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

IV.

If you choose to go up the staircase with me to the eleventh annual exhibition of the Water-Color Society at the National Academy of Design, you will mount with a person who cannot tell you the justness of the prices in the catalogue; who is scarcely so sure of every name on the instant as to know whether it is that of one whose works are to be darted at with rapture, or passed by with self-respecting contempt; who has not a fund of reminiscences from every

previous exhibition in the world; and who has even had the ill luck to miss by absence more than one of this very series. But what then? All the world cannot be connoisseurs, and the regular critics have had their say in the regular channels. We can still respect each other. We can still deposit our umbrellas, if we have a taste for this kind of recreation, — I confess for myself I find it hard to keep out of a picture-gallery if there be any way of getting in, — and go up and look about us, in some lull of the courts, the coal stocks, or

Extra C sugars, and make note of our impressions, too, I suppose, if we like. If we impute to some designers meanings they never dreamed of, and pass by in others what they thought they had put most obviously on the surface; if we mistake our gradations of merit, and even expend part of our time watching the people as they move about in the broad, strong light, standing and giving place with a hitching motion like the figures in a puppet-show, why, there is a myriad of us, and what are they going to do about it?

I have even found it amusing at times to go through in the reverse order, looking for the worst things instead of the best. What in the world do they want to be artists for? I ask these observers of nature only in its tritest aspects, these draggers-about of muddy and frigid carmine and Indian yellow, these depictees of clumsy, inane figures with less anatomy to them than boneless sardines. And what can they mean by hanging them up with modest demands for sixty, seventy-five, and as high as two hundred dollars, when chromos can be had at every Cheap-John stall for the silver quarter of our fathers? But you return in a few days and find the magic placard "Sold" affixed to the corners of some of the most hopeless of the lot. Then you become reflective, and surmise family connections of unlimited wealth who have bought upon the basis of dotting fondness and pride in the achievements of their ambitious scions. Or you suspect darkly the stratagem of a purchase by the artist himself, — for all the worst are by no means amateurs, — for the moral effect.

The staircase itself is one of the attractive features of an Academy exhibition. With its oaken solidity, its easy rise, its generous width, and the flowering plants upon its platforms, it has a palatial effect and is a hospitable preface to the entertainment above. It should afford subjects. Let some observing draughtsman note the groups upon it, our expressions of expectancy and exaltation as we rise into the more ethereal atmosphere at the top, and the

shadow of returning cynicism as we come down, with the hundred rainbow impressions telescoped together, and the dissatisfied reflection that the fairest form of human achievement can after all do so little for permanent human content. If so much as this be not expressed upon our faces, it ought not to be a matter of insuperable difficulty to put it there. Mr. T. W. Wood, with the *Progressive Drawing Book*, can supply a formula. Expression is a matter of lifting or pulling down an angle of the mouth and the inner extreme of an eyebrow or so. You are referred for expression to Mr. Wood because I have seen his *Circus is Coming* at Mr. Edward Brown's sale, and his *Not a Drop too Much* at the monthly Union League exhibition, within a few days, besides his *Crossing the Ferry* here, and I note that he makes a specialty of it. It is the stark skeleton of expression. In the apparent fear that his meaning will be mistaken he caricatures it. Dilution is badly needed. To one part of intelligible meaning, Mr. Wood, add five parts of delicate handling; and there are indications (in the *Sick Negro* at the Union League, particularly) that the future may bring forth results not unworthy of acceptance. The ferry picture has a fixed-up air, as of a tableau. There is little pictorial in it, furthermore; nothing that could not have been made sufficiently intelligible in words. We have a right, in a time when print is so easy of resort, to demand of the language of art — and the demand defines a little the province of art — that it shall accomplish something that ordinary language cannot. This view of an every-day circumstance could be wholly embraced in a description: "I was crossing to Brooklyn," one might say, "when one of those little rascals of Italians came into the cabin. He fiddled execrably for a moment, and passed around his cap to the people opposite. An old lady from the country seemed to want to give him an apple from some she had in a carpet-bag. On one side of her was a business man in a fur cap and eyeglasses, with a newspaper. He looked at him with a

whimsical, half-benevolent air, as if he were thinking, 'If I should give you a nickel, you young beggar, I wonder what you would do with it.' There was a gaunt, wild-looking man on the other side of her, with spiky hair. He might have been the prophet of a new religion. 'Society was in a pretty state,' he seemed to say, 'that could have that sort of thing going on.' Then there was a young woman who just stared and nothing else, and a negro woman with her baby, who stood by looking on. The negro woman had a striped shawl, the old lady a florid carpet-bag, and the prophet a red necktie. If there were only more color, — the floors and white wood-work of the ferry-boats are so insufferably cold, you recollect, — and art in grouping were used, such a scene might be worked up into quite a nice little picture."

That is positively all there is of it. Every picture can, of course, be roughly described, just as it can be roughly engraved, as in the catalogue illustrations; but there are no subtleties in Mr. Wood's, nothing I have not conveyed to you. I do not wish to be understood as finding fault with it because it is an every-day subject, for I have a distinct idea that it is the business of artists to hunt out for us the beauty and impressiveness there is in every-day subjects, that they may gradually put us in the way of doing it for ourselves. We are rather slow observers out of our own line of occupation, but when our attention is called we see readily enough. The prevailing school of humorists have scarcely any other claim to an original basis than this. They draw attention to sayings and doings as old as the hills: the talk of the Smiths coming home from church or from a funeral; the horror of Mrs. Cobleigh at hearing of a suicide she thought was Augustus Kinman, and her sudden loss of interest when she learns it is George Kinman, with whom she had no acquaintance; showing that it is an excitement of the sensational order, and not a profound commiseration for the woes of humanity. "Is this funny?" we ask; "we have

heard it no end of times. Why, so it is, exquisitely funny," and we are presently put in the way of looking out for more such things. Something parallel to this process might take place in our art. There is plenty of room for it.

Now that we are up the staircase, is there anything to be gathered from a general preliminary glance? As the eye runs down the bright rooms it catches along, from frame to frame, on bits of blue sky, as a row of small gas jets is touched off by an electric current. Blue is the key-note. It indicates landscapes in full supply, and also the more coquettish and smiling composition of the water-color branch. In the oil exhibitions it is rather red. Oil-painting is like philosophy, water-color like wit; the latter loses by laborious effort more than any exertion can impart to the former. I read this in a book of Kotzebue's, who wrote *The Stranger*, and was shot, — not for that, though there are localities where they do it for less. Every water-colorist should cut out the motto, and, if the practical suggestion may be delicately hazarded, paste it in his hat. It looks like a pleasant, social, informal sort of art, but it calls for rigid accuracy and a trenchant keenness. The blots of color must be laid on with definite purpose, and once laid must be let alone. It is no time for experimenting. Dragged about, the purity of the color is destroyed, and all is over. It is a lesson that all of these exhibitors have not learned. A heavy manner, often in work of considerable merit in other respects, bears witness to attempts to repair the effects of indecision, to make the journey after the train has gone. It is too late; the most that can be done is to come down by ox-cart instead of by the through express. As might have been expected, the strongest men in the regular department have the best command of means and dexterity of hand to enable them to succeed in this. Samuel Colman, Kruseman van Elten, Wyant, R. Swain Gifford, display a notable familiarity with the resources of the art, — the slight spongings and scratchings, the use of papers of varied tints and grains by

which, in addition to the usual washes and stippings, the transparency and crisp effects of this material are arrived at. The body colorists, W. T. Richards, Bricher, Tiffany at their head, have to be put in a separate category. I am not going to lay this "body color" at any one's door as a *corpus delicti*. It is simply the expedient of mixing white with the pigments, and painting in solid substance upon the paper instead of a transparent film. There are charming things in both styles. One need not decide the question of legitimacy from the present exhibition, as if it contained the sum of all capabilities in either. There is only this remark to be made, and I will make no more: that whatever can be done in body color can be done as well or better in oil, while the other has certain felicities of its own, possibilities in the way of atmosphere, a greater air of naturalness, which constitute a peculiar province. An artificiality attaches to the body-color pictures. They never quite escape a suggestion of scene-painting.

The subjects do not contradict greatly the amiable promise of the first general glance. The minor keys are liberally touched. There is little sentiment of a profound sort, no appearance of prophets enunciating strange sayings from the retirement of their caves, no tragic figures flung wild abroad. There is mainly apparent a taste for cheerful color and the imitation of things in their pretty, ordinary aspects.

La Farge breaks the routine in one of the small things of the exhibition, unique of its kind. It is something to respect and admire, and also to wonder at, to find a man of our commonplace selves exhibiting an angel instead of a fashion plate or a butcher boy. Americans have as good a right as anybody in the upper domain of imagination, but we are so few there that the surroundings all seem to look askance at us, and we walk in it with misgivings. La Farge is not satisfied to be trivial. You can see him stretching out his neck, as it were, after the vanishing glories of a great art. But it is far distant now,

and not too distinct. He reproduces ghostly fragments which are perhaps not too well understood even by himself. His angel is a mere sketch, little white and flesh tones scattered thinly over a burnt-sienna colored paper, and framed up in a gold mat. The wings are variegated like those of a butterfly, and some original refinement is attempted in the color, which seems to have minute bits of something like mother-of-pearl inlaid in it.

The only other attempt at the fancifully imaginative is J. C. Beard's *A Child's Dream of Fairy-Land*. A hydrocephalous infant is represented as drawn through a dismal swamp, in a shell, by two vicious-looking swans. No human infant would ever trust himself in such circumstances in the wildest dream. It is worth mentioning only to show the plentiful lack of such things, and for the oddity of its coming from the Beard family, whose province is mainly the parodying of humanity by means of costumed monkeys and terriers.

Perhaps it has a snobbish sound to make so much of them, and I am sure I would not say a word in their favor if I could help it, but here are the foreigners, though few in numbers, in force sufficient to show those of us who need to learn what the standard of excellence is how to generalize and use gracefully a fund of information when we have it. A small figure of a cavalier trying his rapier, by Thomasi, emerges from the rich splashes of crimson lake, siennas, and grays in which it is formed, and with all the local tones upon the flesh and garments that belong to them laid with small, free touches, as if we saw it mistily taking shape in the creative act of the author's mind. Thomas Windt has a more finished picture of the sympathetic German type: a neat old woman in an humble interior, with a blue crockery plate softly suggested on a dresser. Degas has a spirited group of ballet-dancers behind the scenes, with the strange shadows of that chaotic region cast over their airy attire; but its pasty finish is left incomplete, and there is nothing to be learned from it about color.

The Ring, by the English artist Killingworth Johnson, and The Reverie, by a Frenchman, Tofano, are naturally contrasted as examples of treatment of nearly the same subject, — a single figure of a young woman in two diametrically opposite styles. The style of Tofano, the broad, free, ornamental manner, the theory that delight in the physical aspects of nature is the legitimate object of art, is the one most defensible; but, thank Heaven, I am not *doctrinaire* enough to quarrel with such an exquisite piece of character drawing as that elaborated by the other. Tofano's young woman is disposed diagonally across the paper in a flowered robe, in a boudoir with bouquets, a tiger skin, and flowered wall-paper. It is very pretty, but she is a surface, and that is all. What do you know about her? It may be a simpering, shallow nature, or one of that kind hard as steel, that inhere not rarely in just as dainty bodies. The other has been pronounced not a picture. It might have been made so, I doubt not, by scattering some repetitions of the central features about the parallelogram; but for the present it is simply a figure in a plain room, standing facing us, in front of a mirror in which she is reflected. She holds up to the light her left hand, foreshortened towards you, contemplating the glitter of a new ring, — let us suppose, since the tender expression is by no means that of mere delight in finery, an engagement ring. Here is the subtlety we have missed in our friend Wood. It could not be put in print; no, not if Open Letters from New York were an encyclopædia long. You divine, and yet by an imperceptible influence, the whole nature of this gentle girl, her refinement, innate and of surroundings, her trusting and affectionate disposition, her mind of moderate compass, her playfulness and sedateness. From the slender figure, not too well fitted for rugged circumstances, a keen practitioner could gather its constitutional story as well as the family physician. I recollect this Killingworth Johnson. In my catalogue of the London water-color exhibition of '74, which I had the good fortune to see,

I find I had marked his two contributions with a triple star of enthusiasm. He was an artist there. If he be not here, let this be one of the places where we kick over the traces. I have sometimes thought, narrowed down as our subjects are by the smoothing out process of civilization, that the art of the future might consist more of this sort of individualism, an intenser insight into character and rendition of it, as mere externals become less available.

Magrath, to give the foreigners no more attention, is a close finisher too. He is a devoted expositor of the charms of robust, barefooted Irish maidens. Sometimes he locates them among the ragged picturesqueness of the Central Park shanties, but not this time, Shelton being the only one who makes use of this very available material, in his nice Winter Twilight; at other times, in the white stone cottages of their own country, of which we have a charming view in his No. 202. His On the Threshold is one of these maidens leaning in a pensive attitude half in and half out of a flood of daylight coming through the open door, through which also a graceful small landscape is seen. The figure is finished to the last degree, yet without the sacrifice of breadth. It detaches itself with perfect relief and brilliancy. It is a piece which leaves little to desire, and would do us no discredit anywhere. His larger Kelp Gatherer, out-of-doors, has not the same opportunity for an ingenious play of light, and has only its intrinsic attractiveness as a character to depend upon, which I do not find great. Though the figure stands against a bright sky the coloring is not more sombre than usual. Jules Breton and Millet, who treat such figures, or gleaners coming home with bundles of grain on their shoulders, project them darkly against the sky, as the case would be, and put something strange and melancholy into the faces.

Miss Jacobs's girl looking for her cows has at a distance an air like a figure of Magrath's, but when you come closer it is a Yankee girl, and a work of less though sufficient finish. She is coming down the hill from the farm-house with

a milk-pail, and shading her eyes with her hand. You would wager that her name is Almira, and that she expects a young man along before a great while, if this milking business can ever be got through with, to take her to singing-school. It constitutes a pleasing whole, and is a kind of thing we need as much as possible of, — bold, large figures uniting well with their surroundings, not too large to be able to dispense with accessories, and not too small to be mere accessories themselves. Symington has a number of commendable attempts in this direction, but still crude. He is on the way, but has not yet arrived. The pretty child in blue swinging in a hammock and gazing out at you with blue eyes that match the ribbon in her blonde hair is the best of his five figures. The Sewing-Girl, with a pensive but not the traditional miserable air, is good; and the senile chuckle of the well-cared-for old gentleman engaged in paring apples, in his *Not too Old to be of some Use*, is capitally managed. The point to note is the feeling for a bold, impressive mass. It is, on its side, the same characteristic exhibited in the best marines and landscapes of the exhibition.

Pranishnikoff is a naturalized Russian, who studied in Italy and is perfecting his powers in the training-school of the *Harpers' illustrated paper*. He ministers to a fancy stronger in its devotees than that of mere beauty or sentiment, namely, intense action. His *Birthday* is a wagon-load of drunken peasants lashing a jaded horse over the steppe with maudlin shouts. Another piece is a pair of smugglers furiously urging their three horses, harnessed abreast, to escape the pursuit of revenue officers galloping up from the distance. They are an epitome of the most brutal chapters of *Tourguéneff*. They give *Tiffany's Algerian Cobblers*, a row of dark, savage men mending shoes in front of a tent in the desert, quite a human air by contrast. It is not an easy matter to judge of the accuracy of such action as this. These plunging legs in actual practice do not wait to be counted. The effect is seemingly natural, however, and there is a

thoroughness of elaboration in the whole that rivals the usage of *Detaille*. A want of sympathy in the encompassing circumstances with the flying groups may be noted. In the pictures of Schreyer, to take a large example, and the woodcuts of Kelley, in the "black and white" room, to take a small one, everything goes with the travelers, — dust, clouds of flying snow, or whatever it may be; the entire view is put in motion. I should think with works of this kind in full view upon a wall continuously the sense of motion would cease after a while, as if the headlong rush were stopped by some *Merlin's incantation*. They ought rather to be hung a little aside, where they could be happened on when one was tired of the ordinary tameness of things, and enjoyed as a refreshment.

Eakins is commended for his action, though I think his quiet old lady knitting has more of the qualities of a picture. He shows us a couple of adult negroes, one perhaps the grandfather, the other, with a banjo, the father, educating a small scion of the house to dance the break-down. It is a serious business, and by no means mere levity. The boy has a perfunctory air, as much as if it were an arithmetic lesson. The aged instructor looks on, and doubtless recalls certain classic traditions of the art and laments the degeneracy of times which can of course never equal the old. Still, such as his limited capacity is, the pupil must be taught to do credit to his family and his bringing up. The banjo player's head is too large for his attenuated limbs, but he plays away gayly all the same, and the action is not vitiated. Mr. Eakins is one of our delegates to foreign schools. He has come home from abroad, and is commendably looking for subjects in the line I have indicated.

Abbey's *Rose in October*, a still blooming elderly young lady standing by a country gate, supplements his revolutionary New Year's callers in the black and white room as evidence of a painstaking intelligence not quite ready yet for a dashing short-hand.

This black and white room is a charming department. It is hard not to over-

estimate its comparative importance, with its pleasing sketches in charcoal, crayon, and India ink, its etchings by Haden, Whittier, Farrar, Gifford, P. Moran, and Miller, its proof engraving by Marsh, and the simplicity and seeming completeness of its means. It has all those broader aspects we understand as distinctively artistic, and which are such a perpetual miracle to the uninitiated. The useful influence of the publishers of our best illustrated literature, the Scribners and Harpers, appears here. There is a reassurance in witnessing the good imaginative work, and such good *genre* as that of Reinhart, for instance, done here to fill hasty orders. It ought to result at the proper time in striking and original works in a more important field.

Here is a group of animals and figures by Darley, in his recognizable *bourgeois* style, recalling the drawing book. P. Moran's painted horses in the stable, and cows and sheep, are of the same academic, Dusseldorfish sort. One longs for some of the sharp angles of a streak of lightning to run crinkling through them.

But let us leave the figures. From this door-way we can see at once the effect of the two principal architectural subjects at the bottom of different rooms. Colman's is a transparent, bright picture, a view down a Brittany street of irregular open-timber-framed houses, terminated by a cathedral bathed in the atmosphere of distance. Tiffany's is a Brittany church also, — nearer at hand, its dark tower threatening against a disturbed sky, — at the top of a flight of steps on which market people offer their wares. Its semblance of the texture and heaviness of stone is an argument for the advantage of the solid method in this kind of subject. The white caps of Colman's peasant figures in front are got by scratching off the surface of the paper instead of by blots of paint. It is a trick of the trade, but to be satisfactory you ought not to know it. One wants to think that a picture is a mysterious work perfected by means altogether beyond him: if it is to be reduced to a matter of penknives, he feels as if he could do something in

that line himself. Sartain's Street in Venice is a simple rendering of a pleasant effect of shadows and perspective with common buildings. I see plenty of as good opportunities, and better, in my walks every day. I wonder they are not taken advantage of. Silva's small houses and Moran's Stable Door, with the calcimining on the wall imitated by the body color, which is indeed itself of the same substance, are suggestions to amateurs and will bear much more treatment by professionals. Arthur Quattley's Old Fishing Town of New England shows a row of weather-beaten gray and red clapboarded houses. There is a very nice feeling in the run of the lines, the curve of the railing, echoed by its own shadow on the ground, which runs around the edge of the wall where it abuts on the beach with its sea-weeds and rocks. Walter Paris's Lenox Iron Mill shows how a good subject can be spoiled by a commonplace way of looking at it. You are perfectly certain that by climbing around a little, something imposing could have been got out of this irregular collection of stacks, sheds, and gables. As it is, it is only the kind of a view the foreman would like to frame and hang up in the foundry.

Bricher goes much beyond the point of cleverness. It seems as if he could go very much farther yet, but for an over-conscientiousness which leads him to finish everything too completely and destroy the quality of mystery. There must remain something unknown to engage our permanent interest. He delights in silvery reflections, the mirroring of dark objects, the greenish light through the crest of a coming wave. His foregrounds show accurately stratified rocks, and beaches of sand with all their *débris* of sea-weeds, pebbles, and bleached clam shells, each with its particle of water and sand left in the bottom by the departing tide. They are admirable. But the whole is too distinct. It is a fault of too much, not of too little knowledge, and should be easily remedied if it be recognized as in need of remedy.

R. Swain Gifford's contributions are slighter, sketchy works. There comes

from them—this is the merit of the transparent washes in part—a stronger breath of real nature. Let us compare him a little with his equal, Wyant. The quality of mystery, the quality illustrating Emerson's definition of art as "nature distilled through the alembic of man," is better exemplified in Wyant than any other contributor. His attractiveness is of an entirely different kind from Gifford's. The latter is a more cosmopolitan artist in his susceptibility to impressions from many climes and seasons, but not so sentimental in a limited branch. The impressiveness of Gifford as represented here is in his forms. He likes large boulders, and cedar-trees with a distinct outline. His best piece is some salt vats. They are simple, grayish planes of light and shadow, thrown out from a clump of brownish trees which are filled up solid against the sky. The sky line is important with him, and you could draw out separate pleasing details. From Wyant you can take out nothing but the whole. Neither foreground, middle distance, nor background is especially important. An atmosphere of melting, unobtrusive colors in small intermingled patches drifts through and suffuses the whole. The craving for texture is satisfied. Have you ever stopped to analyze it? Do you note how we cannot get along without it? how nothing is so dreary as large, unoccupied, smooth spaces? The human brain seems irresistibly driven to put upon everything it originates an uneasy and endless congeries of grain and surface decoration corresponding to the convolution in which it is itself twisted up. The plan of all of Wyant's pieces is pretty much the same. There is a spot of blue in the centre of the sky surrounded by whirling grays. Below is a delicious intermingling of soft blues, grays, and green, with a few dashes of red, and in the midst perhaps a spot of warm white. Then a thin tree or two standing up towards the front, darkened to throw the distance off. The scene itself is not of importance, as it is not in so many charming landscapes of the French school, whose effect is obtained by casting some sort of tender sentiment

over agueish marshes where one would not think of lingering in person. It is the way of our own artists, for the most part, to make a physical appeal to us; to make us say, like Bellows in his elm-shaded village street, and Robbins with his farm-house embowered in lilac bushes, "How I wish I were there this very minute!"

Newell has a pair of good figures that recall Birket Foster; Hopkinson Smith, numerous landscapes in which the neat draughtsmanship is much to be admired. Some sketches by Stacquet and Ciceri show the best kind of water-color shorthand, and some by Marny the heartless conventional kind. The studios of Vibert and Berne-Bellecour, by Bourgoins, are an interesting exhibition of the luxurious influences by which these strong colorists surround themselves. They suggest the speculation why it is that our own interiors are not turned to artistic account in this era of decorative furnishing. In an age when more startling ideas are in abeyance, the domestic idea is worthy of homage. Nothing offers a more legitimate field than these apartments newly revised in accordance with correct principles. There should be family groups of small size, disposed about them like genre figures, in the style in which Guy and Wilmarth have sometimes succeeded; except that these latter have never shown any appreciation of the kind of glowing richness I have in mind, but of a puritanical inharmoniousness instead.

I reserve a paragraph for the vestiges of the once powerful and aggressive pre-Raphaelites. "Pre-Raphaelitism," I say, "thy name is frailty," as I arrive before a frame of T. C. Farrar's, who went away long since and settled in London. He used to draw every leaf in the heart of a sun-lit, tremulous forest. Where now are the quivering aspen-leaves, the arrow-headed water-plants, the long grasses, the lichens, and the geological strata of the rocks? What little appearance of them there is is scratched out white with a penknife on a brown, muddy ground. Scratch, scratch, the water comes down the rocks,

from step to step, like the marks of matches on sand-paper. He has elsewhere a Rochester castle. The Turnerian lines of composition of the castle and the bridge, the repetition of the battlements by windmills on the distant hill, and the run of the ground, are pleasing, but the color is phenomenal. Where it is not it is of an insuperable heaviness. The castle, which rises out of a clump of red-roofed buildings, is of a cold pink, and the ivy of a pure yellow, both unlike anything else in the picture, and unlike any light that ever was on sea or land. That would not make so much difference if it were a decorative passage in itself, but it is the antipodes of it. Still, Farrar never was a colorist. John Henry Hill was more of a colorist. He retains the faculty. His Sunnyside is as cheerful a picture of a blue sky and green grass and a white house, with the sunlight touching it in patches, as you would wish to see. But it is hardly pre-Raphaelitish, and his view of the Natural Bridge of Virginia not at all so. There is hardly more stratification than in a pile of building sand. Some figures he has put in to give the scale are so far distant as to be scarcely perceptible, and of course do not accomplish it. These are the only two representatives of the original band, and it will be seen they no longer bear its banners aloft. Occupied in detail, to the neglect of more general qualities, it seems that when they come forth into a broader field they totter with weakness. The conventional people they used to abuse have kept along in the old ruts, and may not have improved much, but now, at the end of ten years, appear quite favorably in the comparison. Yet this is not a just tone of comment. The prospectus of the movement distinctly stated that the truth to nature at which it aimed would "with sympathy and reverence make happy and useful artists of those to whom imagination and inventive power are denied." We ought rather to conclude, not that the principle was not valid, but only that we have happened upon examples from the non-inventive category, whom it would be desirable to see back

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at their honest vocation at once. The history of this enthusiastic movement for "truth in art," and the tracing of its permanent influence upon the community, would be an interesting theme. I am sure it would be found to be a powerful influence, although there are those of its disciples who talk lightly of the Ruskin they once believed to be a prophet, raised up to enlighten the nations that walk in darkness; and others of them, who have forgotten their strenuous asseverations that the only hope for the future was in the domination of Gothic architecture, are designing buildings in the Queen Anne style. Enthusiasm and really definite ideas are so rare that when once aroused they do not easily subside. There was something very fine about this movement, and the ardent publishing and painting, for principle and not for pay, by which at its height it was characterized, and you may be sure the participants in it were persons of calibre.

There are reminiscences of the movement in Henry Farrar, Mrs. Stillman, and Miss Bridges, if not in its actually affiliated members. The latter was a pupil of W. T. Richards, who, though not, I believe, distinctly known as a pre-Raphaelite himself, was always treated by them with genuine respect as nearly akin in practice. Miss Bridges has a series of exquisite studies in the old manner. I can only mention the subjects: a kingbird swinging on a mullein stalk, a young robin just out of the nest on a dewy morning-glory, swallows in the air, field birds in a tangle of meadow grass and daisies, a flock of bluebirds hopping among the dead leaves on an autumn hillside. If you take them for birds or flowers of the namby-pamby kind you will be mistaken. They are as free and charming as the fresh air of nature in which they revel. Mrs. Stillman's flat figure of a child looking through branches of apple blossoms shows something of the mediæval side of it. The work of Henry Farrar, a younger brother of T. C. Farrar, is among the best in the galleries. It is somewhat plodding, — he does not take easily to color, — and the

serpent-like road he is fond of running into his scenes needs a masculine straightening out. On the other hand, it is sincere, marked by a deep feeling, and evidently that of a progressive man. The low-toned autumn piece, *A Quiet Pool*, something in the poetic manner of Mc-

Entee, could hardly be better. This, and his etchings, full of the impressiveness of twilight, of long perspective lines, of the catching of light on objects in confined interiors, are the things I am most sorry to go away from, now that our ramble is ended.

Raymond Westbrook.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I DOUBT if it is generally known that a Historical Manuscript Commission in England was organized by act of Parliament in 1869. Her majesty's commission appointed a board of commissioners to inquire where papers and manuscripts, deeds and other instruments, are deposited, to visit those places, the muniment rooms in old castles and manors, the town-halls, libraries, etc., and to make abstracts and catalogues of the more important material that might be found. This board began its labors by issuing numerous invitations to persons in the kingdom who would be most likely to subserve the plan. They were asked for coöperation and for permission to search their collections. One hundred and eighty prominent men, earls, lords, and commoners, replied and gave cordial permission. Since that time many more, observing the interesting success of this commission, must have responded.

The first report of its labors was published in 1870. Since that time the reports have annually increased in bulk. The material thus brought to light depends for its value upon the specialty of the reader: the historian, lawyer, antiquarian, man of science and of letters, will find his separate satisfaction; but it is safe to say that the whole matter is surprisingly attractive. Here are a few specimens, taken at random during a careful search for new traces of Shakespeare.

In the second report there is a letter of Pope to Jacob Tonson, Jr., written in 1731. Pope hopes that in Theobald's proposed edition of Shakespeare the editor will not publish any impertinent remarks on him. And on November 14, 1731, Pope writes to old Tonson: "I am almost ready to be angry with your nephew for being the publisher of Theobald's Shakespeare, who, according to the laudable custom of commentators, first served himself of my pains, and then abused me for 'em." This Tonson was the famous publisher and founder of the Kit-Cat Club. Whatever Theobald did to make Pope touchy, it is certain that some of his readings, like that famous one, "babbled of green fields," throw clear lights on Shakespeare's text.

In a large wooden case containing many hundreds of ancient deeds relating to Warwickshire property, there was found a paper indorsed "John Weale's note of the grant to me of Shakespeare's house by Goodwife Sharpe." The date stands thus incomplete, "Mar. 4, 97." In another paper we read that John Weale of Hatters had given, granted, and assigned to Job Throckmorton of Huseley, in the county of Warwick, all his right, etc., in a certain cottage or tenement, with the appurtenances in Huseley aforesaid, wherein one William Shakespeare now dwelleth; and the date of this is 1697. The name was frequent in England. There is a bond, dated November 27, 1606, of Thomas Shake-

speare of Lutterworth, County Leicester, to James Whitelocke, for 26s. 8d.

In Richard Orlebar's collection at Hinwick House, in a quarto volume of letters, there is one from Mrs. Orlebar to a friend, dated April 22, 1742: "Last Monday I saw a monument to Shakespeare made with many hundred of flower buds and grapes, opposite the Sign of the Castle in Fleet Street." Appropos of what? In that month of April, Garrick, who had hardly been upon the stage more than a year, was playing Lear to the astonishment of the town. We venture to surmise a meeting of Garrick and his friends at the Castle.

We find John Florio, compiler of the celebrated Italian dictionary, contemporary with Shakespeare, and the original of Holofernes, praying hard to the lord treasurer for his arrears on work done for the crown. An account-book of the executors of Robert Nowell of Gray's Inn, brother of Alexander Nowell who was dean at St. Paul's 1560-1601, would rather startlingly make it out that the poet was a "free scholar" at the Merchant Taylor's School, and passed thence to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

Among the MS. of the Rt. Hon. Earl de la Warr is a petition from Sara Shakespeare to help her get the amount of executions recovered by her agent, Henry Leigh, and one Smith, his brother-in-law. Query, Was she the widow of a brother of the poet?

But in another report we come upon definite traces. In 1603, the bounty of the city of Aberdeen was bestowed on "the kings servandis presentlie in this burght, quho playes comedies and stage-playes, be reason they are recomendit be his Majesties speciall letter, and hes played sum of thair comedies in this burght;" and "Laurence Fletcher, comediane to his Majestie," was admitted a burgess. This is probably the same Laurence Fletcher who was associated with Shakespeare in the patent granted to them and others by James I., in 1603. From the above the commission surmise that Shakespeare was in Scotland with that company of players. In which case he might have visited the

sites which he afterwards peopled with the characters of Macbeth; and that mooted point would be settled.

There is a letter from a Robert Haynes, sending somebody swans, a pair of which cost twelve shillings. But at the top of this letter is written "Immanuel." Now turn up 2 Henry VI. iv. 2, and read: "*Cade*. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name? *Clerk*. Emmanuel. *Dick*. They use to write it on the top of letters."

A duodecimo volume of poems, by Sir P. Leycester, is very noticeable as containing an "Epilogue to Taming of the Shrew, acted at Nether Tabley, by the servants and neighbors there at Christmas, 1671." Nether Tabley is a township in Chester, and Lower Tabley Hall, where the play was acted, is just south of the little village.

During the reign of Elizabeth there was a play called Bastard's Libel. (Query, Was it played at Oxford?) Prologue begins as follows:—

"Fye brethren, scholars, fye for shame;
Such yonker tricks among you still!
Hath not learning learned to tame
The wanton wyts of wanton Will?"

Among the MSS. of Earl de la Warr (Baron Buckhurst), at Knole Park, Kent County, are letters of Bacon, Tobie Matthew, etc. Also, notes of a conversation between William Lambarde and Queen Elizabeth, in which Lambarde mentions the play of Richard II. having been many times performed in public at the instigation of the Earl of Essex, with a view to bring Elizabeth into disfavor with the people. Lambarde referred to an attempt by an unkind gentleman (Essex), "the most adorned creature that ever your Majestie made." The queen said this tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses. This conversation is dated August 4, 1601.

The above notes of a conversation with the queen render much fuller the hint in Judge Holmes's *Authorship of Shakespeare*, page 249.

We come upon a fine trail in this letter from Sir Walter Cope to Viscount Cranborne: "Sir, I have sent and bene all thys morning huntyng for players

Juglers and such kinde of Creaturs, but fynde them hard to fynde. Burbage ys come, and sayes there is no new playe that the Queen hath not scene, but they have revyved an olde one, cawled Loves Labore Lost, which for wytt and mirthe he sayes will please her exceedingly. And thys is appointed to be played to morowe night at my Lord of Southampton's, unless you sende a wrytt to remove the Corpus cum causa to your howse in Strande. Burbage ys my messenger ready attending your pleasure. Yours most humbly, Walter Cope. Dated from your library. Addressed: to the right honorable the Lorde Viscount Cranborne at the Courte." Indorsed, 1604 (?), "Sir Walter Cope to my Lord." That indorsement was made by a highly unchronological letter-filer, for the queen had been dead a year. But it is curious to notice the mistakes which used to be made in this matter. For instance, the Aberdeen record (if the commissioners did not transcribe wrongly, is dated 1601; but James did not reach the English throne till 1603. Plainly, it was in that year that he commended his players to the good people of the Scotch city. There is an entry of the playing of Love's Labor Lost before James in 1605, between New Year's Day and Twelfth Night.

Sir Walter Cope was in the confidential employ of the Earl of Salisbury, a member of Parliament, and one of the three knights, gentlemen of the earl, sent to represent him at Lord Bacon's wedding dinner, May 19, 1606. Viscount Cranborne was Sir Robert Cecil, but at this time Lord Cecil, Viscount Cranborne, and Earl of Salisbury. Hepworth Dixon says that the three knights who attended the wedding feast were hard drinkers and men about town.

No doubt Burbage — probably Shakespeare's favorite, and not the other actor of that name — was instructed to set up Love's Labor Lost at Southampton House the following night.

— Perhaps some of your readers who are wont to regale themselves with a taste of the night's treat at the playhouse by gazing at the posters may have observed

on the dead walls in New York, this winter, a large wood-cut of Mr. Wallack on horseback, as Elliott Grey in Rosedale. Those who saw the performance itself found the admirable lancer afoot, and no sign of the steed of the bill-board. Again, freshly pasted on the fences, and hung in the druggist's window, can now be seen the well-known figure of Mr. Boucicault as the Shaughraun, with up-lifted finger, as in Rogers's statuette, teaching tricks to his dog Tatters; whereas on the stage we find the matchless Cop, to be sure, but neither hide nor hair of the dog — the actor talks Tatters, but uses none.

So, it appears, to the topmost round of the actor's calling mounts the curious tradition of putting spectacular effects on the placard that are not realized in the play. We all know the splendid fence pageantry of the circus and the moral menagerie — those poetic dreams of the artist in which elephants play at leap-frog and four lions at once spring upon the devoted skull of Herr Daniels, while Ramon yonder leaps fifteen feet into the air to turn a somersault as he rides. Aloft at the entrance of the side-show are full-length portraits of the Fat Boy, weighing obviously 1347 lbs.; of the Kentucky Giant, who must look into third story windows as he walks the street; of the Living Skeleton, too lean to cast a shadow. But while it is true that the giant and the fat boy dwindle, on sight, and the starveling becomes no lanker than a letter-carrier, in the plays just mentioned there is not so much as a set of horse-shoes, nor the bark of Tatters.

Of course the spectator is content to miss the quadrupeds. Trained horses and dogs, though good in the ring, are not apt to shine, I fancy, in the comedy or melodrama; the disposition of the dog to bolt, and the humiliating way in which the charger has to be led about, are trying to the feelings of the audience. Still, accounting for the absence of the animals from the stage does not account for their presence on the poster. Are we, perhaps, to forecast from these incidents new reaches in the bill-board art, whereby the unseen will triumph over

the seen? Dryden tells us that Zeuxis and Polygnotus handled their pictures as Homer did his poetry, feigning such things as they found not in the dark recesses of antiquity, for the pure sake of embellishment. It is quite certain that modern colorists have made vast strides, of late, in labels for pickle-jars and placards of yeast mixtures — enforcing, for example, on the popular mind, by a dance of airy sprites, some faint conception of the gossamer lightness that is lent to pie-crust by Jones's baking powders; and even as these floating Ariels are not literally to be germinated from the yeast, I suppose that the Poster of the Future may expect us simply to enjoy its art and its moral, without seeking to drag down its poetic license to prosaic fact.

— In the much vexed question as to who wrote the Saxe Holm stories, one thing seems to relieve Mrs. Jackson from the soft impeachment: and that is the utter ignorance the author betrays concerning the times and seasons of flowering plants, although she speaks of them with such apparent knowledge. In the very first, Draxy Miller's Dowry, she has her heroine's hair adorned for her wedding, — in September, — with blossoms of the low cornel, which is a spring flower. Also in Hetty's Strange Story, the church in Canada where the pair are remarried is dressed with dog-wood blossoms, Ayrshire roses, and carnations, flowers respectively of May, June, and July; and unless Canada has conditions of climate quite peculiar to itself, flowers impossible to combine in out-door culture. Mrs. Jackson is too acute an observer of nature to have made these mistakes, unless they were done purposely to mislead the public; besides I cannot think, with her wide knowledge of books, she would have taken the plot of the One-Legged Dancers bodily from a little story of Mary Howitt's called Strive and Thrive, and not expected discovery. I myself believe her to be so far responsible for the Saxe Holm mystery that, with a coadjutor, she has written parts of them in an Erckman-Chatrion fashion, but I never will believe she herself wrote such stuff as "My snowy

eupatorium came to-day," — eupatorium being only boneset, a fluffy, dirty-white blossom, like no snow but that which is long trodden under foot, and neither graceful nor beautiful. If one is allowed to "drop into botany" as well as into poetry, it furnishes a wide field for celebrating plants of humble repute under stately aliases showing what's in a name.

Just "hear to" this, "after" Mercy Phillbrick: —

My verdant symplocarpus came to-day

In rich luxuriance through the swampy grass,

The little insects in the sky at play

All seem inclined those glorious folds to pass,

As if an alien odor stirred the air:

Yet are they fresh and fair.

And here cimicifuga 'gainst the fence,

Leans gracefully, and even seems to say,

"I am great Nature's green benevolence:

The pangs of mortal anguish I allay;

Oh, osseous structures! racked with pain and ache,

Steep: drink! and healing take!"

And leontodon to the inner man

In spring appeals, when sense and soul are faint,

Go pluck those dentate leaflets in a pan,

And boil them well, when fresh as recent paint,

'Twill give thee peace and "sad satiety,"

All bitter though it be!

I forbear to interpret; let botanists do that.

— Here is a story which I consider too *piquante* to be lost. I'll "put it where it will do the most good" and send it to Boston. It is a short one, but I could easily make it long if I were to describe its main figure as fully as it deserves, for he is a character the like of which Dickens would have founded a fortune upon and made forever famous. He dwells in a little shop and lives by his trade, that of cabinet maker, and I doubt if a sweeter-natured, better-hearted old creature ever made a five o'clock tea-table, or painted and upholstered a work-stand. My heart melts with gratitude when I recall the tools, the varnish brushes, and the glue-pots he is willing to lend, and not only is he willing to lend them, but willing to forgive you when you borrow them for "two minutes" and forget to return them for two days. After this need I say that he enjoys the widest scope of feminine confidence and respect?

He makes lovely frames for screens, and is always glad and proud to uncover

and display them to you, even though they be draped in the lace and mystery appropriate for wedding gifts. He knows when all the weddings are to take place, and very few brides begin housekeeping in this small Canadian city without receiving some proof of his skill.

I can easily take his shop in upon my walks, so I frequently call there to look at the new things and hear him talk. He works as he talks, pausing in the latter occupation at times the more conscientiously to fasten a screw or varnish a board; then he resumes the gentle chat upon such society matters as have a bearing upon his trade. But not long since my national pride received a blow, most unconsciously dealt by this irreproachable old man, for I hasten to assure you that it has never dawned upon him that I am an American. He was telling me how busy he had been kept with holiday work, and said plaintively: "Mrs. — was quite vexed that I could not do more work for her, but I *could* not, you know, *really* I could not, — I" — here he fastened on a piece of gilding, "I was too busy, you know. *She* wants her tables gilded and I am very sorry for it, as gilded tables are quite out of fashion in our best houses, you know. It's a great pity, a *great pity*. But then" — stopping to polish for a moment, — "but then she is from that United States — from Boston, where they do everything for show; I'm very sorry that she wants gilt tables, for people of good taste do not use them any more — though I dare say they are still fashionable in Boston, you know."

Oh, Boston, Boston, in the future get what consolation you can from your "earnest" carpets, and "sincere" chairs!

— Until within a few days past I was the woman who had not read Helen's Babies. Now I have lost my distinction, and I have not received anything in the way of pleasure as compensation. I am not going to break this butterfly or rather grub upon a wheel, and tell how and why I found it the silliest, shallowest, and vulgarest book I ever read. What I have to say about the book is this, — and I speak as a mother, — that

the baby talk is poor. It is not natural, but on the contrary affected, an incongruous mess, the result of insufficient and inapprehensive observation and a perverted fancy. These children do exactly what children don't do. They don't fail in speech, with stammering lips, but they utter all the letters that they should, and more too. For example: "I want to shee yours watch." Now to pronounce those words in that succession requires a power of articulation which no toddling child possesses, unless it is an infant phenomenon in the way of speech. A little child instead of saying *yours*, thus adding *s* to the difficult *r*, leaves off the latter and for *your* says *you*. Nor does he pronounce the *w* under such circumstances. I leave it to any intelligent and observant mother whether such a little child as Toddie does not always say "see you 'atch" rather than "shee yours watch." For although children have personal peculiarities in their speech, the peculiarities are generally of misapprehension, and they all of them in their talk conform, with very few exceptions, to certain rules of inability in articulation. So with regard to "I shed my blessin two timesh." That a little child should say "two timesh" instead of "two *time*" is so improbable as to make the speech not characteristic, even if it were a copy from nature. But it is not; for it will be seen plainly that a child that could say not "said" but *shed* would and must say not "blessin" but *blesshin*. The baby talk of the book is full of such blunders as this, which is the more remarkable as some of the perversions are very characteristic. Toddie's *Bliaff* for Goliath is highly satisfactory; and so is his *lyned* for "learned." But I must protest against some of the phrases, the thoughts, which these baby boys are made to use. Budge asks, "Don't you think the Lord loved my papa awful much for doin' that *sweet* thing, Uncle Harry?" Now boys of five years old don't talk about "that sweet thing" unless they have some kind of candy in mind. They leave that phrase to their sisters between twelve years of age and — Well, I shall

not assign the other limit. Again, Budge tells Toddie that his uncle will "comfort" him, and prays for the lady that "comforted" him after the goat "was bad" to him, and that she may "comfort" him "lots of times." I am sure that all the mothers will agree with me that little children don't talk about comfort or being comforted. They have a lively appreciation of comfort, the thing, but the apprehension of the idea comes much later in life. A heart must have ached many times before it prays to be comforted. Perhaps this is trifling; but when more than one hundred thousand copies of a book have been sold, and we find that its only claim upon the attention of even the reading public of the nursery is unsound, it may not be amiss to say so.

— I have heard a good many pleasant things said about Mr. Moody religiously, but I remember no special encomium on his use of English. But after hearing him day after day, largely as an admirer of his use of our language, it seems to me that our people of "culture" who have sneered at him as illiterate have lost a point. We may either look at his terse, clear, Saxon sentences by themselves, and see in them "the well of English undefiled;" or we may compare him with Bunyan and De Foe, and in either case he bears inspection. Turn from the complex, involved modern style, to his nervous, terse, and crystalline sentences, and you are conscious of a refreshing change. Macaulay has devoted one of his best essays to the praise of Bunyan, and there is something to be said for the style of the man whom Gladstone has called the Bunyan of the nineteenth century. And even his defects are those which now seem to make the very raciness of Sam Lawsens's speech and other heroes of Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Whitney. That what we love to hear in the stories of Rose Terry Cooke should repel us in the speech of Mr. Moody is due to the unpopularity of the views he holds, rather than to anything naturally boorish in the man.

— Before the last scientific invention becomes as familiar as a humming-top,

let me, in these pages which are so often devoted to the instruction of authors, make a suggestion to languishing playwrights. It is that they turn their back on the modern French drama and try some means of bringing the phonograph upon the stage. The other day it was the telephone that was filling every one with amazement, but that promises soon to be forgotten, or at least to lose its novelty, by the side of the greater wonders of the phonograph. This instrument consists of a diaphragm — this is of as much importance to these recent scientific inventions as it is to the inventors — bearing a little pin which is moved by the action of the voice against a thin plate of tin foil which is fastened upon a revolving shaft, so that the waves of sound, according to the different modulations and inflections of the voice, are converted into visible form. This is strange enough; but it is only part of the wonder. This tin-foil can be removed and placed in a mysterious apparatus, which in some inexplicable way by the turning of a crank will give back the sounds that produced the marks on the tin-foil. The description of the instrument that I have read says that this is accomplished by certain well known laws of acoustics. I do not know the laws of this system of bottling an echo, but they are doubtless familiar to my readers.

Now, the dramatic capabilities of this little machine are evident at a glance. In its present rude condition it is necessary that the words to be recorded should be spoken through a mouth-piece, but doubtless time will obviate this formality, and all that will be required will be to place the instrument in a room when it will receive and record the sounds uttered within it, the whispered plottings of conspirators, for instance, the soliloquies of villains, the frivolous conversation of young lovers, etc. A fertile imagination will grow dizzy with the whirl of startling possibilities. For example, it is only necessary for a "live" playwright to introduce two men agreeing to steal a will, to burn the church, to forge the check, who talk together in the fa-

miliar way; one of them sees the phonograph on the table, but he naturally takes it for a fly-trap, and thinks no more of it until Act V., Scene 3, when, all the *dramatis personæ* being present, it is brought forward, the handle is turned, their conversation is repeated, and their wickedness exposed. This hint can be worked up by others, and doubtless it will be done. A fortune awaits, not the humble maker of the suggestions, but the energetic writer who will put together a play in which the instrument shall perform. Fastidious critics have grown tired of the omniscient detective; they would be the loudest to applaud the phonograph.

But there is a dark side to the cloud with the silver lining. We already foresee adventurers from remote regions who, with the phonograph under their arm, will enter the Music Hall and when the golden-mouthed orator begins his inimitable lecture will gently turn the crank so that every word, every inflection shall be registered by infallible science. No longer shall the once popular expounder of literature or photographs be called upon to travel from home. The sheets of tin-foil will be sent by express to Alaska, if need be; they will be introduced by the selectmen of some border town, who will again wind the crank, and the lecture will be repeated by machinery. This can go on indefinitely, because before the tin-foil wears out it can be replaced by new impressions from imperishable plaster.

But even before the mouthpiece is improved away, the phonograph can be put to use. Our great men who are, almost without exception, so bland, so affable to the reporter, would surely have no objection to uttering some of their remarks through the mouthpiece. At first, doubtless, their thoughts would move but sluggishly on account of the strangeness of the medium. A rational conversation is seldom held through a speaking-trumpet, but in time genius would overcome this, as it has greater difficulties. They might imagine it the mouth of an ear-trumpet, as it would indeed be, only reaching to unborn

hearers. For, these sheets of tin-foil could be kept in a fire-proof museum so that instead of nursing our reverence for the past by gazing at our grandfathers' old coats and snuff-boxes, we could hear for a trifling sum their own voices uttering words of wisdom. A hundred years hence the eminent humorist could be heard telling over his famous funny story; in her own life-time a prima-donna's voice would no longer be a subject of our indisputable boast, it could be taken from the shelf and be put in comparison with that of some later favorite.

These are all outside of the serious uses, and yet they closely join them. Foreign sounds could be brought to the ears of learned societies; the finest French accent could be bought on as much tin-foil as would go round a bunch of cigars; depositions, dying-speeches, could be preserved; but this is enough. Certainly it is fancy nowadays that is becoming prosaic, and science outdoes fairy-tales.

— One of the evils of this age of railroads and telegraphs is that we are forced to know people as they are. Journeying, not like Bunyan, afoot, through the wilderness of this world, but in cars and steam-boats, I am every year reminded more frequently of that story from the Deccan, of the donkey who went on his travels with a Rakshaz. Being in a town, they came to a street of palaces; the donkey brayed in admiration. "Look inside," said the Rakshaz; and behold, nothing but offal and dung! They passed by a crumbling old hut; the donkey sniffed with contempt, but the Rakshaz saw within a comfortable house and people sitting down to supper. Presently appeared a pen for unclean beasts in the field, but, peeping through the windows, they saw a temple lighted and the priests singing psalms. The Rakshaz, no doubt, being a monster of culture, found a fine æsthetic significance in these surprises; but the donkey, we are told, declared that they made his head ache, and that he would go with the crowd in future, and stare at the palaces and sniff at the pig-pens, without asking

what lay behind the door. It must be very comfortable to be wholly a donkey.

It is the people whom we pass every day, and not the houses, who show an incessant diabolical perverseness in proving that they are not at all what we think them. You may make up your mind, once for all, that the popular idea of any class of men, when you come to the individual Tom and John of the class, will turn out to be a gross libel. Just here, as we said before, our grandfathers had the advantage of us. They had the nations labeled and divided off: there was the stage Yankee, frog-eating Johnny Crapeau, scratching, praying Sandy, with the dim, vast Ultima Thule of the heathens behind, for whom nothing was to be done but to dribble out missionary pennies on a Sunday, and to consign them wholesale to perdition. Geese were geese, in those days, and swans swans. But the American to-day is a long, crooked thing that asks a question. A young fellow leaves college with these fixed ideas of his ancestors, but he knocks around a few years in Cunarders and Pullman cars—and where are they? The so-called prying, garrulous Westerner, he has proved to be the most reticent and grave of men; he finds that the ardent Southerner usually has really a keen eye for the pennies. Some of the gentlest gentlemen he knows are pagans. He goes to the house of a reformer whose name shines like a good deed all over the naughty world, and he turns out to be a niggardly little man nagging his wife because the tea is out; he seeks a great poet whose song has made his soul burn within him, and he finds him a monomaniac on beet-sugar; the artist whose weird fancies have risen like a nightmare before the public is a tippling, stout little Irishman. In a murderer in a condemned cell, I once found an honest, agreeable fellow, a tender father and loyal friend. It is no wonder the donkey's head ached.

These Rakshaz eyes of the present generation are no acquisition to it, I assure you. My grandfather Thompson was always right, and he knew he was right, and he knew that you knew he

was right, simply because he was a Thompson. I am a Thompson, too; but when I walked through the Centennial Main Building, in 1876, and found Turk and Chinaman and Jew from Tunis and Greenlander hoisting their umbrellas and carrying photographs of their babies and praying to the Man higher than themselves at night, just as I did, the shock to my conceit was mortal; and I protest that a man without conceit is as useless and wretched as a shivering pulpy crab when it has cast its skin. This Rakshaz view gives us, no doubt, a realizing sense of the universal brotherhood of man. But the sense of the brotherhood of man is bringing things to a dead level, very fast. There are no downright sinners or saints any longer, it appears; and what religious energy can I put into my contribution to foreign missions when John Chinaman is teaching me half a dozen of the Christian virtues? As for literature, it will soon make an end of that. What picturesque effects can you get out of a world peopled with Thompsons?

No; the donkey was in the right of it when he brayed with the crowd and refused to look in at the back doors.

—Here is a fact which might be worked by a skillful hand into a new psychological study. I give it to anybody who has a mind to write a melodrama with Soul and Body as leading parts; only let them remember what Hawthorne would have made of it, or even George Sand, in her own way. A certain American physician, a specialist in nerve diseases, has lately discovered a cure for Vampire Women, as Doctor Holmes somewhere calls them; women, that is, in whom all healthy bodily functions have given way, and only the nerves are left, to torture the souls of their owner and, what is much more important, the souls of her unfortunate family. You will find one of these gentle, selfish victims preying upon the life of many a poor New England household. She drains its vitality and its purse in true vampire fashion; her only tie to the world is through neuralgia, anæmia, or other intangible ailment; her almost freed soul

is apt to revel in spiritualism, devout mysticism, or some other trade or profession belonging to the dim border land between us and the world beyond.

To one doctor comes one of these emancipated souls, caged but in the frailest possible cobweb of the flesh. Her religious raptures were full and ecstatic; her spiritual insight abnormal; her stomach, liver, and all the rest of the viscera had given up working long ago, and lay torpid; she did not sleep; she did not drink; she did not eat even the olive per day which Zeno allowed; talk of Hayes' election, or the Russian war, or even of pottery passed her insensate ear as far winds on the hill-tops; she had dropped and forgotten all her old affections as she had the dolls of her childhood. In short, she was as far out of this world as Mickey Free's father was from purgatory when he cleared the door, barring one foot and shoe. She shook her plumes hourly, on tiptoe for Paradise.

The doctor puts her raptures, plumes, visions, and all to bed. Her body, which she had been used to inveigh against as a dead weight, is treated actually as dead weight, which gives her a shock of surprise; she is not permitted to move a muscle. Then he proceeds to feed it, to knead it, to batter it, to vivify it with electricity. Imagine this winged soul, veritable offspring of Margaret Fuller and radical clubs, pausing in its upward flight to linger curiously among its bars of muscles and nerves to see what this common-sensed body-cobbler will do to its old companion. Presently, he begins to stuff it with five solid meals per day, precisely as pigs are fattened in Pennsylvania, or geese at Strasburg. Think of the

shudders, the horror of this soul as it is forced back into the body, — made to sleep, to take a pleasure in growing fat, to eat terrapin, and smack its intangible lips! But I leave the playwright to explain the terrors of the courtship by which the soul was remarried to its carnal flesh. The curious facts are that when the woman rose from bed, fat and rosy, the saint and poet had vanished; she was a housekeeper, a zealous cook; she took an eager part in village politics; and finally, she is the mother of a stout boy, and, you may be sure, is wedded to this world and the things thereof as long as he is in it.

— I was greatly surprised and interested to find in the Contributors' Club of Atlantic Monthly the story of the Dalmatian dog and Mr. Beach. I can vouch for the truth of the story, and I have to-day seen Mr. Beach and his canine friend walking past my house. There are only two mistakes in the story, as far as I can see, and that is the dog lives in Worthing, not Newhaven; and Mr. Beach lives at Findon, four miles from here, and is not a doctor, but a veterinary surgeon.

We have so few of the human species in this little town of ours who have a world-wide celebrity that we are naturally anxious to have what credit we deserve for grateful dogs. Thinking you might be interested to know that your article has been read in the town where the incidents you relate occurred, I take the liberty of addressing you thus, and trust you will pardon me the presumption. — (32 South Street, Worthing, Sussex County, England, December 4, 1877.)

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. BROOKS'S Lectures on Preaching¹ are likely to be read by a good many besides the special class of students to whom they are addressed. He is a preacher of repute, and it is hardly to be supposed that he would give eight lectures upon the subject of his profession without betraying something of the sources of his power. The careful reader of this book is not likely to find the explanation in any merely superficial qualities. Mr. Brooks gives a humorous illustration of how a mere imitator may miss the genuine use of a great model. "I remember going, years ago, with an intelligent friend to hear a great orator lecture. The discourse was rich, thoughtful, glowing, and delightful. As we came away my companion seemed meditative. By and by he said: 'Did you see where his power lay?' I felt unable to analyze and epitomize in an instant such a complex result, and meekly said, 'No, did you?' 'Yes,' he replied, briskly, 'I watched him, and it is in the double motion of his hand. When he wanted to solemnize and calm and subdue us he turned the palm of his hand down; when he wanted to elevate and inspire us he turned the palm of his hand up. That was it.' And that was all the man had seen in an eloquent speech. He was no fool, but he was an imitator. He was looking for a single secret for a multifarious effect. I suppose he has gone on, from that day to this, turning his hand upside down and downside up, and wondering that nobody is either solemnized or inspired." It is entirely possible for one in like manner to account to himself for Mr. Brooks's power as a preacher by some subordinate characteristic, but no one can read these lectures without discovering the ideal which the lecturer exalts. It is this which makes the book worth reading by those who have no professional interest in the subject. A petty curiosity which is concerned about trivial details of method will not be gratified, but the student who wishes to know what an eager preacher thinks about his work, its opportunities and its limitations, will find here an admirable disclosure. What is it which any one of generous nature wishes to know of his fel-

low's work? Not the mere mechanism by which he economizes his strength, the exact number of hours which he gives to this or that section of it, whether or not he takes a cup of coffee when he gets up, or has a horseback ride before breakfast; it is the ideal which the worker holds, the aspect which it bears, looking in the various directions of a common human interest.

We suspect that these lectures have acted as a test for those who heard them, and will serve the same purpose for readers. With some they will be inspiration; from others will come the self-condemnatory criticism, an ideal is set forth which it is folly for any but exceptional preachers to realize. No doubt any preacher will state in words a higher ideal than he himself attains; but the sign of a true preacher, as of every honest man, is that he has an ideal and does not suffer that to be dulled. The enthusiasm for the profession which this book displays has contagion in it, because it is not expended on that which separates the profession from other occupations, but on that which it shares with them. Throughout the book runs a single thought never lost sight of,—the greater the man the greater the preacher; and again and again, when discoursing of practical methods, the lecturer returns in some form to his golden text, that it is the man behind the sermon which makes the sermon a power. The statement in so blunt a form few would be found to deny; yet there is a practical skepticism of this truth which overtakes all ministers at some time, and some ministers always. It is because the lecturer, holding this truth firmly, addresses himself to the living facts of a preacher's profession rather than to the mechanism or elaborate organization in which he works that his words will be life to the living and glittering generalities to the moribund.

The glow of the orator, the earnestness of the sincere minister, make the current of the book rapid and forcible. Scorn for what is mean and a quiet humor are characteristics which will carry along many readers who would be indifferent to some of the details of which he necessarily treats. The Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1877.

¹ *Lectures on Preaching.* Delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College, in January and February, 1877. By the REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS,

book, in a word, is a large and fruitful treatment of a subject which may easily be taken up in a petty or purely professional manner. It is all the better for being personal and direct rather than literary. The voice of the preacher sounds clearly through it all; the person of the minister, hopeful, eager, passionate and sympathetic, is almost as visible to the reader as it was to the hearer.

— Mr. Tyerman's *Life of George Whitefield*¹ was written, we are told, because the writer "possessed a large amount of biographical material which previous biographers had not employed, and much of which seems to have been unknown to them." The reason is a good one, assuming that the subject of the biography is a man whom his fellow-men still care to read about. As Whitefield could count Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Hume, and Garrick among his admirers, extorted a half-reluctant tribute of respect from Dr. Johnson, and enjoyed the hearty friendship of Benjamin Franklin, he cannot have grown uninteresting in a single century. On other and higher grounds he is likely to be interesting to very many for centuries longer.

Mr. Tyerman's wealth of material there can be no doubt about; he displays it rather too freely. He informs us, it is true, that as a rule Whitefield's letters are used only to illustrate the narrative, but the perpetual iteration of the same thoughts in the same words illustrates little save the narrowness of the writer's range. This fact ought to appear, and it helps to explain the effects which Whitefield produced; nevertheless we would cheerfully credit it on slighter evidence. On the other hand, we doubt whether the biographer's belief that his book contains all the accessible information of importance about its subject is quite justified. Besides certain other omissions, to which we shall refer presently, these volumes scarcely give us an adequate impression of Whitefield as he appeared in the ordinary intercourse of life. His contemporaries seem, indeed, to have preserved comparatively few specimens of his "table-talk," while a man who in the very act of asking for a wife could profess himself "free from that foolish passion which the world calls *love*," and who could attempt to keep little children out of the devil's hands by forbidding them to play, ought to have succeeded in making himself repulsive. He failed, however, for

he is described as an agreeable companion; he had even "a vast vein of pleasantry," and the vein comes to the surface here and there in Mr. Tyerman's twelve hundred pages. But less pretentious and less valuable Lives give us additional illustrations of this trait, and our author, in justice to his subject not less than in mercy to his readers, ought to have given us all that he could find.

The good results of Whitefield's preaching in America may not be overrated, but due account is not made of the harm which came of it. There was undoubtedly room for improvement in the Christianity of the colonists, though it was of decidedly better quality than that of their brethren across the Atlantic. Reasonably orthodox heads were everywhere to be found in unnatural fellowship with heretical consciences and infidel hearts. The evangelists of the last century did much towards making men wholly loyal to their creed, and thereby did a service to humanity. But in some parts of America, at any rate, perhaps most of all in Connecticut, the change was attended by such disorders that its best results were lost for nearly two generations. These disorders were largely due to Whitefield's unwise and frequently unjust attacks upon the ministers. He himself perceived and tried to correct this mistake along with others, and his biographer might well have gone farther and acknowledged that the mistake was mischievous. With this amendment in him, and the gradual adoption of the leading opinions which he advocated, Whitefield's relations to the colonial clergy became pleasant, and his influence more purely beneficent. Our author has overlooked one noteworthy illustration of this altered state of things; he seems not to know that the president of Yale College who received Whitefield so cordially in 1764 was the Rector Clap who denounced him in 1745.

Mr. Tyerman undoubtedly means to do everybody justice, but towards the Moravians he is positively spiteful. Those who now speak for the *Unitas Fratrum* do not deny that there were mistakes and absurdities in Zinzendorf's time, but it hardly becomes a disciple of John Wesley to treat as credible, if not as proved, charges against Wesley's greatest spiritual benefactors which from that day to this have been pronounced slanderous. Mr. Tyerman is particularly displeased with Count Zinzendorf

¹ *The Life of the Rev. George Whitefield, B. A., of Pembroke College, Oxford.* By REV. L. TYER-

MAN. In two volumes. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1877

for securing an act of Parliament, in 1749, by which his co-religionists were protected against interference, apparently thinking it a mere vainglorious freak. In fact, the act was asked for chiefly because Moravian missionaries had suffered much ill-usage in the colonies, and had even been expelled from two of them, on suspicion of corrupting the Indians in politics and theology. Whitefield's rupture with the Brethren at Philadelphia, in 1740, is very imperfectly described. The great preacher, who was then but five and twenty, behaved like a petulant boy, dismissing Peter Boehler, the religious guide of both the Wesleys, with, "Sic jubeo; stet voluntas pro ratione." (Memorials of the Moravian Church, i. 165.) Boehler's name, by the way, is regularly misspelled, both in this work and in the author's *Life of Wesley*, and the fact suggests a certain carelessness in the use of authorities. With regard to American affairs, moreover, authorities have been used too sparingly.

Mr. Tyerman's narrative has the merits of clearness and vivacity, though his style is deformed by stock-phrases, and falls somewhat below the standard of the best English writers. But the work is among the most valuable of its class, and is likely to be for a long time the principal store-house of information about Whitefield.

— Captain Telfer's two large volumes,¹ describing his travels in the Crimea and among the races of Transcaucasia who hold slack and irregular allegiance to the Russians, will be found instructive reading. The author passed through a part of the world which has not been written about to any very great extent, and so he enjoys the advantage of having a fresh subject; and even if the general interest of the reader in that out-of-the-way region is but slight, the present condition of affairs in Europe makes what he has to say timely and valuable. A good part of the bulk of the book is made up of historical information, collected, evidently, with considerable pains, from the earliest known dates down to the present day. This is of the kind that is generally found in guide-books, and doubtless saves the painstaking reader much toil, even if it fails to fascinate one looking about for mere amusement. But this plan was of course adopted with deliberation, and there is much to be said in fa-

vor of such exhaustive treatment, when it is as well done as it is here. Take the author's remarks about the Crimea, for instance, and it is easy to see how hard it would be to collect from the authorities all that is here given. And the remoter the spot he visits, the truer is this statement.

The author's line of travel led him, at two different times, which are welded together in the single account, through a good part of the Crimea. He visited Sebastopol, finding the town rising slowly from its ruins, and saw also the neighboring battle-field and fortifications. Nor was this all, for Cyclopean remains and dolmens are likewise mentioned side by side with Tartar villages and early Christian churches.

More interesting still than the account of the Crimea is that which treats of the author's journey in Transcaucasia. He reached Poti by sea from Kertch, and then he made his way through Gouria, Mingrelia, and Imeritia to Tiflis, and southward, beyond Erivan, to Mt. Ararat, visiting also Ossety and Swannety. Tiflis, in Georgia, he describes as a charming place, where the civilizations of the East and West meet. In some of the wilder spots he came across very untamed tribes, with all the men living in perpetual feud with one another, — such as the independent Swanny, who are refractory subjects of the Czar. Some of the incidents of the cases brought before the chief for adjudication show what stubborn material the Russians have to deal with in this semi-civilized country. The Ossets, again, have a faint veneer of devotion to Christianity thrown over their heathen ways and customs, and many are avowedly pagans. "At the burial of their dead, the pagan Ossets place by the side of the corpse three loaves of bread and a bottle of spirits, as refreshments on the journey to heaven. A horse is then led to the grave, and the bridle is placed for an instant in the dead man's hand, that he may claim the animal in the next world; but the same horse is never employed again for a similar purpose, that no dispute may arise hereafter as to the right ownership." The author has collected various facts like this, which add greatly to the value of the book.

The account of Mt. Ararat is fine. Of the stories told the following is the most amusing: one criminal whom the author saw had

¹ *The Crimea and Transcaucasia*. Being the Narrative of a Journey in the Kouban, in Gouria, Georgia, Armenia, Ossety, Imeritia, Swannety, and Mingrelia, and in the Tauric Range. By Com-

MANDER J. BUCHAN TELFER, R. N., F. R. G. S. With two Maps and numerous illustrations. In two volumes. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

escaped three times from Siberia, and had been convicted of seventeen murders. He was a man over seventy years of age, and when asked, once, why he had so cruelly shed so much blood, he piously turned up his eyes, and folding his hand said, "I thank God, I have never shed any person's blood; I only strangled people!" The book is well illustrated, in good part from the author's designs.

—The variety and volume of travels coming every year from the press would be things impossible, we suppose, if it were not that outside of the fundamental and exhaustive books of this class the value depends chiefly on personal characteristics of the author. This being so, it follows that when the author's personality is even, agreeable, and sustained without effort, his work is already largely a success. This is true of the one before us.¹ "A book now has not the seriousness it once had," says Mr. Appleton, by way of apology for his latest informal contribution to the library of Eastern voyaging. But, without perverting his remark, we may explain that precisely one of the most agreeable things about *Syrian Sunshine* is the presence of serious reflection, here and there, in the easy, half-artistic, and pleasantly indolent mood so fortunately transferred to its pages. There is a more changeful and comprehensive strain struck in these chapters than in the author's *Nile Journal* which we had occasion to commend last year. Otherwise the attractions of the book are much like those of its predecessor. Mr. Appleton infuses into his narrative and his description the suavity and urbaneness of a mellow culture; he gives it the best coloring derivable from conventional life, yet preserves always the agreeable reaction of a mind which knows how many things have a value denied to the conventional. The chapter on the Mount of Olives develops a passage of noticeable solemnity touched with eloquence, and frequently one is struck by admirable bits of combination in the writer's use of descriptive words. Newspaper critics have destroyed the value of the word "readable;" but in the best sense of what it once honestly meant, *Syrian Sunshine* will requite a day of entire leisure given to it.

—Mr. Waring, well known to all the

readers of these pages, has rare gifts and rare qualifications for a traveler. It is not often the good fortune of so easy and agreeable a writer as he is to be able to look at strange life and scenery with so many regards,—to see them at once with the soldier's, the farmer's, the engineer's eye. What gives his book its charm is that the artistic sense is uppermost in him, and he is first of all a delightful observer,—as delightful as if he were merely artistic. His *Bride of the Rhine*¹ is the loitering and leisurely story of a voyage in a row-boat on the river which we know and like better as the Moselle than the Mosel,—down all its intoxicating zigzags from Trier to Coblenz. He was himself, for the most part, the motive power of this craft, which he stopped at will along shores everywhere rich in historic associations and the interest of a life singularly simple and unvisited. The voyage was made in 1875, when the Franco-Prussian war was more recent than it now is; but we have not had from later travelers so good an insight as he gives into the feelings of the conquered French of those provinces towards their new masters, whom they regard with a sentimental dislike, but whom they respect for their justice and liberality. The author's liking for the Prussians is evident, and it seems indeed hard to find fault with their behavior as conquerors. There is great value in the glimpses he gives of the working of their military system,—so thoroughly democratic in some of its features, and so contradictory of their civil life. But the pleasant little book is not overburdened with political observation. It turns easily aside to note the facts quite as valuable, of a sunset on the beautiful river; or of the quaint architecture of a mediæval Moselle village, oversleeping itself far into our century; or of the peculiar agriculture and the strange social conditions. One receives the impression from it of a general prosperity as great as our own, of comfort often as great, and of content far greater among the wine-growers of the Moselle than among our farmers, and to read it is a good corrective of national vanity. These people are as educated as ours; they are well clad and well fed; they live in the midst of a cheap abundance; it is hard to see how they could better their state by

¹ *Town and Country Series. Syrian Sunshine.* By T. G. APPLETON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

¹ *The Bride of the Rhine. Two Hundred Miles in a Mosel Row-Boat.* By GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

To which is added a Paper on the Latin Poet Ausonius and his Poem Mosella. By CHARLES T. BROOKS. Reprinted (with additions) from *Scribner's Monthly*. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

coming to any part of America; and according to Mr. Waring's testimony there is an abiding sense among them that they are well off at home. Their picturesqueness and quaintness is not therefore at their expense in better things.

We heartily commend Mr. Waring's charmingly illustrated little volume as so uncommon in many qualities as to be quite unique among recent books of travel.

—Mr. Van Laun's *History of French Literature*¹ by no means improves as it goes on. The reader could endure in the earlier volumes a certain vagueness of reference to those writers whose position has long been settled by the universal consent of mankind, and it was easy to judge gently a hasty description of their lives. But in proportion as he comes nearer to our times, more is naturally demanded of the writer, but it is demanded in vain, for anything less exact than this last volume it would be hard to find. He has collected his facts and dates in a satisfactory way, he has chosen the most important men to write about, — though Benjamin Constant should not have been omitted, and there are other less prominent names that deserved at least mention, — and in general everything he says about the writers will meet with universal assent. But it is this very patness of his descriptions and criticisms which wearies the soul of the reader. Who, for instance, can contradict this summing up of Béranger's merits? "His verses resemble nobody else's, his wit is of a peculiar kind, his satire keen, and his heart full of kindness. There was only one Béranger; and conspicuous as was his individuality, it is in no wise intruded into that of others." And what sort of a notion is given of the lyric poet's charm, of his good-natured craftiness, and his mixture of epicureanism and political zeal that is found in his verses?

On almost every page are to be found similar cases of the author's good intentions and of his incompetence for his task. His book gives no notion of the magnitude of the work that lay before him; it was his duty to afford English readers some knowledge of the greatness of French literature and of the qualities that went to make it what it is; but instead of doing this he has written a dull compendium, which is too in-

complete to be of use as a hand-book, and too vague and mediocre to direct any one's literary taste. The work remains to be done over again, and it is to be hoped that it will be undertaken by a more original thinker than the author of this unsatisfactory history.

—This little novel,² although it lacks the divine spark, is yet agreeable and entertaining, and should by no means be overlooked by those who are casting about for something worth reading. The story is a quiet one, describing a number of not uneventful lives, but doing what it has to do soberly and intelligently. The characters are clearly distinguished, and the way in which a few chapters of English life are set before us is deserving of praise. The heroine is an attractive girl; there is something touching in her mistaken judgment of her uncles, and there is plenty of quiet romance in the book, with quite the proper amount of misunderstanding to cause unhappiness in the breast of the young. It is strange that a novel that is so good is not yet much better, but, if the truth be told, it is not much above the average in interest, although it has a decided merit of its own in respect of carefulness. Those who take it up, thus warned, will be pretty sure to like it, but those who expect more will be disappointed.

—The success of the series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers* has been so great that a new series³ has been devised, which shall give the public a similar exposition of certain modern classics, and enable those who are ignorant of foreign languages or have but a superficial mastery of them to form some adequate notion of those authors whose names, at least, are familiar to every one. The opening volume is Mrs. Oliphant's *Dante*. It cannot be denied that the book is interesting enough, so far as that goes, but it is not easy to commend the thoroughness with which the task has been done.

Fully to understand this great poet requires very profound study and satisfactory knowledge of the history, theology, and politics of Dante's time; but Mrs. Oliphant has slurred over these important matters in a very hasty way. Guelf and Ghibelline, White and Black, are all mentioned, but without the slightest attempt to explain

¹ *History of French Literature*. By HENRY VAN LAUN. Vol. III. From the End of the Reign of Louis XIV. till the End of the Reign of Louis Philippe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

² *Olivia Raleigh*. By W. W. FOLLETT SYNGE. The

Star Series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

³ *Foreign Classics for English Readers. Dante*. By MRS. OLIPHANT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

their relative position to one another, or the way in which Dante was connected with the existing events of his own time. It is impossible to praise all that Mrs. Oliphant says concerning the *Vita Nuova*, although, of course, the comparative simplicity of this earlier book receives fairer treatment. But there would seem to be no reason why one who cared to know anything about this work should not read it, at least, in translation rather than in this scarcely shorter abridgment. Little is said about Dante's prose writings, but enough, probably, to please the general reader in his most indolent moments. Only ten pages are devoted to the life of Dante, and these, as has been said, throw no satisfactory light on his relation to his times.

— In his latest work¹ Principal Shairp displays the same characteristics as a writer which won him a hearing when he first appeared to American readers in *Culture and Religion in some of their Relations*. It is not often that a religious writer shows so keen an instinct for the finest side of literature, or that a critic discloses so hearty and unaffected a religious spirit. From certain passages in Mr. Shairp's former paper on *Kemble* we infer that he has had a singularly broad education, and that the influence of an English university life at a time when the religious world of Oxford was profoundly stirred, superimposed upon Scottish birth and early training, has resulted in a large and human interest in the prevailing currents of literary and religious life. In his previous work he applied himself to the task of showing the true coincidence of culture and religion, in opposition to certain tendencies of modern thought which would antagonize them. In this he meets the silent or polemic interpretation of modern

science, which claims that the new knowledge and methods are to dominate or essentially modify the sphere of poetry. Mr. Shairp is no fighter, but he has the better art of disarming an opponent by his perfect courtesy and fairness. He sees in modern science a leaning toward a mechanical theory of nature, and he meets this by a counter assertion, copiously illustrated, of a long line of poetic interpreters, whose tendency has been towards a view which regards nature as a living organism directly ordered by a living God. By a perfectly open yet ingenious line of argument he makes poetry the shield bearer of religion in its contest with science, and appeals to the common poetic sense, as represented by the masters of poetry, for an answer to materialism and nihilism.

The special illustrations of his views are found by a hasty but felicitous examination of the treatment of nature by the Hebrew poets, by Homer, Lucretius, Virgil, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Allan Ramsay, Thompson, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, and finally Wordsworth. Always he takes the simplest and not the most recondite view, for he will not lose sight of his main purpose in the book, to remind readers of truisms which are in danger of being slighted. His style is not invariably clear or forcible, and the reader may find some difficulty in keeping his interest during the first pages; but Mr. Shairp is so generous and persuasive in his argument that one parts with him at the end of the book with genuine respect for his honesty and for the purity of his literary taste. The book was meant for the young, and it will surely bring many suggestions to those who are forming opinions in literature and science.

¹ *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*. By J. C. SHAIRP, LL. D. Principal of the United College of

St. Salvador and St. Leonard, St. Andrews. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1877.